ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

LYING,

IN

ALL ITS BRANCHES.

BY

AMELIA OPIE.

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TO

DR. ALDERSON, OF NORWICH.

To thee, my beloved Father, I dedicated my first, and to thee I also dedicate my present, work ;—with the pleasing conviction that thou art disposed to form a favourable judgment of any production, howeve humble, which has a tendency to promote the moral and religious welfare of mankind.

AMELIA OPIE.

CONTENTS.

PREFACE.

I AM aware that a preface must be short, if its author aspire to have it read. I shall therefore content myself with making a very few preliminary observations, which I wish to be considered as apologies.

My first apology is, for having throughout my book made use of the words lying and lies, instead of some gentler term, or some easy paraphrase, by which I might have avoided the risk of offending the delicacy of any of my readers.

Our great satirist speaks of a Dean who was a favourite at the church where he officiated, because

"He never mentioned hell to ears polite,—"

and I fear that to "ears polite," my coarseness, in uniformly calling lying and lie by their real names, may sometimes be offensive.

But, when writing a book against lying, I was obliged to express my meaning in the manner most consonant to the *strict truth*; nor could I employ any words with such propriety as those hallowed and sanctioned for use, on such an occasion, by the practice of inspired and holy men of old.

Moreover, I believe that those who accustom themselves to call lying and lie by a softening appellation, are in danger of weakening their aversion to the fault itself.

My second apology is, for presuming to come forward, with such apparent boldness, as a didactic writer, and a teacher of truths, which I ought to believe that every one knows already, and better than I ?

But I beg permission to deprecate the charge of presumption and self-conceit, by declaring that I pretend not to lay before my readers any new knowledge; my only aim is to bring to their recollection knowledge which they already possess, but do not constantly recall and act upon.

I am to them, and to my subject, what the picture-cleaner is to the picture; the restorer to observation of what is valuable, and not the artist who created it.

In the next place, I wish to remind them that a weak hand is as able as a powerful one to hold a mirror, in which we may see any defects in our dress or person.

In the last place, I venture to assert that there is not in my whole book a more common-place truth, than that kings are but men, and that monarchs, as well as their subjects, must surely die.

Notwithstanding, Philip of Macedon was so conscious of his liability to forget this awful truth, that he employed a monitor to follow him every day, repeating in his ear, "Remember thou art but a man." And he who gave this salutary admonition neither *possessed* superiority of wisdom, nor *pretended* to possess it.

All, therefore, that I require of my readers is to do me justice to believe that, in the following work, my pretensions have been as humble, and as confined, as those of the REMEMBRANCER of PHILIP OF MACEDON.

AMELIA OPIE.

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IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

WHAT constitutes lying?

I answer, the *intention to deceive*.

If this be a correct definition, there must be *passive* as well as *active* lying: and those who withhold he truth, or do not tell the whole truth, with an intention to deceive, are guilty of lying, as well as hose who tell a direct or positive falsehood.

Lies are many, and various in their nature and ı their tendency, and may be arranged under their ifferent names, thus:—

Lies of Vanity.
Lies of Flattery.
Lies of Convenience.
Lies of Interest.
Lies of Fear.
Lies of first-rate Malignity.
Lies of second-rate Malignity.
Lies, falsely called Lies of Benevolence.
Lies of real Benevolence.
Lies of mere Wantonness, proceeding from a deraved love of lying, or contempt for truth.

There are others probably; but I believe that his list contains all those which are of the most importance; unless, indeed, we may add to it—*Practical Lies*; that is, Lies acted, not spoken.

I shall give an anecdote, or tale, in order to illustrate each sort of lie in its turn, or nearly so, lies for the sake of lying *excepted;* for I should find it very difficult so to illustrate this the most despicable species of falsehood.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE ACTIVE AND PASSIVE LIES OF VANITY.

I shall begin my observations by defining what I mean by the Lie of Vanity, both in its active and passive nature; these lies being undoubtedly the most common, because vanity is one of the most powerful springs of human action, and is usually the besetting sin of every one. Suppose that, in order to give myself consequence, I were to assert that I was actually acquainted with certain great and distinguished personages whom I had merely met in fashionable society. Suppose also, I were to say that I was at such a place, and such an assembly, on such a night, without adding, that I was there, not as an invited guest, but only because a benefit concert was held at these places, for which I had tickets.—These would both be lies of vanity; but the one would be an active, the other a passive lie.

In the first I should assert a direct falsehood, in the other I should withhold part of the truth; but both would be lies, because, in both, my intention was to deceive.*

But though we are frequently tempted to be guil-

* This passive lie is a very frequent one in certain circles in London; as many ladies and gentlemen there purchase tickets for benefit concerts held at great houses, in order that they may be able to say, "I was at Lady such a one's on such a night."

ty of the active lies of vanity, our temptations to its passive lies are more frequent still; nor can the sincere lovers of truth be too much on their guard against this constantly recurring danger. The following instances will explain what I mean by this observation.

If I assert that my motive for a particular action was virtuous, when I know that it was worldly and selfish, I am guilty of an *active*, or *direct* lie. But I am equally guilty of falsehood, if, while I hear my actions or forbearances praised, and imputed to decidedly worthy motives, when I am conscious that they sprung from unworthy or unimportant ones, I listen with silent complacency, and do not positively disclaim my right to commendation; only, in the one case I lie *directly*, in the other *indirectly*: the lie is *active* in the one, and *passive* in the other. And are we not all of us conscious of having sometimes accepted incense to our vanity, which we knew that we did not deserve?

Men have been known to boast of attention, and even of avowals of serious love from women, and women from men, which, in point of fact, they never received, and therein have been guilty of positive falsehood; but they who, without any contradiction on their own part, allow their friends and flatterers to insinuate that they have been, or are, objects of love and admiration to those who never professed either, are as much guilty of deception as the utterers of the above-mentioned assertión. Still, it is certain, that many, who would shrink with moral disgust from committing the latter species of falsehood, are *apt to* remain silent, when their vanity is *gratified, without* any overt act of deceit on their *art, and* are contented to let the flattering beli

remain uncontradicted. Yet the turpitude is, in my opinion, at least, nearly equal, if my definition of lying be correct; namely, *the intention to deceive.*

This disingenuous passiveness, this deceitful silence, belongs to that extensive and common species of falsehood, *withholding the truth.*

But this *tolerated* sin, denominated *white lying*, is a sin which I believe that some persons commit, not only without being conscious that it is a sin, but, frequently, with a belief that, to do it readily, and without confusion, is often a merit, and always a proof of *ability.* Still more frequently, they do it unconsciously, perhaps, from the force of habit; and, like Monsieur Jourdain, "the Bourgeois gentle-homme," who found out that he had talked prose all his life without knowing it, these persons utter lie upon lie without knowing that what they utter deserves to be considered as falsehood.

I am myself convinced, that a passive lie is equally as irreconcilable to moral principles as an active one; but I am well aware that most persons are of a different opinion. Yet, I would say to those who thus differ from me, if you allow yourselves to violate truth—that is, to *deceive*, for any purpose whatever—who can say where this sort of self-indulgence will submit to be bounded? Can you be sure that you will not, when strongly tempted, utter what is equally false, in order to benefit yourself, at the expense of a fellow-creature?

All mortals are, at times, accessible to temptations; but when we are not exposed to it, we dwell with complacency on our means of resisting it, or our principles, and our tried and experienced self-*denial: but,* as the life-boat, and the safety-gun *which succeeded* in all that they were made to do

while the sea was calm, and the winds still, have been known to fail when the vessel was tost on a tempestuous ocean; so those who may successfully oppose principle to temptation when the tempest of the passions is not awakened within their bosoms, may sometimes be overwhelmed by its power when it meets them in all its awful energy and unexpected violence.

But in every warfare against human corruption, habitual resistance to little temptations is, next to prayer, the most efficacious aid. He who is to be trained for public exhibitions of feats of strength, is made to carry small weights at first, which are daily increased in heaviness, till, at last, he is almost unconsciously able to bear, with ease, the greatest weight possible to be borne by man. In like manner, those who resist the daily temptation to tell what are apparently trivial and innocent lies, will be better able to withstand allurements to serious and important deviations from truth, and be more fortified in the hour of more severe temptation against every species of dereliction from integrity.

The active lies of vanity are so numerous, but, at the same time, are so like each other, that it were useless, as well as endless, to attempt to enumerate them. I shall therefore mention one of them only, before I proceed to my tale on the ACTIVE LIE OF VANITY, and that is the most common of all, namely, the violation of truth which persons indulge in relative to their age; an error so generally committed, especially by the unmarried of both sexes, that few persons can expect to be believed when declaring their age at an advanced period of life. So common, and therefore so little disreputable, is this species of lie considered to be, that a sensible friend

mine said to me the other day, when I asked the age of the lady whom he was going to m "She *tells* me she is five-and-twenty; I ther *conclude* that she is five-and-thirty." This wa doubtedly spoken in joke; still it was an eviden the toleration generally granted on this point.

But though it is *possible* that my friend beli the lady to be a year or two older than she o herself to be, and thought a deviation from tru this subject was of no consequence, I am very that he would not have ventured to marry a w whom he suspected of lying on any other occa This however is a lie which does not expose th terer to severe animadversion, and for this re probably, that all mankind are so averse t thought old, that the wish to be considered y er than the truth warrants meets with compl sympathy and indulgence, even when years a toriously annihilated at the impulse of vanity.

I give the following story in illustration o ACTIVE LIE OF VANITY.

THE STAGE COACH.

AMONGST those whom great successes in had raised to considerable opulence in their r city, was a family by the name of Burford; an eldest brother, when he was the only surviving ner of that name in the firm, was not only at indulge himself in the luxuries of a carriage, co house, garden, hot-houses, and all the priv which wealth bestows, but could also lay by m *enough to* provide amply for his children.

His only daughter had been adopted, wh *young, by* her paternal grandmother, whose

was employed in her son's trade, and who could well afford to take on herself all the expenses of Annabel's education. But it was with painful reluctance that Annabel's excellent mother consented to resign her child to another's care; nor could she be prevailed upon to do so, till Burford, who believed that his widowed parent would sink under the loss of her husband, unless Annabel was permitted to reside with her, commanded her to yield her maternal rights in pity to this beloved sufferer. She could therefore presume to refuse no longer; but she yielded with a mental conflict only too prophetic of the mischief to which she exposed her child's mind and character, by this enforced surrender of a mother's duties.

The grandmother was a thoughtless woman of this world—the mother, a pious, reflecting being, continually preparing herself for the world to come. With the latter, Annabel would have acquired principles—with the former, she could only learn accomplishments; and that weakly judging person encouraged her in habits of mind and character which would have filled both her father and mother with pain and apprehension.

Vanity was her ruling passion; and this her grandmother fostered by every means in her power. She gave her elegant dresses, and had her taught showy accomplishments. She delighted to hear her speak of herself, and boast of the compliments paid her on her beauty and her talents. She was even weak enough to admire the skilful falsehood with which she embellished every thing which she narrated: but this vicious propensity the old lady considered only as a proof of a lively fancy; and she congratulated herself on the consciousness how much mor

agreeable her fluent and inventive Annabel was than the *matter-of-fact* girls with whom she associated. But while Annabel and her gandmother were on a visit at Burford's country-house, and while the parents were beholding with sorrow the conceit and flippancy of their only daughter, they were plunged at once into comparative poverty, by the ruin of some of Burford's correspondents abroad, and by the fraudulent conduct of a friend in whom he had trusted. In a few short weeks, therefore, the ruined grandmother and her adopted child, together with the parents and their boys, were forced to seek an asylum in the heart of Wales, and live on the slender marriage settlement of Burford's amiable wife. For her, every one felt, as it was thought that she had always discouraged that expensive style of living which had exposed her husband to envy, and its concomitant detractions, amongst those whose increase in wealth had not kept pace with his own. He had also carried his ambition so far, that he had even aspired to represent his native city in parliament; and, as he was a violent politician, some of the opposite party not only rejoiced in his downfall, but were ready to believe, and to propagate that he had made a fraudulent bankruptcy in concert with his friend who had absconded, and that he had secured or conveyed away from his creditors money to a considerable amount. But the tale of calumny, which has no foundation in truth, cannot long retain its power to injure; and, in process of time, the feelings of the creditors in general were so completely changed towards Burford, that some of them who had been most decided against signing his certificate, were at length brought to confess that it was a matter for *reconsideration*. Therefore, when

distinguished friend of his father's, who had been strongly prejudiced against him at first, repented of his unjust credulity, and, in order to make him amends, offered him a share in his own business, all the creditors, except two of the principal ones, became willing to sign the certificate. Perhaps there is nothing so difficult to remove from some minds as suspicions of a derogatory nature; and the creditors in question were envious, worldly men, who piqued themselves on their shrewdness, could not brook the idea of being overreached, and were, perhaps, not sorry that he whose prosperity had excited their jealousy, should now be humbled before them as a dependant and a suppliant. However, even they began to be tired at length of holding out against the opinion of so many; and Burford had the comfort of being informed, after he had been some months in Wales, that matters were in train to enable him to get into business again, with restored credit and renewed prospects.

"Then, who knows, Anna," said he to his wife, "but that in a few years I shall be able, by industry and economy, to pay all that I owe, both principal and interest? for, till I have done so, I shall not be really happy; and then poverty will be robbed of its sting."—"Not only so," she replied, "we could never have given our children a better inheritance than this proof of their father's strict integrity; and, surely my dear husband, a blessing will attend thy labours and intentions."—"I humbly trust that it will."—"Yes," she continued, "our change of fortune has humbled our pride of heart, and the cry of our contrition *and* humility has not ascended in vain."—"*Our pride of heart!*" replied Burford, tenderly embracing her; "it was *I*, I alone, who deserved cha-

tisement, and I cannot bear to hear thee blame thyself; but it is like thee, Anna,—thou art ever kind, ever generous; however, as I like to be obliged to thee, I am contented that thou shouldst talk of *our* pride and *our* chastisement." While these hopes were uppermost in the minds of this amiable couple, and were cheering the weak mind of Burford's mother, which, as it had been foolishly elated by prosperity, was now as improperly depressed by adversity, Annabel had been passing several months at the house of a school-fellow some miles from her father's dwelling. The vain girl had felt the deepest mortification at this blight to her worldly prospects, and bitterly lamented being no longer able to talk of her grandmother's villa and carriages, and her father's hot-houses and grounds; nor could she help repining at the loss of those indulgences to which she had been accustomed. She was therefore delighted to leave home on a visit, and very sorry when unexpected circumstances in her friend's family obliged her to return sooner than she intended. She was compelled also to return by herself in a public coach,—a great mortification to her still existing pride; but she had now no pretensions to travel otherwise, and found it necessary to submit to circumstances. In the coach were one young man and two elderly ones; and her companions seemed so willing to pay her attention, and make her journey pleasant to her, that Annabel, who always believed herself an object of admiration, was soon convinced that she had made a conquest of the youth, and that the others thought her a very sweet creature. She, therefore, gave way to all her loquacious vivacity; she hummed tunes in order to show that she could sing; she took out her pencil and sketch-

ed wherever they stopped to change horses, and talked of her own *boudoir*, her own maid, and all the past glories of her state, as if they still existed. In short, she tried to impress her companions with a high idea of her consequence, and as if unusual and unexpected circumstances had led her to travel *incog.*, while she put in force all her attractions against their poor condemned hearts. What an odious thing is a coquette of sixteen! and such was Annabel Burford. Certain it is, that she became an object of great attention to the gentlemen with her, but of admiration probably to the young man alone, who, in her youthful beauty, might possibly overlook her obvious defects. During the journey, one of the elderly gentlemen opened a basket which stood near him, containing some fine hot-house grapes and flowers. "There, young lady," said he to her, "did you ever see such fruit as this before?" "Oh dear, yes, in my papa's grapery." "Indeed! but did you ever see such fine flowers?" "Oh dear, yes, in papa's succession-houses. There is nothing, I assure you, of that sort," she added, drawing up her head with a look of ineffable conceit, "that I am not accustomed to;"—condescending, however, at the same time, to eat some of the grapes and accept some of the flowers.

It was natural that her companions should now be very desirous of finding out what princess in disguise was deigning to travel in a manner so unworthy of her; and when they stopped within a few miles of her home, one of the gentlemen, having discovered that she was known to a passenger on the top of the coach, who was about to leave it, got out and privately asked him who she was. "Burford! Burford!" cried he, when he heard the answer; "what

the daughter of Burford the bankrupt?"—"
same."—With a frowning brow he re-ent
coach, and when seated, whispered the ol
man next him; and both of them, having e
glances of sarcastic and indignant meanin
at Annabel with great significance. Nor w
before she observed a marked change in t
ner towards her. They answered her wit
ness, and even with reluctance; till, at lengt
who had interrogated her acquaintance on t
said, in a sarcastic tone, "I conclude that
speaking just now, young lady, of the fi
which were *once* yours. You have no grap
succession-houses *now*, I take it."—"Dear
not, sir?" replied the conscious girl, in a t
voice.—"Why not? Why, excuse my free
are you not the daughter of Mr. Burford t
rupt?" Never was child more tempted to
parentage than Annabel was; but, though v
reluctance, she faltered out, "Yes; and t
my father was once unfortunate; but"—
looked at her young and opposite neighbo
seeing that his look of admiring respect
changed for one of ill-suppressed laughter,
irresistibly urged to add, "But we are ver
now, I assure you; and our present reside
pretty! Such a sweet garden! and such a
hot-house!"

"Indeed!" returned the old man, with
cant nod to his friend; "well, then, let y
take care he does not make his house to
hold him, and that *another* house be not
his list of residences." Here he laughed
at his own wit, and was echoed by his c
"*But, pray*, how long has he been thus

ed by fortune?"—"Oh dear! I cannot say; for some time; and I assure you our style of g is—very complete."—"I do not doubt it; for lren and fools speak truth, says the proverb; and etimes," added he in a low voice, "the child the fool are the same person."—"So, so," he ered aside to the other traveller; "gardens! ıouse! carriage! swindling, specious rascal!" Annabel heard only the first part of the sen- e: and being quite satisfied that she had reco- d all her consequence, in the eyes of her young ı by two or three *white lies*, as she termed them, hts of fancy, in which she was apt to indulge,) resumed her attack on his heart, and continued ɔnverse, in her most seducing manner, till the h stopped, according to her desire, at a cottage he road-side, where, as she said, her father's m was to meet her, and take her portmanteau.

truth was, that she did not choose to be set n at her own humble home, which was at the ıer end of the village, because it would not only he tale of her fallen fortunes, but would prove alsehood of what she had been asserting. When coach stopped, she exclaimed, with well acted rise, "Dear me! how strange that the servant ɔt waiting for me! But, it does not signify; I can here till he comes. She then left the coach, cely greeted by her elderly companions, but fol- d, as she fancied, by looks of love from the h, who handed her out, and expressed his great ɜt at parting with her.

he parents, meanwhile, were eagerly expecting eturn; for though the obvious defects in her acter gave them excessive pain, and they were *ved to* leave no measures untried in order to

eradicate them, they had missed her amusing city; and even their low and confined dwellir rendered cheerful, when with her sweet an liant tones, she went carolling about the house sides, she was coming, for the first time, alor unexpected; and, as the coach was later than the anxious tenderness of the parental hea worked up to a high pitch of feeling, and they even beginning to share the fantastic fears impatient grandmother, when they saw the stop at a distant turn of the road, and soor beheld Annabel coming towards them; wh fondly clasped to those affectionate bosom which her unprincipled falsehoods, born of the contemptible vanity, had prepared fresh tris fresh injuries: for her elderly companions we father's principal and relentless creditors, wl been down to Wynstaye on business, and we turning thence to London; intending when th rived there to assure Sir James Alberry—that of Burford's father, who resided in London wished to take him into partnership,—tha were no longer averse to sign his certificate; at length convinced he was a calumniated But now all their suspicions were renewed an firmed; since it was easier for them to belie Burford was still the villain which they thought him, than that so young a girl should ha so many falsehoods at the mere impulse of They therefore became more inveterate agair poor father than ever; and, though their first the metropolis was to the gentleman in quest was now impelled by a wish to injure, not to *him.* How differently would they have felt, b *vain and false* Annabel allowed the coach to

n at her father's lowly door! and had they be-
the interior arrangement of his house and fa-
! Had they seen neatness and order giving at-
ion to cheap and ordinary furniture: had they
ld the simple meal spread out to welcome the
derer home, and the Bible and Prayer-book
y for the evening service, which was deferred
: could be shared again with her whose return
ld add fervour to the devotion of that worship-
; family, and would call forth additional expres-
s of thanksgiving!
he dwelling of Burford was that of a man im-
ed by trials past:—of one who looked forward
thankfulness and hope to the renewed posses-
of a competence, in the belief that he should
be able to make a wiser and holier use of it
he had done before. His wife had needed no
lesson; though, in the humility of her heart, she
ght otherwise; and she had helped her husband
ıpress on the yielding minds of her boys, who
pier than their sister) had never left her, that a
on of worldly humiliation is more safe and bles-
than one of worldly prosperity—while their
ch cottage and wild mountain garden had been
erted, by her resources and her example, into a
e of such rural industry and innocent amuse-
t, that they could no longer regret the splendid
e and grounds which they had been obliged to
m. The grandmother, indeed, had never ceased
ourn and to murmur; and, to her, the hope of
ıg a return of brighter days, by means of a new
nership, was beyond measure delightful. But
was doomed to be disappointed, through those
s *in the child* of her adoption which she had at
encouraged, if she had not occasioned.

It was with even clamorous delight, that
after this absence of a few months, was w
by her brothers; the parents' welcome w
quieter, deeper nature; while the grand
first solicitude was to ascertain how she look
having convinced herself that she was return
somer than ever, her joy was as loud as th
boys.—" Do come hither, Bell," said one of
thers—" we have so much to show you! Th
has such nice kittens!"—" Yes; and my rab
all young ones!" cried another.—" And I a
ma," cried the third boy, "have put larg
into the bed of the mountain rill; so now
such a nice noise as it flows over them! I
Bell; do, pray, come with us!"—but the
duties were first to be performed; and p
they were, with more than usual solemnity;
them Annabel had to eat her supper; and
so engrossed in relating her adventures in th
and with describing the attentions of her
nions, that her poor brothers were not atte
In vain did her mother say, "Do, Annabel,
you brothers!" and add, "Go now; for
their bed-time!" She was too fond of hea
self talk, and of her grandmother's flatteri
willing to leave the room; and though he
was disappointed at her selfishness, she c
bear to chide her on the first night of her re

When Annabel was alone with her gran
she ventured to communicate to her what
consciousness of not having done right ha
to conceal from her parents; and after
all that had passed relative to the fruit and
she repeated the cruel question of the old w
you not the daughter of Mr. Burford the

and owned what her reply was: on which her grandmother exclaimed, with great emotion, "Unthinking girl; you know not what injury you may have done your father!" She then asked for a particular description of the persons of the old men, saying, "Well, well, it cannot be helped now—I may be mistaken; but be sure not to tell your mother what you have told me."

For some days after Annabel's return, all went on well; and their domestic felicity would have been so complete, that Burford and his wife would have much disliked any idea of change had their income been sufficient to give their boys good education; but, as it was only just sufficient for their maintenance, they looked forward with anxious expectation to the arrival of a summons to London, and to their expected residence there. Still the idea of leaving their present abode was really painful to all, save Annabel and her grandmother. They thought the rest of the family devoid of proper spirit, and declared that living in Wales was not living at all.

But a stop was now put to eager anticipations on the one hand, or of tender regrets on the other; for, while Burford was expecting daily to receive remittances from Sir James Alberry, to enable him to transport himself and his family to the metropolis, that gentleman wrote to him as follows:

"Sir,

"All connection between us is for ever at an end; and I have given the share in my business which was intended for you, to the *worthy* man who has so long solicited it. I thought that I had done you injustice, sir; I wished therefore to make you amends. But I find you are what you are represented to be, a *fraudulent bankrupt*; and your certificate now *will never be signed.* Should you wonder what h

occasioned this change in my feelings and proc
ings, I am at liberty to inform you that your da
ter travelled in a stage coach, a few days ago,
your two principal creditors; and I am desire
add, *that children and fools speak truth.*

"JAMES ALBERRY.

When Burford had finished reading this le
it fell from his grasp, and clasping his hands
vulsively together, he exclaimed, "Ruined and
graced for ever!" then rushed into his own ch
ber. His terrified wife followed him with the
read letter in her hand, looking the inquiries w
she could not utter.—"Read that," he rep
"and see that Sir James Alberry deems me a
lain!" She did read, and with a shaking fra
but it was not the false accusation of her husb
nor the loss of the expected partnership, that
agitated her firm nerves, and firmer mind; it
the painful conviction, that Annabel, by some m
unknown to her, had been the cause of this
chief to her father;—a conviction which cons
ably increased Burford's agony, when she poi
out the passage in Sir James's letter alluding to
nabel, who was immediately summoned, and
sired to explain Sir James's mysterious meaning

"Dear me! papa," cried she, changing colour
am sure, if I had thought,—I am sure I coul
think,—nasty, ill-natured old man! I am sure I
said—" "But what *did* you say?" cried her
tated father.—"I can explain all," said his mo
who had entered uncalled for, and read the le
She then repeated what Annabel had told, but
tening it as much as she could;—however, she
enough to show the agonizing parents that
child was not only the cause of disappointme

them, but a mean, vain-glorious, and
.iar! "The only amends which you can
ıs," said Burford, "is to tell the whole
ppy child! and then we must see what
:; for my reputation must be cleared,
painful expense of exposing you." Nor
before the mortified Annabel, with a
ened to contrition by her mother's gentle
d the tender teachings of a mother's love,
ıple confession of all that had passed in
ıach; on hearing which, Burford instant-
to set off for London. But how was he
er? He had no money; as he had re-
ı obliged to pay some debts of his still
and extravagant mother; nor could he
ow of his neighbour what he was afraid
: for some time unable to return. "Cruel,
l girl!" cried he, as he paced their little
ıny; "see to what misery thou hast re-
ather! However, I must go to London
/, though it be on foot." "Well, really,
any very great harm in what the poor
cried his mother, distressed at seeing
:ears. "It was very trying to her to be
with her father's bankruptcy and her fal-
s; and it was very natural for her to say
d." "Natural!" exclaimed the indig-
r; "natural for my child to utter false-
sehood, and at the instigation of a mean
Tatural for my child to shrink from the
ıoverty, which was unattended with dis-
h! make us not more wretched than we
:, by trying to lessen Annabel's faults in
es! Our only comfort is the hope th
ıed of herself." "But neither her sha

nor penitence," cried Burford, "will give me the quickest means of repairing the effects of her error. However, as I cannot ride, I must walk to London," while his wife, alarmed at observing the dew of weakness which stood upon his brow, and the feverish flush which overspread his cheek, exclaimed, "Would will not writing to Sir James be sufficient?" "No. My appearance will corroborate my assurances too well. The only writing necessary will be a detail from Annabel of all that passed in the coach, and a confession of her fault." "What! exact from your child such a disgraceful avowal, William!" cried the the angry grandmother. "Yes; for it is a punishment due to her transgression; and she may think herself happy if its consequences end here."—"Here's a fuss, indeed, about a little harmless puffing and white lying!" "Harmless!" replied Burford, in a tone of indignation, while his wife exclaimed, in the agony of a wounded spirit, "Oh! mother, mother! do not make us deplore, more than we already do, that fatal hour when we consented to surrender our dearest duties at the call of compassion for your sorrows, and entrusted the care of our child's precious soul to your erroneous tenderness! But, I trust that Annabel deeply feels her sinfulness, and that the effects of a mistaken education may have been counteracted in time."

The next day, having procured the necessary document from Annabel, Burford set off on his journey, intending to travel occasionally on the tops of coaches, being well aware that he was not in a state of health to walk the whole way.

In the meanwhile, Sir James Alberry, the London *merchant,* to whom poor Burford was then pursuing *his long* and difficult journey, was beginning to wear

pect that he had acted hastily; and, perhaps, unjustly. He had written his distressing letter in the moments of his first indignation, on hearing the statement of the two creditors; and he had moreover written it under their dictation;—and, as the person who had long wished to be admitted into partnership with him happened to call at the same time, and had taken advantage of Burford's supposed delinquency, he had, without further hesitation, granted his request. But as Sir James, though a *rash*, was a *kind-hearted* man, when his angry feelings had subsided, the rebound of them was in favour of the poor accused; and he reproached himself for having condemned and punished a supposed culprit, before he was even heard in his defence. Therefore, having invited Burford's accusers to return to dinner, he dismissed them as soon as he could, and went in search of his wife, wishing, but not expecting, his hasty proceeding to receive the approbation of her candid spirit and discriminating judgment. "What is all this?" cried Lady Alberry, when he had done speaking. "Is it possible that, on the evidence of these two men, who have shown themselves inveterate enemies of the poor bankrupt, you have broken your promise to him, and pledged it to another?" "Yes; and my letter to Burford is gone. I wish I had shown it to you before it went; but, surely Burford's child could not have told them falsehoods." "That depends on her education." "True, Jane; and she was brought up, you know, by that paragon, her mother, who cannot do wrong." "No; she was brought up by that weak woman, her grandmother, who is not likely, I fear, ever to do right. H her pious mother educated her, I should have b

sure that Annabel Burford could not have
lie. However, I shall see, and interrogate t
cusers. In the meanwhile, I must regret y
cessive precipitancy."

As Lady Alberry was a woman who scrup
performed all her religious and moral dutie
was, consequently, always observant of tha
command, "not to take up a reproach again
neighbour." She was, therefore, very unwil
believe the truth of this charge against B
and thought that it was more likely an ill-ed
girl should tell a falsehood, which had als
haps, been magnified by involuntary exagge
than that the husband of such a woman as
Burford should be the delinquent which
creditors described him to be. For she had i
mer days, been thrown into society with B
wife, and felt attracted towards her by the
est of all sympathies, that of entire unity on
subjects most connected with our welfare he
hereafter; those sympathies which can
strangers into friends, and draw them toge
the enduring ties of pure, Christian love. "N
said she to herself; "the beloved husband o
a woman cannot be a villain: and she a
with benevolent impatience, the arrival of
pected guests.

They came, accompanied by Charles D
Annabel's young fellow-traveller, who was
to one of them; and Lady Alberry lost no
drawing from them an exact detail of all t
passed. "And this girl, you say, was a
conceited, set-up being, full of herself
complishments; in short, the creature
"*Yes*," replied one of the old men,"

a comedy to look at her and hear her!" "But what says my young friend?" "The same. She is very pretty; but a model of affectation, boasting, and vanity. Now she was hanging her head on one side—then looking languishingly with her eyes;—and when my uncle, *coarsely*, as I thought, talked of her father as a bankrupt, her expression of angry mortification was so ludicrous, that I could scarcely help laughing. Nay, I do assure you," he continued, "that had we been left alone a few minutes, I should have been made the confidant of her love-affairs; for she sighed deeply once, and asked me, with an affected lisp, if I did not think it a dangerous thing to have a too susceptible heart?" As he said this, after the manner of Annabel, both the old men exclaimed, "Admirable! that is she to the life! I think that I see her and hear her!" "But I dare say," said Lady Alberry gravely, "that you paid her compliments and pretended to admire her notwithstanding." "I own it; for how could I refuse the incense which every look and gesture demanded?" "A principle of truth, young man! would have enabled you to do it. What a fine lesson it would be, for poor flattered women, if we could know how meanly men think of us, even when they flatter us the most." "But, dear Lady Alberry, this girl seemed to me a mere child; a coquette of the nursery: still, had she been older, her evident vanity would have secured me against her beauty." "You are mistaken, Charles; this child is almost seventeen. But now, gentlemen, as *just men*, I appeal to you all, whether it is not more likely that this vain-glorious girl told lies, than that her father, the husband of one of the best of women, should be guilty of

grossest dishonesty?" "I must confess, Jane you have convinced me," said Sir James; b two creditors only frowned, and spoke not. consider," said this amiable advocate; "i girl's habitation was so beautiful, was it n consistent with her boasting propensities th should not choose to be set down at it? And father still had carriages and servants, would not have been sent to meet her? And if he really rich, would she have been allowed to alone in a stage coach? Impossible; and I jure you to suspend your severe judgment of fortunate man till you have sent some one t how he really lives."

"I am forced to return to Wynstaye to-mor growled out Charles's uncle; "therefore, su I go myself." "We had fixed to go into ourselves next week," replied Lady Alberry a visit to a dear friend who lives not far from staye. Therefore, what say you, Sir James? we not better go with our friend? For if yo done poor Burford injustice, the sooner you him reparation, and *in person*, the better." this proposal Sir James gladly assented; an set of for Wales the next day, accompanied b uncle and the nephew.

As Lady Alberry was going to her chamb the second night of their journey, she was s by the sound of deep groans, and a sort of de raving, from a half-open door. "Surely," sa to the landlady, who was conducting her, "th some one very ill in that room." Oh dear my lady; a poor man who was picked up c *road yesterday*. He had walked all the wa *the heart* of Wales, till he was so tired, he

coach; and he supposes that, from weakness, he fell off in the night; and not being missed, he lay till he was found and brought hither." "Has any medical man seen him?" "Not yet; for our surgeon lives a good way; and as he had his senses when he first came, we hoped he was not much hurt. He was able to tell us that he only wanted a garret, as he was very poor; and yet, my lady, he looks and speaks so like a gentleman!" "Poor creature! he must be attended to, and a medical man sent for directly, as he is certainly not sensible *now*." "Hark! he is raving again, and all about his wife, and I cannot tell what." "I should like to see him," said Lady Alberry, whose heart always yearned towards the afflicted; "and I think that I am myself no bad doctor." Accordingly she entered the room just as the sick man exclaimed in his delirium, "Cruel Sir James! I a fraudulent . . . . Oh! my dearest Anna!" . . . . and Lady Alberry recognized, in the poor raving being before her, the calumniated Burford! "I know him!" she cried, bursting into tears; "we will be answerable for all expenses." She then went in search of Sir James; and having prepared him as tenderly as she could for the painful scene which awaited him, she led him to the bed-side of the unconscious invalid;—then, while Sir James, shocked and distressed beyond measure, interrogated the landlady, Lady Alberry examined the nearly thread-bare coat of the *supposed rich man*, which lay on the bed, and searched for the slenderly-filled purse, of which he had himself spoken. She found there Sir James's letter, which had, she doubted not, occasioned his journey and his illness; and which, therefore, in an agony of repentant feeling, her husband tore into atoms. In

same pocket he found Annabel's confession; and when they left the chamber, having vainly waited in hopes of being recognized by the poor invalid, they returned to their fellow-travellers, carrying with them the evidences of Burford's scanty means, in corroboration of the tale of suffering and fatigue which they had to relate. "See," said Lady Alberry, holding up the coat, and emptying the purse on the table "are these the signs of opulence? and is travelling on foot, in a hot June day, a proof of splendid living? While the harsh creditor, as he listened to the tale of delirium, and read the confession of Annabel regretted the hasty credence which he had given to her falsehoods.

But what was best to be done? To send for Burford's wife;—and, till she arrived to nurse him, Sir James and Lady Alberry declared that they would not leave the inn. It was therefore agreed that the nephew should go to Burford's house in the barouche, and escort his wife back. He did so; and while Annabel, lost in painful thought, was walking on the road, she saw the barouche driving up, with her young fellow-traveller in it. As it requires great suffering to subdue such overweening vanity as Annabel's, her first thought, on seeing him, was, that her youthful beau was a young heir, who had travelled in disguise, and was now come in state to make her an offer! She therefore blushed with pleasure as he approached, and received his bow with a countenance of joy. But his face expressed no answering pleasure; and, coldly passing her, he said his business was with her mother, who, alarmed, she scarcely knew why, stood trembling at the door; *nor was she* less alarmed when the feeling youth *told his* errand, in broken and faltering accents, a

delivered Lady Alberry's letter. "Annabel must go with me!" said her mother, in a deep and solemn tone. Then, lowering her voice, because unwilling to reprove her before a stranger, she added, "Yes, my child! thou must go to see the effects of thy errors, and take sad, but salutary warning for the rest of thy life. We shall not detain you long, sir," she continued, turning to Charles Danvers; "our *slender wardrobe* can be soon prepared."

In a short time, the calm, but deeply suffering wife, and the weeping humbled daughter, were on their road to the inn. The mother scarcely spoke during the whole of the journey; but she seemed to pray a great deal; and the young man was so affected with the subdued anguish of the one, and the passionate grief of the other, that, he declared to Lady Alberry, he had never been awakened to such serious thoughts before, and hoped to be the better for the journey through the whole of his existence; while, in her penitent sorrow, he felt inclined to forget Annabel's fault, coquetry, and affectation.

When they reached the inn, the calmness of the wife was entirely overcome at the sight of Lady Alberry, who opened her arms to receive her with the kindness of an attached friend; whispering as she did so, "He has been sensible; and he knew Sir James; knew him as an affectionate friend and nurse!" "Gracious heaven, I thank thee," she replied, hastening to his apartment, leading the reluctant Annabel along. But he did not know them, and his wife was at first speechless with sorrow; at length, recovering her calmness, she said, "See! dear unhappy *girl*! to what thy sinfulness has reduced *thy fond father*! Humble thyself, my chil

re the Great Being whom thou hast offend
own his mercy in the awful warning!"
humbled, I am warned, I trust," cried An
, falling on her knees; "but, if he die, w
ll become of me?" "What will become of
l!" replied the mother, shuddering at the b
ea of losing him, but preparing, with forced c
osure, for her important duties. Trying ones
eed they were, through many days and nig
hat the wife and daughter had to watch beside
ed of the unconscious Burford. The one he
herself kindly invoked, and tenderly desired, a
her *absence wondered at;* while the other ne
heard her name mentioned, during the ravings
fever, without heart-rending upbraidings, and j
reproofs. But Burford's life was granted to
prayers of agonizing affection: and, when recoll
tion returned, he had the joy of knowing that
reputation was cleared, that his angry cred
were become his kind friends, and that Sir J
Alberry lamented, with bitter regret, that he
no longer prove his confidence in him by m
him his partner. But, notwithstanding this
to his prospects, Burford piously blessed the
which had had so salutary an influence on
fending child; and had taught her a lesson
she was not likely to forget. Lady Alberry
ever, thought that the lesson was not yet su
ly complete; for, though Annabel might b
of lying by the consequences of her falseh
vanity which prompted them might still r
corrected. Therefore, as Annabel had
it was the wish not to lose consequence
of her supposed admirer, which had le
last fatal falsehood, Lady Alberry, with

ı, contrived a plan for laying the axe, if
the root of her vanity; and she took the
ɔortunity of asking Charles Danvers, in·
:e, and that of her mother, some particu-
rning what passed in the coach, and his
the subject. As she expected, he gave a
ıd favourable representation; and would
that he did not form a favourable opinion
:ompanion. "What! Charles," said she,
pretend to deny that you mimicked her
nanner?" She then repeated all that he
id, and his declaration that her evident
. coquetry steeled his heart against her,
: the same time, his accurate mimickry
l's manner; nor did she rest till she had
n him a full avowal that what he had as-
ı true; for, Lady Alberry was not a wo-
resisted; while the mortified, humbled,
ɜd Annabel, could only hide her face in
'ɜ bosom; who, while she felt for the
angs inflicted on her, mingled caresses
tears, and whispered in her ear, that the
ɔn which she endured was but for a mo-
. the benefit would be, she trusted, of
:ation. The lesson was now complete
ınnabel found that she had not only, by
vanity, deprived her father of a lucrative
ɔut that she had exposed herself to the ri-
l contempt of that very being who had
ıuse of her error; and, in the depth of
le and contrite heart, she resolved from
nt to struggle with her besetting sins, and
m. Nor was the resolve of that trying
ver broken. But when her father, whose
stination had been the church, was led

by his own wishes to take orders, and was, of time, inducted into a considerable li gift of Sir James Alberry, Annabel rivall ther in performing the duties of her ne and, when she became a wife and moth she had a mournful satisfaction in relating story to her children; bidding them be lying; but more especially of that comm lie of vanity, whether it be active or passiv said she, "that retributive justice in this that which attended mine, may always f falsehoods, or those of others; but becau is contrary to the moral law of God; a liar, as scripture tells us, is not only li nishment and disgrace here, but will be of certain and more awful punishment i to come."

The following tale illustrates the PASS VANITY.

UNEXPECTED DISCOVERI

THERE are two sayings—the one de divine, the other from human authority- of which is continually forced upon us ence. They are these:—"A prophet i out honour, except in his own country; man is a hero to his valet-de chambre miliarity breeds contempt," is also a pro same effect; and they all three bear up dency in our natures to undervalue the t the claims to distinction, of those with wh closely connected and associated; and *capability* to believe that they, whom w *ways* considered as our equals only, or

our inferiors, can be to the rest of the world objects of admiration and respect.

No one was more convinced of the truth of these sayings than Darcy Pennington, the only child of a pious and virtuous couple, who thought him the best of sons, and one of the first of geniuses; but, as they were not able to persuade the rest of the family of this latter truth, when they died, Darcy's uncle and guardian insisted on his going into a merchant's counting-house in London, instead of being educated for one of the learned professions. Darcy had a mind too well disciplined to rebel against his guardian's authority. He therefore submitted to his allotment in silence; resolving that his love of letters and the muses should not interfere with his duties to his employer, but he devoted all his leisure hours to literary pursuits; and, as he had real talents, he was at length raised, from the unpaid contributor to the poetical columns in a newspaper, to the *paid* writer in a popular magazine; while his poems, signed *Alfred*, became objects of eager expectation. But Darcy's own family and friends could not have been more surprised at his growing celebrity than he himself was: for he was a sincere, humble christian; and, having been accustomed to bow to the opinion of those whom he considered as his superiors in intellect and knowledge, he could scarcely believe in his own eminence. But it was precious to his heart, rather than to his vanity; as it enabled him to indulge those benevolent feelings, which his small income had hitherto restrained. At length he *published* a duodecimo volume of poems and *hymns, still* under the name of Alfred, which we *highly praised* in reviews and journals, and a stro

desire was expressed to know who the modest, promising, and pious writer was.

Notwithstanding, Darcy could not prevail upon himself to disclose his name. He visited his native town every year, and in the circle of his family and friends, was still considered only as a good sort of lad, who had been greatly overrated by his parents—was just suited for a situation in which he had been placed—and was very fortunate to have been received into partnership with the merchant to whom he had been clerk. In vain did Darcy sometimes endeavour to hint that he was an author; he remembered the contempt with which his uncle, and relations, had read one of the earliest fruits of his muse, when exhibited by his fond father, and the advice given to burn such stuff, and not turn the head of a dull boy, by making him fancy himself a genius. Therefore, recollecting the wise saying quoted above, he feared that the news of his literary celebrity would not be received with pleasure, and that the affection with which he was now welcomed might suffer diminution. Besides, thought he,—and then his heart rose in his throat, with a choking painful feeling,—those tender parents, who would have enjoyed my little fame, are cold and unconscious now; and the ears, to which my praises would have been sweet music, cannot hear; therefore methinks I have a mournful pleasure in keeping on that veil, the removal of which cannot confer pleasure on them." Consequently he remained contented to be warmly welcomed at D— for talents of an humble sort, such as his power for mending toys, making kites, and rabbits on the wall; which talents endeared him to all the children of his family and friends; and, through their

to their parents. Yet it may be asked, was it possible that a young man, so gifted, could conceal his abilities from observation?

Oh, yes. Darcy, to borrow Addison's metaphor concerning himself, though he could draw a bill for £1000, had never any small change in his pocket. Like him he could write, but he could not talk; he was discouraged in a moment; and the slightest rebuff made him hesitate to a painful degree. He had, however, some flattering moments, even amidst his relations and friends; for he heard them repeating his verses and singing his songs. He had also far greater joy in hearing his hymns in places of public worship; and then, too much choked with grateful emotion to join in the devotional chorus himself, he used to feel his own soul raised to heaven upon those wings which he had furnished for the souls of others. At such moments, he longed to discover himself as the author; but was withheld by the fear that his songs would cease to be admired, and his hymns would lose their usefulness, if it were known that he had written them. However, he resolved to *feel his way*; and once on hearing a song of his commended, he ventured to observe, "I think I can write as good a one." "You!" cried his uncle; "what a conceited boy! I remember that you used to scribble verses when a child; but I thought you had been laughed out of that nonsense." "My dear fellow, nature never meant thee for a poet, believe me," said one of his cousins conceitedly,—a young collegian. "No, no; like the girl in the drama, thou wouldst make 'love' and 'joy' rhyme, and know no better." "But I have written, and I can rhyme," replied Darcy, colouring a little. "Indeed!" replied his formal aunt; "We

Mr. Darcy Pennington, it really would be very a
sing to see your erudite productions; perhaps
will indulge us some day." "I will; and then
may probably alter your opinion." Soon a
Darcy wrote an anonymous prose tale in one
lume, interspersed with poetry, which had ev
greater run than his other writings; and it was
tributed first to one person, and then to anot
while his publisher was excessively pressed to
clare the name of the author; but he did not
self know it, as he only knew Darcy, *avowedly*,
der a feigned name. But, at length, Darcy r
ved to disclose his secret, at least his rela
and friends at D—; and just as the second ed
of his tale was nearly completed, he set off fo
native place, taking with him the manuscript
of the printer's marks, to prove that he was th
thor of it.

He had one *irresistible* motive for thus wal
out from his *incognito*, like Homer's deities from
cloud. He had fallen in love with his second
sin, Julia Vane, an heiress, and his uncle's w
and had become jealous of himself, as he hac
some months, wooed her in anonymous pc
which she, he found, attributed to a gentlem
the neighbourhood, whose name he knew not;
she had often declared that, such was her pa
for poetry, he who could woo her in beautiful
was alone likely to win her heart.

On the very day of his arrival, he said in the
ily circle that he had brought down a little n
script of his own, which he wished to read to
Oh! the comical grimaces! the suppressed l
ter, growing and swelling, however, till it cou
restrained no longer, which was the result of

quest! And oh! the looks of consternation when Darcy produced the manuscript from his pocket! "Why, Darcy," said his uncle, "this is really a word and a blow; but you cannot read it to-night; we are engaged." Certainly, Mr. Darcy Pennington," said his aunt, "if you wish to read your astonishing productions, we are bound in civility to hear them; but we are all going to Sir Hugh Belson's, and shall venture to take you with us, though it is a great favour and privilege to be permitted to go on such an occasion; for a gentleman is staying there who has written such a sweet book! It is only just out, yet it cannot be had; because the first edition is sold, and the second not finished. So Sir Hugh, for whom your uncle is exerting himself against the next election, has been so kind as to invite us to hear the author read his own work. This gentleman does not, indeed, *own* that he wrote it: still he does not *deny* it; and it is clear, by his *manner*, that he did write it, and that he would be very sorry not to be considered as the writer." "Very well, then; the pleasure of hearing another author read his own works shall be delayed," replied Darcy, smiling. "Perhaps, when you have heard this gentleman's, you will not be so eager to read yours, Darcy," said Julia Vane; "for you *used* to be a modest man." Darcy sighed, looked significantly, but remained silent.

In the evening they went to Sir Hugh Belson's, where, in the Captain Eustace, who was to delight the company, Darcy recognized the gentleman who had been pointed out to him as the author of several meagre performances handed about in manuscript in certain circles; which owed their celebrity to the birth and fashion of the writer, and to

bribery which is always administered to the self-l
of those who are the *select few* chosen to see
judge on such occasions.

Captain Eustace now prepared to read; when he named the title of the book which he h in his hand, Darcy started from his seat in surpri for it was the title of his own work! But th might be two works with the same title; and he down again; but when the reader continued, he could doubt no longer, he again started up, a with stuttering eagerness, said, "Wh-wh—w sir, did you say, wrote this book?" "I have n ed no names, sir," replied Eustace conceited "the author is unknown, and wishes to remain s "Mr. Darcy Pennington," cried his aunt, " down and be quiet;" and he obeyed. "Mr P nington," said Sir Hugh, affectedly, "the vi must be sought, and is *discovered* with difficu you know; for it shrinks from observation, loves the shade." Darcy bowed assent; but fi his eyes on the discovered violet before him w such an equivocal expression, that Eustace was concerted; and the more so, when Darcy, w could not but feel the ludicrous situation in wh he was placed, hid his face in his handkerchief; was evidently shaking with laughter. "Mr. Da Pennington I am really ashamed of you," whispe his aunt; and Darcy recovered his composure. had now two hours of great enjoyment. He he that book admirably read which he had intended read the next day, and knew that he should r ill. He heard that work applauded to the ski the work of another, which would, he feared, been faintly commended, if known to and he saw the fine eyes of the woman h

drowned in tears, by the power of his own simple pathos. The poetry in the book was highly admired also; and, when Eustace paused to take breath, Julia whispered in his ear, "Captain Eustace is the gentleman who, I have every reason to believe, wrote some anonymous poetry sent me by the post; for Captain Eustace pays me, as you see, marked attention; and as he denies that he wrote the verses, exactly as he denies that he wrote the book which he is now reading, it is very evident that he wrote both." "I dare say," replied Darcy, colouring with resentment, "that he as much wrote the *one* as he wrote the *other*." "What do you mean, Darcy? There can be no doubt of the fact; and I own that I cannot be insensible to such talent; for poetry and poets are my passion, you know; and in his authorship I forget his plainness. Do you not think that a woman would be justified in loving a man who writes so morally, so piously, and so delightfully!" "Certainly," replied Darcy, eagerly grasping her hand, "provided his conduct be in unison with his writings; and I advise you to give the writer in question *your whole heart*."

After the reading was over, the delighted audience crowded round the reader, whose manner of receiving their thanks was such, as to make every one but Darcy believe the work was his own; and never was the PASSIVE LIE OF VANITY more completely exhibited; while Darcy, intoxicated, as it were, by the feelings of gratified authorship, and the hopes excited by Julia's words, thanked him again and again for the admirable manner in which he had read the *book*; declaring, with great earnestness, *that he could not* have done it such justice himself *adding, that this* evening was the happiest of his li

"Mr. Darcy Pennington, what ails you?" cried his aunt;" "you really are not like yourself!" "Hold your tongue, Darcy," said his uncle, drawing him on one side; "Do not be such a forward puppy;—who ever questioned or cared, whether you could have done it justice or not? But here is the carriage; and I am glad you have no longer an opportunity of thus exposing yourself by your literary and critical raptures, which sits as ill upon you, as the caressings of the ass in the fable did on him, when he pretended to compete with the lapdog in fondling his master."

During the drive home, Darcy did not speak a word; not only because he was afraid of his severe uncle and aunt, but, because he was meditating how he should make that discovery, on the success of which hung his dearest hopes. He was also communing with his own heart, in order to bring it back to that safe humility out of which it had been led by the flattering and unexpected events of the evening. "Well," said he. while they drew round the fire, "as it is not late, suppose I read *my* work to you *now*. I assure you that it is quite as good as that which you have heard."—"Mr. Darcy Pennington, you really quite alarm me," cried his aunt. "Why so?"—"Because I fear that you are a little *delirious!*"—On which Darcy nearly laughed himself into convulsions. "Let me feel your pulse, Darcy," said his uncle very gravely,—"too quick.—I shall send for advice, if you are not better to-morrow; you look so flushed, and your eyes are so bright!"—"My dear uncle," replied Darcy, "I shall be quite well if you will but hear my manuscript before we go to bed." They now all looked at each other with increased alarm.

and Julia, in order to please him, (for she really loved him,) said, "Well, Darcy if you insist upon it;"—but interrupting her, he suddenly started up, and exclaimed, "No; on second thoughts, I will not read it till Captain Eustace and Sir Hugh and his family can be present; and they will be here the day after to-morrow."—"What! read your nonsense to them!" cried his uncle; "Poor fellow! poor fellow!" But Darcy was gone! he had caught Julia's hand to his lips, and quitted the room, leaving his relations to wonder, to fear, and to pity. But as Darcy was quite composed the next day, they all agreed that he must have drunk more wine than he or they had been aware of the preceding evening. But though Darcy was willing to wait the ensuing evening, before he discovered his secret to the rest of the family, he could not be easy till he had disclosed it to Julia: for he was mortified to find that the pious, judicious Julia Vane had, for one moment, believed that a mere man of the world, like Captain Eustace, could have written such verses as he had anonymously addressed to her; verses breathing the very quintessence of pure love; and full of anxious interest not only for her temporal, but her eternal welfare. "No, no," said he; "she shall not remain in such a degrading error one moment longer;" and having requested a private interview with her, he disclosed the truth.—"What! are *you*—can *you* be—did *you* write all!" she exclaimed in broken accents; while Darcy gently reproached her for having believed that a mere worldly admirer could so have written; however, she justified herself by declaring how impossible *it* was to suspect that a man of *honour, as Eustace* seemed, could be so base as to

assume a merit which was not his own. He paused, turning away from Darcy's pene look, covered with conscious blushes, ashame he should see how pleased she was. But sl dily acknowledged her sorrow at having be trayed, by the unworthy artifice of Eustace encouraging his attentions, and was eager t cert with Darcy the best plan for revealir surprising secret.

The evening, so eagerly anticipated by and Julia, now arrived: and great was the c nation of all the rest of the family, when took a manuscript out of his pocket, and be open it. "The fellow is certainly posse thought his uncle. "Mr. Darcy Pennin whispered his aunt, "I shall faint if you pe exposing yourself!"—"Darcy, I will shut if you proceed," whispered his uncle; "f must positively be mad."—"Let him go on uncle," said Julia; "I am *sure* you will be d ed, or *ought* to be so;" and, spite of his threats and whispers, he addressed Captai stace thus:—

"Allow me, sir, to thank you again for th than justice which you did my humble perfor the other evening. Till I heard you read it, unconscious that it had so much merit; and I thank you for the highest gratification which, author, I ever received." New terror seized one of his family who heard him, except while wonder filled Sir Hugh and the rest party—Eustace excepted; he knew that h not the author of the work; therefore he co *dispute the* fact that the real author now st *fore him*; and blushes of detected falsehood

ı cheek; but, ere he could falter out a reply, r's uncle and sons seized him by the arm, and ɜd on speaking with him in another room. r, laughing violently, endeavoured to shake off, but in vain. "Let him alone," said Julia, ıg, and coming forward. "Darcy's 'eye may a fine frenzy rolling,' as you have all of you d him to be a poet; but other frenzy than f a poet he has *not*, I assure you—so pray set t liberty; *I* will be answeiable for his sanity." ıat does all this mean," said his uncle, as he is sons unwillingly obeyed. "It means," said y, "that I hope not to quit this room till I have he delight of hearing these yet unpublished s of mine read by Captain Eustace. Look, continued he, "here is a signature well known, ıubt, to you; that of *Alfred*." "Are you in- Alfred, the celebrated Alfred?" faltered out ıce. "I believe so," he replied with a smile; ugh on some occasions, you know, it is difficult ɔve one's *personal identity*." "True," answered ıce, turning over the manuscript to hide his sion. "And I, Captain Eustace," said Julia, e had the great satisfaction of discovering that ınknown poetical correspondent is my long shed friend and cousin, Darcy Pennington. k how satisfactory this discovery has been to "Certainly, Madam," he replied, turning with emotion; for he not only saw his *Passive of Vanity* detected, though Darcy had too ı Christian forbearance even to insinuate that tended to appropriate to himself the fame of ıer, but he also saw, in spite of the kindness *which she* addressed him, that he had lost *and that* Darcy had probably gained her.

s all this?" cried Sir Hugh at last,
uncle and aunt, had listened in silent
Why, Eustace, I thought you owned th
deny; I *owned nothing*;" he eagerl
"You *insisted* on it, nay, every body insi
as the *author* of the beautiful work w
and of other things; and if Mr. Pennin
that he is the author, I give him joy o
and his fame." "What do I hear!"
nt; "Mr. Darcy Pennington a genius,
s, and I not suspect it!" "Impossib
his uncle, pettishly; "that dull fellow
wit! It cannot be What! are you Al
I cannot credit it; for if so, I have been
ed;" while his sons seemed to feel as
tification as surprise. "My dear uncle,"
cy, "I am now a professed author. I
work which you heard last night. Here it
manuscript, as returned by the printer
e is the last proof of the second edition,
eceived at the post-office just now, direc
B.; which is, I think, *proof positive* tha
Alfred also, who, by your certainly *in*
ises, is for *this* evening, at least, in his ov
vated into ALFRED THE GREAT."

CHAPTER III.

ON THE LIES OF FLATTERY.

THE Lies of Flattery are next on my li
These lies are, generally speaking, no
ncipled, but offensive; and though they
old to conciliate good will, the flattere
his attempt; for his intended dupe
s *through* his art, and he excites

ere he meant to obtain regard. Those who ow aught of human nature as it really is, and do t throw the radiance of their own christian be-volence over it, must be well aware that *few* per-ns hear with complacency the praises of others, en where there is no competition between the rties praised and themselves. Therefore, the ob-cts of excessive flattery are painfully conscious at the praises bestowed on them, in the hearing f their acquaintances, will not only provoke those uditors to undervalue their pretensions, but to ac-use them of believing in and enjoying the gross attery offered to them. There are no persons, in ny opinion, with whom it is so difficult to keep up "the relations of peace and amity," as flatterers by ystem and habit. Those persons, I mean, who deal out their flatteries on the same principle as boys throw a handful of burs. However unskilfully the burs are thrown, the chances are that some will stick; and flatterers expect that some of their com-pliments will dwell with, and impose on, their in-tended dupe. Perhaps their calculation is not, gen-erally considered, an erroneous one; but if there be any of their fellow-creatures with whom the sensi-tive and the discerning may be permitted to loathe association, it is with those who presume to address them in the language of compliment, too violent and unappropriate to deceive even for a moment; while they discover on their lips the flickering sneer of contempt contending with its treacherous smile, and mark their wily eye looking round in search of some responsive one, to which it can communicate their sense of the uttered falsehood, and their mean *exultation over* their imagined dupe. The lies of *benevolence,* even when they can be resolved into

lies of flattery, may be denominated amiable li
but the lie of flattery is usually uttered by the l
hearted and censorious; therefore to the term
OF FLATTERY might be added an alias;—*alias*,
LIE OF MALEVOLENCE.

Coarse and indiscriminating flatterers lay it d
as a rule, that they are to flatter all persons on
qualities which they have not. Hence, they fla
the plain, on their beauty: the weak, on their
tellect; the dull, on their wit; believing, in the
castic narrowness of their conceptions, that no
possesses any self-knowledge; but that every
implicitly believes the truth of the eulogy bestow
This erroneous view taken by the *flatterer* of
penetration of the *flattered*, is common only in th
who have more cunning than intellect; more shre
ness than penetration; and whose knowledge of
weakness of our nature has been gathered, not f
deep study of the human heart, but from the de
vity of their own, or from the pages of ancient and
dern satirists;—those who have a mean, malig
pleasure, in believing in the absence of all moral t
amongst their usual associates; and are glad to
able to comfort themselves for their own conse
dereliction from a high moral standard, by the
viction that they are, at least, as *good as their ne*
bours. Yes; my experience tells me that the ab
mentioned rule of flattery is acted upon only by
half-enlightened, who take for superiority of inte
that *base* low cunning,

> . . . . . which, in fools, supplies,
> And amply too, the place of being wise.

But the deep observer of human nature kn
that where there is real intellect, there are disce
ment and self-knowledge also: and that the

ent are aware to how much praise and ad-
n they are entitled, be it encomium on their
al or mental qualifications.
g to give one illustration of the Lie of Flatte-
ie following tale, of which the offending he-
s a *female*; though, as men are the *licensed*
rs of women, I needed not to have feared the
tion of want of candour, had I taken my ex-
from one of the wiser sex.

THE TURBAN;

OR

THE LIE OF FLATTERY.

E persons are such determined flatterers
y nature and habit, that they flatter uncon-
y, and almost involuntarily. Such a flatter-
Jemima Aldred; but, as the narrowness of
tune made her unable to purchase the luxu-
life in which she most delighted, she was also
cious and *voluntary* flatterer whenever she
ith those who had it in their power to indulge
vourite inclinations
re was one distinguished woman in the cir-
her acquaintance, whose favour she was par-
ly desirous of gaining, and who was therefore
nstant object of her flatteries. This lady, who
ndered, by her situation, her talents, and her
, an object of earthly worship to many of
sociates, had a good-natured indolence about
hich made her receive the incense offered, as
believed in its sincerity. But the flattery of
Jemima was so gross, and so indiscriminate,
sometimes converted the usual gentleness of
Delaval's nature into gall; and she felt indig-

nant at being supposed capable of relishing adulation so excessive, and devotion so servile. But, as she was full of christian benevolence, and, consequently, her first desire was to do good, she allowed pity for the poor girl's ignorance to conquer resentment, and laid a plan, in order to correct and amend her, if *possible*, by salutary mortification.

Accordingly, she invited Jemima, and some other young ladies, to spend a whole day with her at her house in the country. But, as the truly benevolent are always reluctant to afflict any one, even though it be to *improve*, Lady Delaval would have shrunk from the task which she had imposed on herself, had not Jemima excited her into perseverance by falling repeatedly and grossly into her besetting sin during the course of the day. For instance: Lady Delaval, who usually left the choice of her ribbands to her milliner, as she was not studious of her personal appearance, wore colours at breakfast that morning which she thought ill-suited both to her years and complexion; and having asked her guests how they liked her scarf and ribbands, they pronounced them to be beautiful. "But surely, they do not become my olive, ill-looking skin!"—"They are certainly not becoming," was the ingenuous reply of all but Jemima Aldred, who persisted in asserting that the colour was as becoming as it was brilliant; adding, "I do not know what dear Lady Delaval means by undervaluing her own clear complexion."—"The less that is said about that the better, I believe," she dryly replied, not trying to conceal the sarcastic smile which played upon her lip, and feeling *strengthened*, by this new instance of Jemima's du-

thought she had endeared herself to her by flattering her personal vanity; and, while her companions frowned reproach for *her insincerity*, she wished for an opportunity of reproving *their rudeness*. After tea, Lady Delaval desired her maid to bring her down the foundation for a turban, which she was going to pin up, and some other finery prepared for the same purpose; and in a short time the most splendid materials for millenary shone upon the table. When she began her task, her other guests, Jemima excepted, worked also, but she was sufficiently employed, she said, in watching the creative and tasteful fingers of her friend. At first, Lady Delaval made the turban of silver tissue; and Jemima was in ecstacies: but the next moment she declared that covering to be too simple; and Jemima thought so too;—while she was in equal ecstacies at the effect of a gaudy many-coloured gauze which replaced its modest costliness. But still her young companions openly preferred the silver covering, declaring that the gay one could only be tolerated if nothing else of showy ornament were superadded. They gave, however, their opinion in vain. Coloured stones, a gold band, and a green spun-glass feather, were all in their turn heaped upon this showy head-dress, while Jemima exulted over every fresh addition, and admired it as a new proof of Lady Delaval's taste. "Now, then, it is completed," cried Lady Delaval; "but no; suppose I add a scarlet feather to the green one;" "Oh! that would be superb;" and having given this desirable finish to her performance, Jemima declared it to be perfect; but the rest of the company were too honest to commend it. Lady Delaval then put it on her head; and it was as ur

becoming as it was ugly: but Jemima exclain that her dear friend had never worn any thing fore in which she looked so well, adding, ": then *she* looks well in *every thing*. However, t lovely turban would become any one."—"' how it would fit you!" said Lady Delaval, putt it on her head. Jemima looked in a glass, saw that to her short, small person, little face, little turned-up nose, such an enormous mass finery was the destruction of all comeliness; l while the by-standers laughed immoderately at appearance, Jemima was loud in her admirat and volunteered a wish to wear it at some pu place—"for I think, I *do* look so well in it!" c Jemima. "If so," said her hostess, "you, yo ladies, on this occasion, have neither taste eyes;" while Jemima danced about the room, ulting in her heavy head-dress, in the triumph of falsehood, and in the supposed superior ascenda it had gained her over her hostess above that of more sincere companions. Nor, when Lady laval expressed her fear that the weight migh painful, would she allow it to be removed; but declared that she liked the burden. At part Lady Delaval, in a tone of great significance, her that she should *hear from her the next* The next morning Jemima often dwelt on tl marked words impatient for an explanatior them; between twelve and one o'clock, a ser of Lady Delaval's brought a letter and a bandl

The letter was first opened; and was as follo

"DEAR JEMIMA,

"As I know that you have long wished to *my niece*, Lady Ormsby, and also to attend the

tronomical lecture on the grand transparent orrery, which is to be given at the public rooms this evening, for the benefit of the Infirmary; though your praise-worthy prudence prevented you from subscribing to it, I have great pleasure in enclosing you a ticket for the lecture, and in informing you that I will call and take you to dinner at Lady Ormsby's at four o'clock, whence you and I, and the rest of the party, (which will be a splendid one) shall adjourn to the lecture. . . . . ." "How kind! how very kind!" exclaimed Jemima; but, in her heart, imputing these favours to her recent flatteries; and reading no farther, she ran to her mother's apartment to declare the joyful news. "Oh! mamma!" exclaimed she, "how fortunate it was that I made up my died gauze when I did! and I can wear natural flowers in my hair; and they are so becoming, as well as cheap." She then returned to her own room, to finish the letter and explore the contents of the box. But what was her consternation on reading the following words: . . . . . "But I shall take you to the dinner, and I give you the ticket for the lecture, only on this express condition,—that you wear the accompanying turban, which was decorated according to *your* taste and judgment, and in which you were conscious of looking so well!—Every *additional* ornament was bestowed to please you; and as I know that your wish will be not to deprive me of a head-dress in which your *partial* eyes thought that I looked so *charmingly*, I positively assure you that no consideration shall ever induce me to wear it; and that I expect you to meet my summons, arrayed in your youthful *loveliness and my* turban."

Jemima sat in a sort of stupor after perusi

this epistle; and when she started from i was to carry the letter and the turban to mother. "Read that! and look at that!" sh claimed, pointing to the turban. "Why to sure, Jemima, Lady Delaval must be making of you," she replied. "What could produce an absurd requisition?" When called upon to swer this question, Jemima blushed; and, fo first time, feeling some compunctious visiting conscience, she almost hesitated to own that th noying conditions were the consequence of her teries. Still, to comply with them was imposs and to go to the dinner and lecture without t and thereby perhaps affront Lady Delaval, was possible also. "What, expect me to hide pretty hair under that preposterous moun Never, never!" Vainly, now, did she try t mire it; and she felt its weight insuppor "To be sure," said she to herself, "Captain lie and George Vaux will dine at Lady Orms and go to the lecture; but then they will not to look at me in this frightful head-dress, and w quiz me; and I am sure they will think me too a *quiz* to sit by! No, no; much as I wish t and I do so very, very much wish it, I cannot these cruel conditions." "But what excuse you make to Lady Delaval?" "I must tel that I have a bad toothach, and cannot go; a will write her a note to say so; and at the time return the ugly turban." She did so;- when she saw Lady Delaval pass to the fine di and heard the carriages at night going to crowded lecture, she shed tears of bitterness *regret, and* lamented that she had not dared t *without the* conditional and detestable turban.

next day she saw Lady Delaval's carriage drive up to the door, and also saw the servant take a bandbox out. "Oh dear, mamma," cried Jemima, "I protest that ridiculous old woman has brought her ugly turban back again!" and it was with a forced smile of welcome that she greeted Lady Delaval. That lady entered the room with a graver and more dignified mien than usual; for she came to reprove, and, she hoped, amend an offender against those principles of truth which she honoured, and to which she uniformly acted up. Just before Lady Delaval appeared, Jemima recollected that she was to have the toothach; therefore she tied up her face, adding a PRACTICAL LIE to the many already told; for one lie is sure to make many. "I was sorry to find that you were not able to accompany me to the dinner and lecture," said she; "and were kept at home by the toothach. Was that your only reason for staying at home?" "Certainly, Madam; can you doubt it?" "Yes; for I have strong suspicion that the toothach is a pretence, not a reality." "This from you, Lady Delaval! my once kind friend." "Jemima, I am come to prove myself a far kinder friend than ever I did before. I am glad to find you alone; because I should not have liked to reprove a child before her mother." Lady Delaval them reproached her astonished auditor with the mean habit of flattery in which she was so apt to indulge; assuring her that she had never been for one moment her dupe, and had insisted on her wearing the turban, in order to punish her despicable duplicity. "Had you not acted thus," continued Lady Delaval, "I meant *to have taken* you to the dinner and lecture, *without conditions*; but I wished to inflict on yo

a salutary punishment, in hopes of convincing you that there are no qualities so safe, or so pleasing, as truth and ingenuousness. I saw you cast an alarmed look at the hat-box," she added, in a gayer tone; "but fear not; the turban is no more; and, in its stead, I have taken the liberty of bringing you a Leghorn bonnet; and should you, while you wear it, feel any desire to flatter, in your usual degrading manner, may it remind you of this conversation, and its *cause*,—and make your present mortification the means of your future good." At this moment Jemima's mother entered the room, exclaiming: "Oh! Lady Delaval! I am glad you are come! my poor child's toothach is so bad! and how unfortunate that" . . . . . Lady Delaval cast on the mistaken mother a look of severe reproof, and on the daughter one of pity and unavailing regret; for she felt that, for the child who is hourly exposed to the contagion of an unprincipled parent's example, there can be little chance for amendment; and she hastened to her carriage, convinced that for poor Jemima Aldred her labours of christian duty had been exerted in vain. She would have soon found how just her conviction was, had she heard the dialogue between the mother and daughter, as soon as she drove off. Jemima dried up her hypocritical tears, and exclaimed, "A cross, methodistical creature! I am glad she is gone!"—"What do you mean, child? and what is all this about?" Jemima having told her, she exclaimed, "Why the woman is mad! What! object to a little harmless flattery! and call that lying, indeed! Nonsense! it is all a pretence. She hate *flattery! no, indeed*; if you were to tell her the truth, she *would hate* you like poison."—"Very likely; but

see, mamma, what she has given me. What a beautiful bonnet! But she owed it to me, for the trick she played me, and for her preaching."—"Well, child," answered her mother, "let her preach to you every day, and welcome, if she comes, as to day, full-handed."

Such was the effect of Lady Delaval's kind efforts, on a mother so teaching, and a daughter so taught; for indelible indeed are those habits of falsehood and disingenuousness which children acquire, whose parents do not make a *strict adherence* to truth the *basis* of their children's education; and punish all deviation from it with salutary rigour. But, whatever be the *excellencies* or the *errors* of parents or preceptors, there is one necessary thing for them to remember, or their excellencies will be useless, and their faults irremediable; namely, that they are not to form their children for the present world alone;—they are to educate them not merely as the *children of time*, but as the *heirs of eternity*.

CHAPTER IV.

LIES OF FEAR.

I ONCE believed that the lie of fear was confined to the low and uneducated of both sexes, and to children: but further reflection and observation have convinced me that this is by no means the case; but that, as this lie springs from the want of *moral courage*, and as this defect is by no means confined to any class or age, the result of it, that fear of man which prompts to the lie of fear, must be universal also; though the nature of the dread may be various, and of different degrees of strength. For instance; a child or a servant (of course I

speak of ill-educated children) breaks a t
glass, and denies having done so. Acquai
forget to execute commissions entrusted to
and either say that they are executed, wh
are not, or make some false excuses for a
sion which was the result of forgetfulness on
persons are guilty of so many of this sort of
the year, as negligent correspondents; sin
cuses for not writing sooner are usually *lies*
—fear of having forfeited favour by too
silence.

As the lie of fear always proceeds, as I h
fore observed, from a want of *moral coura*
often the result of want of resolution to say
when "yes" is more agreeable to the feel
the questioner. "Is not my new gown p
"Is not my new hat becoming?" "Is
coat of a good colour?" There are few
who have courage to say "no," even to th
vial questions; though the negative would b
and the affirmative, *falsehood*. And still less a
able to be honest in their replies to questio
more delicate nature. "Is not my last w
best?" "Is not my wife beautiful?" "Is
daughter agreeable?" "Is not my son a fine y
Those ensnaring questions, which content
confiding egotism is only too apt to ask.

Fear of wounding the feelings of the inter
prompts an affirmative answer. But, perha
on these occasions is one of the least displ
because it may possibly proceed from a kin
sion to give pain, and occasion disappointme
has a *degree* of relationship, a distant family
blance to the LIE OF BENEVOLENCE; though,
accurately analysed, even this good-nature

hood may be resolved into *selfish dread* of losing favour by speaking the truth. Of these *pseudolies* of benevolence I shall treat in their turn; but I shall now proceed to relate a story, to illustrate THE LIE OF FEAR, and its important results, under apparently unimportant circumstances.

THE BANK-NOTE.

"Are you returning immediately to Worcester?" said Lady Leslie, a widow residing near that city, to a young officer who was paying her a morning visit. "I am; can I do any thing for you there?" "Yes: you can do me a great kindness. My confidential servant, Baynes, is gone out for the day and night; and I do not like to trust my new footman, of whom I know nothing, to put this letter in the post-office, as it contains a fifty-pound note." "Indeed! that is a large sum to trust to the post." "Yes but I am told it is the safest conveyance. It is, however, quite necessary that a person whom I can trust should put the letter in the box." "Certainly," replied Captain Freeland. Then, with an air that showed he considered *himself* as a person to be trusted, he deposited the letter in safety in his pocket-book, and took leave; promising he would return to dinner the next day, which was *Saturday*.

On his road, Freeland met some of his brother-officers, who were going to pass the day and night at Great Malvern; and as they earnestly presse him to accompany them, he wholly forgot the let entrusted to his care: and, having despatched

servant to Worcester, for his *sac-de-nuit** a things, he turned back with his companic passed the rest of the day in that saunte amusing idleness, that *dolce far niente*,† wl be reckoned *comparatively* virtuous, if it lea forgetfulness of little duties only, and is not by the positive infringement of greater one in not putting this important letter into the he had engaged to do, Freeland violated a ty; and he might have put it in at Malv not the rencounter with his brother-officer ed the commission given him entirely f thoughts. Nor did he remember it till, as t through the village the next morning, on t to Worcester, they met Lady Leslie walki road.

At sight of her, Freeland recollected wi and confusion that he had not fulfilled th committed to him; and fain would he hav her unobserved; for, as she was a woman fashion, great talents, and some severity afraid that his negligence, if avowed, w only cause him to forfeit her favour, but ex to her powerful sarcasm.

To avoid being recognised was, howeve sible; and as soon as Lady Leslie saw hin claimed, "Oh! Captain Freeland, I am s see you! I have been quite uneasy conce letter since I gave it to your care; for it wa consequence! Did you put it into the po day?" "Certainly," replied Freeland, *and in* the hurry of the moment, "Certainl *could* you, dear Madam, doubt my obe

your commands?" "Thank you! thank you!" cried she, how you have relieved my mind!" He had so; but he had painfully burthened his own. To be sure it was only a white lie,—the LIE OF FEAR. Still he was not used to utter falsehood; and he felt the *meanness* and degradation of *this*. He had yet to learn that it was mischievous also; and that none can presume to say where the consequences of the most apparently trivial lie will end. As soon as Freeland parted with Lady Leslie, he bade his friends farewell, and putting spur to his horse, scarcely slackened his pace till he had reached a general post-office, and deposited the letter in safety. "Now, then," thought he, "I hope I shall be able to return and dine with Lady Leslie, without shrinking from her penetrating eye."

He found her, when he arrived, very pensive and absent; so much so, that she felt it necessary to apologize to her guests, informing them that Mary Benson, an old servant of hers, who was very dear to her, was seriously ill, and painfully circumstanced; and that she feared she had not done her duty by her. "To tell you the truth, Captain Freeland," said she, speaking to him in a low voice, "I blame myself for not having sent for my confidential servant, who was not very far off, and despatched him with the money, instead of trusting it to the post." "It would have been better to have done so, *certainly!*" replied Freeland, deeply blushing. "Yes; for the poor woman, to whom I sent it, is not only herself on the point of being confined, but she has a sick husband, unable to be moved; and as (but owing to no fault of his) he is on the point of bankruptcy, his cruel landlord has declared that, if they do not pay their rent by to

morrow, he will turn them out into the street, seize the very bed they lie on! However, as yo the letter into the post *yesterday*, they must ge fifty-pound note to day, else they could not; there is no delivery of letters in London on a *day*, you know." "True, very true," re Freeland, in a tone which he vainly tried to re steady. "Therefore," continued Lady Le "if you had told me, when we met, that the l was not gone, I should have recalled Baynes, sent him off by the mail to London; and then would have reached Somerstown, where the l sons live, in good time; but now, though I ov would be a comfort to me to send him, for fe accident, I could not get him back again enough;—therefore, I must let things take chance; and, as letters seldom miscarry, the danger is, that the note may be taken out." might have talked an hour without answer or i ruption;—for Freeland was too much shocked much conscience-stricken, to reply; as he f that he had not only told a falsehood, but that, i had had moral courage enough to tell the truth mischievous negligence of which he had been ty could have been repaired; but now, as I Leslie said, "it was too late!"

But, while Lady Leslie became talkative, able to perform her duties to her friends, after had thus unburthened her mind to Freeland grew every minute more absent, and more tacit and though he could not eat with appetite, he *th down*, rather than *drank*, repeated glasses of l and champagne to enable him to rally his spi *but in vain*. A naturally ingenuous and gene *nature* cannot shake off the first compunctions

ings of conscience for having committed an unworthy action, and having also been the means of injury to another. All on a sudden, however, his countenance brightened; and as soon as the ladies left the table, he started up, left his compliments and excuses with Lady Leslie's nephew, who presided at dinner; said he had a pressing call to Worcester; and, when there, as the London mail was gone, he threw himself into a postchaise, and set off for Somerstown, which Lady Leslie had named as the residence of Mary Benson. "At least," said Freeland to himself with a lightened heart, "I shall now have the satisfaction of doing all I can to repair my fault." But owing to the delay occasioned by want of horses, and by finding the ostlers at the inns in bed, he did not reach London and the place of his destination till the wretched family had been dislodged; while the unhappy wife was weeping, not only over the disgrace of being so removed, and for her own and her husband's increased illness in consequence of it, but from the agonizing suspicion that the mistress and friend, whom she had so long loved, and relied upon, had disregarded the tale of her sorrows, and had refused to relieve her necessities! Freeland soon found a conductor to the mean lodging in which the Bensons had obtained shelter; for they were well known, and their hard fate was generally pitied: —but it was some time before he could speak, as he stood by their bedside—he was choked with painful emotion at first; with pleasing emotions afterwards:—for his conscience smote him for the pain he had occasioned, and applauded him for the *pleasure which he* came to bestow. "I come," *said he, at length*, (while the sufferers waited in a

most angry wonder, to hear his reason for
truding on them,) "I come to tell you, fr
kind friend, Lady Leslie"—"Then she
forgotten me!" screamed out the poor wo
most gasping for breath. "No, to be sur
she could not forget you; she was incapabl
here his voice wholly failed him. "Th
ven!" cried she, tears trickling down her pa
"I can bear any thing now; for that wa
terest part of all!"—"My good woma
Freeland, "it was owing to a mistake:-
no: it was owing to *my fault*, that you di
ceive a £50 note by the post yeste
"£50!" cried the poor man, wringing h
"why that would have more than paid all
and I could have gone on with my busi
our lives would not have been risked, n
graced!" Freeland now turned away,
say a word more: but recovering himself,
drew near them; and, throwing his purs
agitated speaker, said, "there! get well!
well! and whatever you want shall be
I shall never lose this horrible choking ag
I live!"

Freeland took a walk after this scene,
hasty, rapid strides; the painful choking
companion very often during the course
he was haunted by the image of those
had disgraced;—and he could not help r
ing that, however blameable his negligen
be, it was nothing, either in sinfulness or
to the lie told to conceal it; and that, bu
LIE OF FEAR, the effect of his negligen
have been repaired in time.

But he was resolved that he would

Somerstown till he had seen these poor people settled in a good lodging. He therefore hired a conveyance for them, and superintended their removal that evening to apartments full of every necessary comfort. "My good friends," said he, "I cannot recall the mortification and disgrace which you have endured through my fault; but I trust that you will have gained, in the end, by leaving a cruel landlord, who had no pity for your unmerited poverty. Lady Leslie's note will, I trust, reach you to-morrow;—but if not, I will make up the loss; therefore be easy! and when I go away, may I have the comfort of knowing that your removal has done you no harm!"

He then, but not till then, had courage to write to Lady Leslie, and tell her the whole truth; concluding his letter thus;

"If your interesting *proteges* have not suffered in their health, I shall not regret what has happened; because I trust that it will be a lesson to me through life, and teach me never to tell even the most apparently *trivial* white lie again. How unimportant this violation of truth appeared to me at the moment! and how sufficiently motived! as it was to avoid falling in your estimation; but it was, you see, overruled for evil;—and agony of mind, disgrace, and perhaps risk of life, were the consequences of it to innocent individuals;—not to mention my own pangs—the pangs of an upbraiding conscience. But forgive me, my dear Lady Leslie. However, I trust that this evil, so deeply repented of, will be blessed to us all; but it will be long before I forgive myself."

Lady Leslie was delighted with this candid letter, *though grieved* by its painful details, while s

viewed with approbation the amends w
young friend had made, and his modest
of his own exertions.

The note arrived in safety; and Free
the afflicted couple better in health, and q
py in mind;—as his bounty and Lady Le
left them nothing to desire in a pecuniar
view.

When Lady Leslie and he met, she p
virtue, while she blamed his fault; and t
fied each other in the wise and moral r
never to violate truth again, even on the
occasion; as a lie, when told, however un
it may at the time appear, is like an ar
over a house, whose course is unseen, an
unintentionally the cause, to some one, of
death.

CHAPTER V.

LIES FALSELY CALLED LIES OF BENEVOL

These are lies which are occasioned by
dread of losing favour, and provoking di
by speaking the truth, rather than by real
lence. Persons, calling themselves be
withhold disagreeable truths, and utter
falsehoods, from a wish to give pleasur
avoid giving pain. If you say that you ar
ill, they tell you that you are looking well.
express a fear that you are growing corpul
say you are only just as fat as you ought
you are hoarse in singing, and painfully
of it, they declare that they did not perc

and this not from the desire of flattering you, or from the malignant one of wishing to render you ridiculous, by imposing on your credulity, but from the desire of making you pleased with yourself. In short, they lay it down as a rule, that you must never scruple to sacrifice the truth, when the alternative is giving the slightest pain or mortification to any one.

I shall leave my readers to decide whether the lies of fear or of benevolence preponderate, in the following trifling but characteristic anecdote.

A TALE OF POTTED SPRATS.

Most mistresses of families have a family receipt-book; and are apt to believe that no receipts are so good as their own.

With one of these notable ladies a young housekeeper went to pass a few days, both at her town and country-house. The hostess was skilled, not only in culinary lore, but in economy; and was in the habit of setting on her table, even when not alone, whatever her taste or carefulness had led her to pot, pickle, or preserve, for occasional use.

Before a meagre family dinner was quite over, a dish of POTTED SPRATS was set before the lady of the house, who, expatiating on their excellence, derived from a family receipt of a century old, pressed her still unsatisfied guest to partake of them.

The dish was as good as much salt and little spice could make it; but it had one peculiarity—it had a strong flavour of garlick, and to garlick the poor guest had a great dislike.

But she was a timid woman; and good-breeding

ing, and what she called benevolence, said, "
severe a swallow," though her palate said, "
"Is it not excellent?" said the hostess.—"Ye
faltered it out the half-suffocated guest;—and
was lie the first. "Did you ever eat any t
like it before?"—"Never," replied the other r
firmly; for *then* she knew that she spoke the t
and *longing* to add, "and I hope I never shal
any thing like it again." "I will give you
receipt," said the lady, kindly, "it will be of u
you as a young housekeeper; for it is econ
cal, as well as good, and serves to make out, v
we have a scrap-dinner. My servants often
on it." "I wonder you can get any servants to
with you," thought the guest; "but I dare
you do not get any one to stay long!" "Yo
not, however, *eat* as if you liked it." "O yes *in*
I do, very much," (lie the second) she repl
"but you forget I have already eaten a *good*
ner:" (lie the third. Alas! what had benevole
so called, to answer for on this occasion!)

"Well, I am delighted to find that you lik
sprats," said the flattered hostess, while the
was removing: adding, "John! do not let t
sprats be eaten in the kitchen!" an order whic
guest heard with indescribable alarm.

The next day they were to set off for the c
try-house, or cottage. When they were seat
the carriage, a large box was put in, and the
fancied she smelt *garlick*; but

> ". . . . where ignorance is bliss,
> "'Tis folly to be wise."

She therefore asked no questions; but tri
enjoy the present, regardless of the future.

stance they stopped to bait the horses.
guest expected that they should get out,
some refreshment; but her economical
, with a shrewd wink of the eye, observ-
ways sit in the carriage on these occa-
one gets out, the people at the inn expect
der a luncheon. I therefore take mine

So saying, John was summoned to drag
e out of sight of the inn windows. He
cked the box, took out of it knives and
es, &c., and also a *jar*, which, impreg-
air with its effluvia, even before it was
sclosed to the alarmed guest that its con-
the dreaded sprats!

" thought she, "Pandora's box was no-
his! for in that, Hope remained behind;
he bottom of this is Despair!" In vain
happy lady declare (lie the fourth) that
l no appetite, and (lie the fifth) that she
in the morning." Her hostess would take

However, she contrived to get a piece
down, enveloped in bread; and the rest
out of the window, when her companion
ng another way—who, on turning round,
l, "so, you have soon despatched the
me give you another; do not refuse, be-
think they are nearly finished; I assure
are several left; and (delighful informa-
shall have a fresh supply to-morrow!"
, this time she was allowed to know when
aten enough; and the travellers proceeded
urney's end.

ay the sprats did not appear at dinner;—
being only a few left, they were kept for
ouche, and reserved for supper! a meal

of which, this evening, on account of indisposi the hostess did not partake, and was therefo liberty to attend entirely to the wants of her who would fain have declined eating also, but i impossible; she had just declared that she quite well, and had often owned that she enjoy piece of supper after an *early dinner*. There therefore no retreat from the maze in which insincerity had involved her; and eat she n but, when she again smelt on her plate the n ous composition, which being near the botto the pot was more disagreeable than ever, h patience and human infirmity could bear no m the scarcely tasted morsel fell from her lips, an rushed precipitately into the open air, almost posed to execrate, in her heart, potted sprat good breeding of her officious hostess, and eve nevolence itself.

Some may observe on reading this story, " a foolish creature the guest must have been! how improbable it is that any one should scru say, the dish is disagreeable, and I hate garl But it is my conviction that the guest, on this sion, exhibited only a slightly exaggerated spec of the usual conduct of those who have been t to conduct themselves wholly by the artificial of civilized society, of which, generally spea falsehood is the basis.

Benevolence is certainly one of the first of vir and its result is an amiable aversion to woun feelings of others, even in trifles; therefore be *ence* and politeness may be considered as the

; but WORLDLY POLITENESS is only a *copy* of
volence. Benevolence is gold; this politeness
per currency, contrived as its *substitute;* as so-
, being aware that benevolence is as rare as it
recious, and that few are able to distinguish, in
thing, the false from the true, resolved, in lieu
enevolence, to receive WORLDLY POLITENESS,
all her train of deceitful welcomes, heart-
regrets, false approbations, and treacherous
es; those alluring seemings, which shine around
brow, and enable her to pass for BENEVOLENCE
elf.

ut how must the religious and the moral dis-
the one, though they venerate the other! The
lness of the worldly Polite only lives its little
r in one's presence; but that of the Benevolent
ins its life and sweetness in one's absence. The
ldly polite will often make the objects of their
test flatteries and attentions when present, the
of their ridicule as soon as they see them no
e;—while the benevolent hold the characters
qualities of their associates in a sort of *holy*
ing at all times, and are as *indulgent* to the *ab-*
as they were *attentive* to the *present.* The
lness of the worldly polite is the gay and pleas-
flower worn in the bosom, as the ornament of a
hours; then suffered to fade, and thrown by,
n it is wanted no longer;—but that of the real-
enevolent is like the fresh-springing evergreen,
ch blooms on through all times, and all seasons,
ding in beauty, and undiminishing in sweetness.
, it may be asked, whether I do not admit that
principle of *never* wounding the self-love or
ngs of any one is a benevolent principle; and
her it be not commendable to act on it conti-

lly. Certainly; if sincerity goes hand in ha
h benevolence. But where is your benevolen
you praise those, to their faces, whom you abu
soon as they have left you?—where your b
olence, if you welcome those, with smiling
ity, whom you see drive off with a "Well
glad they are gone?" And how common is
near persons, who think themselves very mor
l very kind, begin, as soon as their guests
parted, and even when they are scarcely out
ring, to criticise their dress, their manners,
ir characters: while the poor unconscious
s, the dupes of their deceitful courtesy, are
home delighted with their visit, and saying
harming evening they have passed, and
eeable and kind-hearted persons the master
stress of the house and their family are
rely, then, I am not refining too much when
ert that the cordial seeming, which these d
l guests were received, treated, and parted
re any thing rather than LIES OF BENEVOLE
also believe that those who scruple not, e
m well-intentioned kindness, to utter sponta
s falsehoods, are not gifted with much judgm
l real feeling, nor are they given to think deep
the virtues are nearly related, and live in
atest harmony with each other;—conseque
sincerity and benevolence must always ag
l not, as is often supposed, be at variance
h other. The truly benevolent feel, and c
e, such candid and kind views of those who
ciate with them, that *they* need not *fear* to
cere in *their* answers; and if obliged to s
unwelcome truth, or an unwelcome opin
well-principled kindness

y of making what they utter palatable; and be-
volence is gratified without injury to sincerity.
It is a common assertion, that society is so con-
tuted, that it is impossible to tell the truth *al-
ys*:—but, if those who possess good sense would
e it as zealously to remove obstacles in the way of
ontaneous truth as they do to justify themselves in
e practice of falsehood, the difficulty would van-
h. Besides, truth is so uncommon an ingredient
society, that few are acquainted with it suffi-
ently to know whether it be admissible or not. A
ous and highly-gifted man said, in my presence,
a friend whom I esteem and admire, and who
d asserted that truth cannot always be told in
ciety, "Has an one tried it?—We have all of
, in the course of our lives, seen dead birds of Pa-
dise so often, that we should scarcely take the
ouble of going to see one now. But the Marquis
Hastings has brought over a *living* bird of Para-
se; and every one is eagerly endeavouring to pro-
re a sight of *that*. I therefore prognosticate that,
ere spontaneous truth to be told in society, where
now is rarely, if ever, heard, *real, living truth*
ould be as much sought after, and admired, as the
ing bird of Paradise."*

The following anecdote exhibits that Lie which
me may call the lie of Benevolence, and others,
e lie of *fear*;—that is, the dread of losing favour,
wounding a person's self-love. I myself deno-
inate it the latter.

* *I fear that I have given the words weakly and imperfectly; but
ow I am correct, as to the sentiment and the illustration. The
ker was* EDWARD IRVING.

N AUTHORESS AND HER AUDITORS.

A YOUNG lady, who valued herself on her bene-
ence and good-breeding, and had as much re-
ct for truth as those who live in the world usu-
have, was invited by an authoress, whose favour
coveted, and by whose attention she was flat-
d, to come and hear her read a manuscript
i-comedy. The other auditor was an old lady,
, to considerable personal ugliness, united
nge grimaces, and convulsive twitchings of the
, chiefly the result of physical causes.
The authoress read in so affected and dramatic
anner, that the young lady's boasted benevo-
ce had no power to curb her propensity to laugh-
; which being perceived by the reader, she stop-
in angry consternation, and desired to know
ether she laughed at her, or her composition.
first she was too much fluttered to make any re-
;—but as she dared not own the truth, and had
scruple against being guilty of deception, she
verly resolved to excuse herself by a practic-
She therefore trod on her friend's foot, elbow-
, and, by winks and signs, tried to make her
e that it was the grimaces of her opposite neigh-
r, who was quietly knitting and twitching
al, which had had such an effect on her risi-
ulties; and the deceived authoress, smiling
when her young guest directed her eye to
onscious *vis-a-vis*, resumed her reading with
tened brow and increased energy.
This added to the young lady's amusement;
could now indulge her risibility occasionally
authoress's expense, w

picions; especially as the manuscript was sometimes intended to excite smiles, if not laughter; and the self-love of the writer led her to suppose that her hearer's mirth was the result of her comic powers. But the treacherous gratification of the auditor was soon at an end. The manuscript was meant to move tears as well as smiles; but as the matter became more pathetic, the manner became more ludicrous; and the youthful hearer could no more force a tear than she could restrain a laugh: till the mortified authoress, irritated into forgetfulness of all feeling of propriety, exclaimed, "Indeed, Mrs.——, I must desire you to move your seat, and sit where Miss —— does not see you; for you make such queer grimaces that you draw her attention and cause her to laugh when she should be listening to me." The erring but humane girl was overwhelmed with dismay at the unpected exposure; and when the poor infirm old lady replied in a faultering tone, "Is she indeed laughing at me?" she could scarcely refrain from telling the truth, and assuring her that she was incapable of such cruelty. "Yes;" rejoined the authoress, in a paroxysm of wounded self-love, "She owned to me soon after she began, that you occasioned her ill-timed mirth; and when I looked at you, I could hardly help smiling myself; but I am sure you could help making such faces, if you would."—"Child!" cried the old lady, while tears of wounded sensibility trickled down her pale cheeks, "and you, my unjust friend, I hope and trust that I forgive you both; but, if ever you should be paralytic yourselves, may you remember *this evening*, and learn to repent of having been *provoked to* laugh by the physical weakness of

palsied old woman!" The indignant authoress
now penitent, subdued, and ashamed,—and ea
estly asked pardon for her unkindness; but
young offender, whose acted lie had exposed
to seem guilty of a fault which she had not co
mitted, was in an agony to which expression
inadequate. But to exculpate herself was imp
sible: and she could only give her wounded
tim tear for tear.

To attend to a farther perusal of the ma
script was impossible. The old Lady desired t
her carriage should come round directly; the
thoress locked up her composition, that had b
so ill received; and the young lady, who had b
proud of the acquaintance of each, became an
ject of suspicion and dislike both to the one
the other; since the former considered her to be
a cruel and unfeeling nature, and the latter co
not conceal from herself the mortifying truth, t
her play must be wholly devoid of interest, a
had utterly failed either to rivet or attract her yo
auditor's attention.

But, though this girl lost two valued acquaint
ces by acting a lie, (a harmless white lie, as i
called,) I fear she was not taught or amended
the circumstance; but deplored her want of lu
rather than her want of integrity: and, had her
ception met with the success which she expect
she would probably have boasted of her ingeni
artifice to her acquaintance;—nor can I help
lieving that she goes on in the same way whene
she is tempted to do so, and values herself on
lies of SELFISH FEAR, which she dignifies by
name of LIES OF BENEVOLENCE.

It is curious to observe that the kindness w

prompts to really erroneous conduct cannot continue to bear even a remote connexion with real benevolence. The mistaken girl, in the anecdote related above, begins with what she calls a virtuous deception. She could not wound the feelings of the authoress by owning that she laughed at her mode of reading: she therefore accused herself of a much worse fault; that of laughing at the personal infirmities of a fellow-creature; and then, finding that her artifice enabled her to indulge her sense of the ridiculous with impunity, she at length laughs treacherously and systematically, because she dares do so, and not *involuntarily*, as she did at first, at her unsuspecting friend. Thus such hollow unprincipled benevolence as hers soon degenerated into absolute *malevolence*. But, had this girl been a girl of principle and of *real benevolence*, she might have healed her friend's vanity at the same time that she wounded it, by saying, after she had owned that her mode of reading made her laugh, that she was now convinced of the truth of what she had often heard, namely, that authors rarely do justice to their own works, when they read them aloud themselves, however well they may read the works of others; because they are naturally so nervous on the occasion, that they are laughably violent, because painfully agitated.

This reply could not have offended her friend greatly if at all; and it might have led her to moderate her *outre* manner of reading. She would in consequence have appeared to more advantage; and the interests of real benevolence, namely, the doing good to a fellow-creature, would have been served, and she would not, by a vain attempt to save a friend's vanity from being hurt, have bee

the means of wounding the feelings of an affli *woman;* have incurred the charge of inhuma which she by no means deserved; and have ly, as well as grossly, sacrificed the interest Truth.

CHAPTER VI.

LIES OF CONVENIENCE.

I HAVE now before me a very copious subj and shall begin by that most common *lie of venience*, the order to servants, to say "No home;" a custom which even some moralists fend, because they say that it is not lying, deceives no one. But this I deny;—as I knc is often *meant* to deceive. I know that if the son, angry at being refused admittance, says, at next meeting with the denied person, "I am you *were* at home such a day, when I called, did not *choose to see me*," the answer is, " dear, no;—how can you say so? I am *sure* I not at home;—for I am never *denied to y* though the speaker is conscious all the while "not at home" was intended to *deceive*, as wel to deny. But, if it be true that "not at home not intended to deceive, and is a form used me to exclude visiters with as little trouble as possi I would ask whether it were not just as easy to "my master, or my mistress, is engaged; and see no one this morning." Why have reco *even to the* appearance of falsehood, when *would answer* every purpose just as well?

But if "not at home" be understood a

equals, merely as a legitimate excuse, it still is highly objectionable; because it must have a most pernicious effect on the minds of *servants*, who cannot be supposed parties to this implied compact amongst their superiors, and must therefore understand the order *literally;* which is, "go, and lie for my convenience!" How then, I ask, in the name of justice and common sense, can I, after giving such an order, resent any lie which servants may choose to tell me for their own convenience, pleasure, or interest?

Thoughtless and injudicious (I do not like to add) *unprincipled* persons, sometimes say to servants, when they have denied their mistress, "Oh fie! how can you tell me such a fib without blushing? I am ashamed of you! You know your lady *is* at home;—well;—I am really *shocked* at your having so much effrontery as to tell such a lie with so grave a face! But, give my compliments to your mistress, and tell her, I hope that she will see me the next time I call;"—and all this uttered in a laughing manner, as if this moral degradation of the poor servant were an *excellent joke!* But on these occasions, what can the effect of such joking be on the conscious liars? It must either lead them to think as lightly of truth as their reprovers themselves, (since they seem more amused than shocked at the detected violation of it,) or they will turn away distressed in conscience, degraded in their own eyes for having obeyed their employer and feeling a degree of virtuous indignation against those persons who have, by their immoral command been the means of their painful degradation;—nay their master and mistress will be for ever lowered

in their servant's esteem; they will feel
teacher of a lie is brought down on a level
utterer of it; and the chances are, that, du
rest of their service, they will without sci
against their employers the dexterity which t
taught them to use *against others*.*

* As I feel a great desire to lay before my readers th
arguments possible, to prove the vicious tendency of ev
tolerated lie of convenience; namely, the order to ser
"Not at home;" and as I wholly distrust my own powe
ing with *effect* on this, or any other subject, I give the fol
tracts from Dr. Chalmer's "Discourses on the Applicati
tianity to the Commercial and Ordinary Affairs of Life;"
which abundantly and eloquently prove the sinfulness o
general, and the fearful responsibility incurred by all
even in the most common occurrences, from that undevi
tice of truth which is every where enjoined on Chris
pages of holy writ. But I shall, though reluctantly, c
self in these extracts to what bears immediately on the
fore us. I must however state, in justice to myself, t
marks *on the same* points were not only written, but p
published, in a periodical work, before I knew that Dr.
had written the book in question.

"You put a lie into the mouth of a dependant, and t
purpose of protecting your time from such an encroachi
would not feel to be convenient, or agreeable. Look t
account that is made of a brother's and sister's eternit
the guilty task that is thus unmercifully laid upon one wl
to appear before the judgment-seat of Christ. Think
tanglement that is thus made to beset the path of a crea
unperishable. That, at the shrine of Mammon such a
crifice should be rendered, by some of his unrelenting
not to be wondered at; but, that the shrine of elegance
should be bathed in blood;—that *soft and sentiment*
should put forth her hand to such an enormity;—that sl
sigh so gently, and shed her graceful tear over the s
others, should thus be accessary to the second and more s
of her own domestics;—that one, who looks the mildest
est of human beings, should exact obedience to a man
carries wrath, and tribulation, and anguish in its train.

But amongst the most frequent lies of convenience are those which are told relative to engagements, which they who make them are averse to keep. "Headachs, bad colds, unexpected visiters from the country," all these, in their turn, are used

it should confirm every Christian in his defiance of the authority of fashion, and lead him to spurn at all its folly and all its worthlessness. And it is quite in vain to say that the servant, whom you thus employ as the deputy of your falsehood, can possibly execute the commission without the conscience being at all tainted or defiled by it; that a simple cottage maid can so sophisticate the matter, as, without any violence to her original principles, to utter the language of what she assuredly knows to be a downright lie; —that she, humble and untutored soul! can sustain no injury, when thus made to tamper with the plain English of these realms;—that she can at all satisfy herself how, by the prescribed utterance of "not at home," she is not pronouncing such words are substantially untrue, but merely using them in another and perfectly understood meaning;—and which, according to their modern translation, denote that the person, of whom she is thus speaking, is securely lurking in one of the most secure and intimate of its receptacles.

"You may try to darken this piece of casuistry as you will, and work up your minds into the peaceable conviction that it is all right, and as it should be. But, be very certain that, where the moral sense of your domestic is not already overthrown, there is, at least, one bosom within which you have raised a war of doubts and difficulties, and where, if the victory be on your side, it will be on the side of him who is the great enemy of righteousness.

"There is, at least, one person, along the line of this conveyance of deceit, who condemneth herself in that which she allowed; who, in the language of Paul, esteeming the practice to be unclean, to her will it be unclean; who will perform her task with the offence of her own conscience, and to whom, therefore, it will indeed be evil; who cannot render obedience in this matter to her earthly superior, but by an act in which she does not stand clear, and unconscious of guilt before God; and with whom, therefore, the sad consequence of what we can call nothing else than a barbarous combination against the principles and prospects of the lower orders, is—that, as she has *not* cleaved fully unto the Lord, and has

as lies of convenience, and gratify indolence
price, at the expense of integrity.

How often have I pitied the wives and d
of professional men, for the number of lie
they are obliged to tell, in the course of tl
"Dr.—— is very sorry; but he was sent

not kept by the service of the one Master, and has not f
but His bidding, she cannot be the disciple of Christ.

"And let us just ask a master or a mistress, who can
free with the moral principle of their servants in one ins
they can look for pure or correct principle from the
instances? What right have they to complain of un
against themselves, who have deliberately seduced ano
habit of unfaithfulness against God? Are they so utterl
in the mysteries of our nature, as not to perceive that
whom you have taught to lie, has gotten such rudiments
tion at your hand, as that, without any further help, h
teach himself to purloin?—and yet nothing more fre
loud and angry complainings against treachery of serv
in the general wreck of their other principles, a princi
deration for the good and interest of their employer, ar
at the same time been their seducer, was to survive in a
and sensibility. It is just such a retribution as was to be
It is a recoil, upon their own heads, of the mischief
themselves have originated. It is the temporal part of
ment which they have to bear for the sin of our text:
whole of it: far better for them both that both person ar
were cast into the sea, than that they should stand the
of that day, when called to give an account of the sou
have murdered, and the blood of so mighty a destructi
ed at their hands."

These remarks at first made part of a chapter on the
venience, but thinking them not suited to that *period*
I took them out again, and not being able to introduce
subsequent chapter, because they treat of one particu
not of lying in general, I have been obliged to content
putting them in a note.

just as he was coming with me to your
' "Papa's compliments, and he is very
but he was forced to attend a commission
kruptcy; but will certainly come, if he can,
-by," when the chances are, that the physi-
enjoying himself over his book and his fire,
e lawyer also, congratulating themselves on
escaped that terrible bore, a party, at the
e of teaching their wife, or daughter, or son,
what they call a white lie! But, I would
ose fathers, and those mothers, who make
ildren the bearers of similar excuses, whe-
fter giving them such commissions, they
onscientiously resent any breach of veracity,
ach of confidence, or deception, committed
r children in matters of more importance.
est que le premier pas qui coute," says the
; and I believe that habitual, permitted, and
aged lying, in little and seemingly unimpor-
ngs, leads to want of truth and principle in
nd serious matters; for when the barrier or
ive principle, is once thrown down, no one
where a stop will be put to the inroads and
truction.

got, in the first edition of my work, to no-
e falsehood which is only too often uttered
ng women in a ball-room; but I shall now
it with due reprehension, though I scarce-
v under what head to class it. I think, how-
at it may be named without impropriety, one

LIES OF CONVENIENCE.

I cannot do better than give an extract on
ject, from a letter addressed to me by a
on reading this book, in which she has had
ness to praise, and the still greater kindness

to admonish me.* She says, as follow
falsehood that is very often uttered by
youth, I trust not without a blush, you l
unnoticed; and, as I always considered
one, I will take the present opportunity
out its impropriety. A young lady, v
by a gentleman to dance, whom she do
prove, will, without hesitation, say, thou
vided with any other partner, "If I
engaged;" this positive untruth is ca
wound the feelings of the person to whc
dressed, for it generally happens that s
discovers he has been deceived, as well
It is very seldom that young men, to who
really be improper that a lady shoul
hand for the short time occupied in
dances, are admitted into our public p
in such a case, could not a reference b
her to any friends who are present; pr
nity too often prompt the refusal, and,
offered partner has not sufficiently sac
graces, is little versed 'in the poetry
or derives no consequence from the po
rank, or riches, he is treated with what h
to be contempt. True politeness, whi
seat in the heart, would scorn thus to
other, and the real votaries of sincerity
ver so violate its rules to escape a tempor
cation."

* Vide a (printed) letter addressed "to Mrs. Op
vations on her recent publication, 'Illustrations of I
branches.'" The authoress is Susan Reeve, wife
M. D., and daughter of E. Bonhote of Bungay, auth
interesting publications.

I shall only add, that I have entire *unity of senti-*
nt with the foregoing extract.

Here I beg leave to insert a short Tale, illustra-
ve of *Lies of Convenience.*

PROJECTS DEFEATED.

THERE are a great many match-makers in the
world; beings who dare to take on themselves the
earful responsibility of bringing two persons toge-
her into that solemn union which only death or
uilt can dissolve: and thus make themselves an-
werable for the possible misery of two of their fel-
ow-creatures.

One of these busy match-makers, a gentleman
amed Byrome, was very desirous that Henry
andford, a relation of his, should become a mar-
ied man; and he called one morning to inform
im that he had at length met with a young lady
who would, he flattered himself, suit him in all re-
pects as a wife. Henry Sandford was not a man
f many words; nor had he a high opinion of By-
ome's judgment. He therefore only said, in re-
ly, that he was willing to accompany his relation
o the lady's house, where, on Byrome's invitation,
e found that he was expected to drink tea.

The young lady in question, whom I shall call
Lydia L——, lived with her widowed aunt, who
ad brought her and her sisters up, and supplied
o them the place of parents, lost in their infancy.
She had *bestowed* on them an expensive and showy
ducation; had, both by precept and example,
en every worldly polish to their manners; and

ad taught them to set off their beauty by tasteful
nd fashionable dress;—that is, she had done for
hem all that she thought was necessary to be
one; and she, as well as Byrome, believed that
hey possessed every requisite to make the marriage
tate happy.

But Henry Sandford was not so easy to please.
He valued personal beauty and external accom-
lishments far below christian graces and moral
irtues: and was resolved never to unite himself
o a woman whose conduct was not entirely under
he guidance of a strict religious principle.

Lydia L—— was not in the room when Sand-
ord arrived, but he very soon had cause to doubt
he moral integrity of her aunt and sisters; for,
n Byrome's saying, "I hope you are not to have
ny company but ourselves to-day," the aunt re-
lied, "Oh no; we put off some company that we
xpected, because we thought you would like to
e alone;" and one of the sisters added, "Yes; I
rote to the disagreeable D——s, informing them
hat my aunt was too unwell, with one of her bad
eadachs, to see company;" "and I," said the
ther, "called on the G——s, and said that we
ished them to come another day, because the
eaux whom they liked best to meet were en-
aged." "Admirable!" cried Byrome, "let wo-
hen alone for excuses!"—while Sandford looked
rave, and wondered how any one could think
dmirable what to *him* appeared so reprehensible.
However," thought he, "*Lydia* had no share in
his treachery and white lying, but may dislike
hem, as I do." Soon after she made her appear-
ce, attired for conquest; and so radiant did she
m in her youthful loveliness and g...

Sandford earnestly hoped she had better principles than her sisters.

Time fled on rapid wings; and Byrome and the two elder sisters frequently congratulated each other that "the disagreeable D——s and tiresome G——s" had not been allowed to come and destroy, as they would have done. the pleasure of the afternoon. But Lydia did not join in this conversation; and Sandford was glad of it. The hours passed in alternate music and conversation, and also in looking over some beautiful drawings of Lydia's; but the evening was to conclude with a French game, a *jeu-de societe* which Sandford was unacquainted with, and which would give Lydia an opportunity of telling a story gracefully.

The L——s lived in a pleasant village near the town where Sandford and Byrome resided; and a long avenue of fine trees led to their door; when, just as the aunt was pointing out their beauty to Sandford, she exclaimed, "Oh dear, girls, what shall we do? there is Mrs. Carthew now entering the avenue! Not at home, John! not at home! she eagerly vociferated. "My dear aunt, that will not do for her," cried the eldest sister; "for she will ask for us all in turn, and inquire where we are, that she may go after us." "True," said the other, "and if we admit her, she is so severe and methodistical, that she will spoil all our enjoyment." "However, in she must come," observed the aunt; "for as she is an old friend, I should not like to affront her."

Sandford was just going to say, "If she be an old *friend, admit* her, by all means;" when on *looking at Lydia*, who had been silent all this time *and was, he* flattered himself, of his way of thin

ing, he saw her put her finger archly to her nos
heard her exclaim, " I have it! there, there;
of you into the next room, and close the c
She then bounded gracefully down the a
while Sandford, with a degree of pain wh
could have scarcely thought possible, heard
the sisters say to Byrome, " Ah! Lydia is
trusted; she tells a white lie with such an in
look, that no one can suspect her." " Wha
luable accomplishment," thought Sandford,
woman! what a recommendation in a wife!
he really dreaded the fair deceiver's return.

She came back, " nothing doubting," anc
ling with great self-complacency, said, " It wa
fortunate that it was I who met her; for I
more presence of mind than you, my dear s
The good soul had seen the D——s; and h
my aunt was ill, came to inquire concernin
She was even coming on to the house, as sh
no reason why she should not; and I, for
ment, was at a loss how to keep her away, v
luckily recollected her great dread of infectio
told her that, as the typhus fever was in the v
I feared it was only too possible that my poc
had caught it!"—" Capital!" cried the aun
Byrome! " Really, Lydia, that was even out
yourself," cried her eldest sister. " Poor
thewy! I should not wonder, if she came
near the house, that she went home, and took
bed from alarm!"

Even Byrome was shocked at this unf
speech; and could not help observing, that it
be hard indeed if such was the result, to a go
friend, of an affectionate inquiry. " Tru
plied Lydia, " and I hope and trust she

ally suffer; but, though very good, she is very troublesome; and could we but keep up the hum for a day or two, it would be such a comfort to us! as she comes very often, and now cannot endure cards, or any music, but hymn-singing."

"Then I am glad she was not admitted," said Byrome, who saw with pain, by Sandford's folded arms and grave countenance, that a change in his feelings towards Lydia had taken place. Nor was he deceived:—Sandford was indeed gazing intently, but not as before, with almost overpowering admiration, on the consciously blushing object of it. No; he was likening her, as he gazed, to the beautiful apples that are said to grow on the shores of the Dead Sea, which tempt the traveller to pluck and eat, but are filled only with dust and bitter ashes.

"But we are losing time," said Lydia; "let us begin our French game!" Sandford coldly bowed assent; but he knew not what she said; he was so inattentive, that he had to forfeit continually;—he spoke not;—he smiled not;—except with a sort of sarcastic expression; and Lydia felt conscious that she had *lost him*, though she knew not why; for her moral sense was too dull for her to conceive the effect which her falsehood, and want of feeling, towards an old and pious friend, had produced on him. This consciousness was a painful one, as Sandford was handsome, sensible, and rich; therefore, he was what match-seeking girls (odious vulgarity!) call *a good catch*. Besides, Byrome had told her that she might depend on making a conquest of his relation, Henry Sandford. The evening, therefore, which began so brightly, ended in pain and mortification, both to Sandford and Lydia. The former was impatient to depart as soon as

supper was over, and the latter, piqued, disappointed, and almost dejected, did not join her sisters in soliciting him to stay.

"Well," said Byrome, as soon as they left the house, "how do you like the beautiful and accomplished Lydia?"—"She is beautiful and accomplished; but that is all."—"Nay, I am sure you seemed to admire her exceedingly, till just now, and paid her more animated attention than I ever saw you pay any woman before."—"True; but I soon found that she was as hollow-hearted as she is fair." "Oh! I suppose you mean the deception which she practised on the old lady. Well; where was the great harm of that? she only told a white lie; and nobody, that is not a puritan, scruples to do that, you know."

"I am no puritan, as you term it; yet I scruple it; but, if I were to be betrayed into such meanness, (and no one perhaps can be always on his guard,) I should blush to have it known; but this girl seemed to glory in her shame, and to be proud of the disgraceful readiness with which she uttered her falsehood" "I must own that I was surprised she did not express some regret at being forced to do what she did, in order to prevent our pleasure from being spoiled." "Why should she? Like yourself she saw no harm in a *white lie;* but, mark me, Byrome, the woman whom I marry shall not think there is such a thing as a *white* lie—she shall think all lies *black;* because the intention of *all* lies is to *deceive;* and, from the highest authority, we are forbidden to deceive one another. I assure you, that if I were married to Lydia, I should distrust her expressions of love towards me;—I should *suspect that* she married my fortune, not me; and

that, whenever strong temptation offered, she
deceive me as readily as, for a very slight c
deed, she deceived that kind friend who ca
an errand of love, and was sent away alarme
anxious, by this young hypocrite's unblushing
hood!—Trust me, Byrome, that my wife sl
a strict moralist." "What! a moral philosop
"No; a far better thing. She shall be an
ble relying christian;—thence she will be c
of speaking the truth, even to her own cond
tion;—and, on all occasions, her fear of ma
be wholly subservient to the fear of her Creat
"And, pray, how can you ever be able to
yourself that any girl is this paragon?" "Su
what we call chance could so easily exhibit
Lydia——in all the ugliness of her falsehc
may equally, one day or other, disclose to mc
other girl in all the beauty of her truth. Till
I hope, I shall have resolution enough to re
bachelor." "Then," replied Byrome, shaki
head, "I must bid you good night, an old ba
in prospect and in perpetuity!" And as he r
ed his farewell, Sandford sighed to think tl
prophecy was only too likely to be fulfilled:
his observation had convinced him that a str
herence to truth, on little as well as on gre
casions, is, though one of the most IMPORTAN
RAREST of all virtues."

CHAPTER VII.

ON LIES OF INTEREST.

THESE lies are very various, and are
cusable, and less offensive, than many oth

The pale ragged beggar, who, to add
effect of his or her ill looks, tells of the large
which does not exist, has a strong motive
ceive in the penury which does;—and one
consider as a very *abandoned* liar, the trad
who tells you he cannot afford to come down
price which you offer, because he gave aln
much for the goods himself. It is not from p
like these that we meet with the most dis
marks of interested falsehood. It is when h
and petty lying profanes the lips of those wh
dependence preserves from any strong tem
to violate truth, and whom religion and ed
might have taught to value it.

The following story will illustrate the LIES
TEREST.

THE SKREEN, OR "NOT AT HOM

THE widow of Governor Atherling returne
the East Indies, rich, old, and childless;
she had none but very distant relations, he
tions naturally turned towards the earliest
of her youth; one of whom she found still
and residing in a large country-town.

She therefore hired a house and ground
cent, in a village very near to that lady's
and became not only her frequent but w
guest. This old friend was a widow in narr
cumstances, with four daughters slenderly p
for; and she justly concluded that, if she
family could endear themselves to their
guest, they should in all probability inherit

perty. In the meanwhile, as she never vi-
them without bringing with her, in great
nce, whatever was wanted for the table,
ght therefore be said to contribute to their
nance, without seeming to intend to do so,
ok incessant pains to conciliate her more
ore every day, by flatteries which she did not
ough, and attentions which she deeply felt.
e Livingstones were not in spirit united to
miable guest. The sorrows of her heart
d her, by slow degrees, to seek refuge in a
us course of life; and, spite of her proneness
-deception, she could not conceal from her-
at, on this most important subject, the Li-
ones had never thought seriously, and were,
, entirely women of the world. But still her
longed to be attached to something; and as
rved affections craved some daily food, she
d herself to love this plausible, amusing,
ble, and seemingly affectionate family; and
ery day lived in hope, that, by her precepts
xample, she should ultimately tear them from
' world they loved too well." Sweet and
us to their own souls, are the illusions of the
; and the deceived East-Indian was happy,
se she did not understand the true nature of
ivingstones.

the contrary, so fascinated was she by what
ancied they were, or might become, that she
very little notice of a shame-faced, awkward,
g, silent girl, the only child of the dearest
that her childhood and her youth had known,
l who had been purposely introduced to her
s *Fanny Barnwell*. For the Livingstones
too selfish, and too prudent, to let their rich

now that this poor girl was the orpha
Beaumont. Withholding, therefore,
portant part of *the truth*, they only inf
that Fanny Barnwell was an orphan,
ad to live amongst her friends, that she n
her small income sufficient for her wa
; care not to add that she was mistake
osing that Fanny Beaumont, whose long
and subsequent death she had bitterly
ed, had died childless; for that she had
a second husband, by whom she had the
nan in question, and had lived many year
row and obscurity, the result of this impru
arriage; resolving, however, in order to avoid
dents, that Fanny's visit should not be of
uration. In the mean while, they confided i
ecurity afforded them by what may be called
ASSIVE LIE OF INTEREST. But, in order to
assurance doubly sure," they had also re
the ACTIVE LIE OF INTEREST; and, in o
righten Fanny from ever daring to inform t
iter that she was the child of Fanny Be
ney assured her that that lady was so
gainst her poor mother, for having marrie
worthy father, that no one dared to me
ame to her; because it never failed to d
er the most violent abuse of her onc
iend. "And you know, Fanny," they
add, "that you could not bear to hear
nother abused." "No; that I could n
was the weeping girl's answer; the I
nerefore felt safe and satisfied. Ho
ight not be amiss to make the old
nny, if they could; and they contri
poor girl's virtue the means of d

Fanny's mother could not bequeath much money to her child; but she had endeavoured to enrich her with principles and piety. Above all, she had impressed her with the strictest regard for truth;—and the Livingstones artfully contrived to make her integrity the means of displeasing their East-Indian friend.

This good old lady's chief failing was believing implicitly whatever was said in her commendation: not that she loved flattery, but that she liked to believe she had conciliated *good will;* and being sincere *herself*, she never thought of distrusting the sincerity of *others*.

Nor was she at all vain of her once fine person, and finer face, or improperly fond of dress. Still, from an almost pitiable degree of *bonhommie*, she allowed the Livingstones to dress her as they liked; and, as they chose to make her wear fashionable and young looking attire, in which they declared that she looked "*so* handsome! and *so* well!" she believed they were the best judges of what was proper for her, and always replied, "Well, dear friends, it is entirely a matter of indifference to me; so dress me as you please;" while the Livingstones, not *believing* that it was a *matter of indifference*, used to laugh, as soon as she was gone, at her obvious credulity.

But this ungenerous and treacherous conduct excited such strong indignation in the usually gentle Fanny, that she could not help expressing her sentiments concerning it; and by that means made them the more eager to betray her into offending their unsuspicious friend. They therefore asked *Fanny, in her presence*, one day, whether their dear *guest did not dress most becomingly?*

The poor girl made sundry sheepish and a
ard contortions, now looking down, and then lo
ag up ;—unable to lie, yet afraid to tell the tr
'Why do you not reply, Fanny?" said the s
questioner. "Is she not well dressed?"—"
in *my* opinion," faltered out the distressed
"And, pray, Miss Barnwell," said the old l
"what part of my dress do you disapprove?"
ter a pause, Fanny took courage to reply, "a
it, madam," "Why? do you think it too yo
for me!" "I do." "A plain-spoken young
son that?" she observed, in a tone of pique ;. w
the Livingstones exclaimed, "impertinent! rid
lous!" and Fanny was glad to leave the ro
feeling excessive pain at having been forced
wound the feelings of one whom she wished t
permitted to love, because she had once been
mother's dearest friend. After this scene,
Livingstones, partly from the love of mischief
partly from the love of fun, used to put s
questions to Fanny, in the old lady's presenc
at last, displeased and indignant at her blu
and ill-breeding, she scarcely noticed or spo
her. In the mean while, Cecilia Livingsto
came an object of increasing interest to h
she had a lover to whom she was greatly a
but who would not be in a situation to m
many years.

This young man was frequently at the
and was as polite and attentive to the
when she was present, as the rest of the
but, like them, he was ever ready to ind
laugh at her credulous simplicity, and es
her continually expressing her belief, as
hopes, that they were all beginning to

resent world, and more of the next; and as
d Lawrie, (Cecilia's lover,) as well as the
igstones, possessed no inconsiderable power of
ckry, they exercised them with great effect on
nnner and tones of her whom they called the
-*dressed* saint, unrestrained. alas! by the con-
isness that she was their present, and would, as
expected, be their *future* benefactress.
hat confiding and unsuspecting being was,
nwhile, considering, that though her health was
ed by a long residence in a warm climate, she
it still live many years; and that, as Cecilia
it not therefore possess the fortune which she
bequeathed to her till "youth and genial years
flown," it would be better to give it to her dur-
ner lifetime. "I will do so," she said to her-
(tears rushing into her eyes as she thought of
iappiness which she was going to impart,) "and
the young people can marry directly!"
he took this resolution one day when the Living-
es believed that she had left her home on a
. Consequently, having no expectation of see-
her for some time, they had taken advantage
er long vainly-expected absence to make some
igements which they knew she would have ex-
ively disapproved. But though, as yet, they
w it not, the old lady had been forced to put
er visit; a circumstance which she did not at
egret, as it enabled her to go sooner on her be-
lent errand.
he engagement of the Livingstones for that day
a rehearsal of a private play at their house,
h they were afterwards, and during their saintly
d's absence, to perform at the house of a friend;
large room, called the library, in which there

was a wide, commodious skreen, was selec
scene of action.

Fanny Barnwell, who disliked private
theatricals as much as their old friend he
to have no part in the performance; bu
were disappointed of their prompter that
she was, though with great difficulty, per
perform the office, for *that night only.*

It was to be a dress rehearsal: and th
were in the midst of adorning themselves,
their great consternation, they saw their
distant friend coming up the street, and
intending them a visit. What was to b
To admit her was impossible. They there
ed up a new servant, who only came to
day before, and who did not know the wo
sequence of their unwelcome guest; and C
to her, "you see that old lady yonder;
knocks, be sure you say that *we are not*
and you had better add, that we shall not
till bed-time;" thus adding the *lie of* CON
to other deceptions. Accordingly, when sh
ed at the door, the girl spoke as she was
do, or rather she improved upon it; for
that "her ladies had been out all day, and
return till two o'clock in the morning" "
that is unfortunate," said their disappointe
stopping to deliberate whether she should
a note of agreeable surprise for Cecilia; bu
who held the door in her hand, seemed so
to get rid of her, that she resolved not to
then turned away.

The girl was really in haste to retur
kitchen; for she was gossiping with an
servant. She therefore neglected to go

anxious employers; but Cecilia ran down the back stairs, to interrogate her, exclaiming, "Well; what did she say? I hope she did not suspect that we were at home." "No, to be sure not, Miss;—how should she?—for I said even more than you told me to say," repeating her additions; being eager to prove her claim to the confidence of her new mistress. "But are you sure that she is really gone from the door?" "To be sure, Miss."—"Still, I wish you could go and see; because we have not seen her pass the window, though we heard the door shut." "Dear me, Miss, how should you? for I looked out after her, and I saw her go down the street under the windows, and turn . . . . yes,—I am sure that I saw her turn into a shop. However, I will go and look, if you desire it." She did so; and certainly saw nothing of the dreaded guest. Therefore, her young ladies finished their preparations, devoid of fear. But the truth was, that the girl, little aware of the importance of this unwelcomed lady, and concluding she could not be a *friend*, but merely some *troublesome nobody*, showed her contempt and her anger at being detained so long, by throwing to the street-door with such violence, that it did not really close; and the old lady, who had ordered her carriage to come for her at a certain hour, and was determined, on second thoughts, to sit down and wait for it, was able, unheard, to push open the door, and to enter the library unperceived;—for the girl lied to those who bade her lie, when she said she saw her walk away.

In that room Mrs. Atherling found a sofa; and though she wondered at seeing a large skreen opened before it, she seated herself on it, and, being fa

tigued with her walk, soon fell asleep. I
slumber was broken very unpleasantly; f
heard, as she awoke, the following dialogue,
entrance of Cecilia and her lover, accompa
Fanny. "Well—I am so glad we got rid o
Atherling so easily!" cried Cecilia. "Th
girl seems apt. Some servants deny one s
show one is at home." "I should like the
better for it," said Fanny. "I hate to see a
ready at telling a falsehood." "Poor littl
scientious dear!" said the lover, mimickin
"one would think the dressed-up saint ha
you as methodistical as herself." "What,
pose, Miss Fanny, you would have had us
old quiz in."—"To be sure I would; and
der you could be denied to so kind a
Poor dear Mrs. Atherling! how hurt she wo
if she knew you were at home!"—"*Poo*
indeed! Do not be so affected, Fanny.
should you care for Mrs. Atherling, wh
know that she dislikes you!"—"*Dislikes* m
yes; I fear she does!"—"I am *sure* she
replied Cecilia; "for you are downright
her. Did you not say, only the day befo
terday, when she said, There, Miss Bar
hope I have *at last* gotten a cap which you
No; I am sorry to say you have not?"—
sure I did;—I could not tell a falsehood,
please Mrs. Atherling, though she was m
dear mother's dearest friend."—"Your m
friend, Fanny? I never heard *that* before
the lover. "Did you not know that, Alfred
Cecilia, eagerly adding, "but Mrs. *Atherli*
not know it;" giving a meaning look, as if
"*and do not* you *tell* her."—"Would

it!" said Fanny mournfully, "for, though I
ıot tell her so, lest she should abuse my poor
ɔr, as you say she would, Cecilia, because
as so angry at her marriage with my misguided
, still, I think she would look kindly on her
dear friend's orphan child, and like me, in spite
y honesty."—"No, no, silly girl; honesty is
ly its own reward. Alfred, what do you think ?
old friend, who is not very penetrating, said
lay to her, I suppose you think my caps too
; for me; and that true young person re-
Yes, madam, I do."—"And would do so
, Cecilia;—and it was far more friendly and
to say so than flatter her on her dress, as
o, and then laugh at it when her back is turn-
I hate to hear any one mimicked and laugh-
; and more especially my mamma's old
."—"There, there, child! your sentimen-
makes me sick. But come; let us begin."
ı," cried Alfred, "let us rehearse a little, be-
the rest of the party come. I should like to
Mrs. Atherling's exclamations, if she knew
we were doing. She would say thus:" . . . .
he gave a most accurate representation o
ɔor old lady's voice and manner, and her fan-
ıbuse of private theatricals, while Cecilia cri-
bravo! bravo!" and Fanny, "shame! shame!"
e other Livingstones, and the rest of the com-
who now entered, drowned her cry in their
applauses and louder laughter.
ıe old lady, whom surprise, anger, and wound-
nsibility, had hitherto kept *silent* and *still* in
involuntary hiding-place, now rose up, and
ting on the sofa, looked over the top of t

skreen, full of reproachful meaning, on the conscio offenders!

What a moment, to them, of overwhelming su prise and consternation! The cheeks, flushed wi malicious triumph and satirical pleasure, becam covered with a deeper blush of detected treacher or pale with fear of its consequences;—and th eyes, so lately beaming with ungenerous, injurio satisfaction, were now cast, with painful shame, u on the ground, unable to meet the justly indigna glance of her, whose kindness they had repaid wi such palpable and base ingratitude! "An adm rable likeness indeed, Alfred Lawrie," said the undeceived dupe, breaking her perturbed silenc and coming down from her elevation; "but it wi cost you more than you are at present aware o But who art thou?" she added, addressing Fanny (who, though it might have been a moment of tr umph to her, felt and looked as if she had been sharer in the guilt,) "Who art *thou*, my honourabl kind girl? And who was your mother?" "Yo Fanny Beaumont," replied the quick-feeling o phan, bursting into tears. "Fanny Beaumont child! and it was concealed from me!" said sh folding the weeping girl to her heart. "But it w all of a piece; all treachery and insincerity, fro the beginning to the end. However, I am und ceived before it was too late." She then disclos to the detected family her generous motive for t unexpected visit; and declared her thankfulness f what had taken place, as far as she was hers concerned; though she could not but deplore, as *christian, the* discovered turpitude of those who *she had fondly* loved.

'I have now," she continued, "to make amends
one whom I have hitherto not treated kindly;
I have at length been enabled to discover an
leserved friend, amidst undeserved foes. . . . .
r dear child," added she, parting Fanny's dark
glets, and gazing fearfully in her face, "I must
ve been *blind*, as well as blinded. not to see your
eness to your dear mother. Will you live with
e Fanny. and be unto me as a DAUGHTER?"
Oh, most gladly!" was the eager and agitated
ply. "You artful creature!" exclaimed Cecilia,
le with rage and mortification. "you knew very
ell that she was behind the skreen." "I know
at she could *not* know it," replied the old lady:
and you, Miss Livingstone, assert what you do
t yourself believe. But come, Fanny, let us go
d meet my carriage; for, no doubt your presence
re is now as unwelcome as mine." But Fanny
gered, as if reluctant to depart. She could not
ar to leave the Livingstones in anger. They had
en kind to her; and she would fain have parted
th them affectionately; but they all preserved a
llen indignant silence, and scornfully repelled her
vances. "You see that you must not tarry here,
r good girl," observed the old lady, smiling,
o let us depart." They did so; leaving the
vingstones and the lover, not deploring their fault,
t lamenting their detection; lamenting also the
ur when they added the lies of CONVENIENCE to
ir other deceptions, and had thereby enabled
ir unsuspecting dupe to detect those falsehoods,
result of their avaricious fears, which may be
ly entitled the LIES OF INTEREST.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIES OF FIRST-RATE MALIGNITY.

LIES OF FIRST-RATE MALIGNITY come ne considered: and I think that I am right in that such lies,—lies intended *wilfully* to de reputation of men and women, to injure th racters in public or private estimation, and cloud over their prospects in life,—are less than falsehoods of any other description.

Not that malignity is an unfrequent not that dislike, or envy, or jealousy, w gladly vent itself in many a malignant false other efforts of the same kind, against th and fame of its often innocent and uncons jects; but that the arm of the law, *in so sure* at least, defends reputations; and if not have been able to deter the slanderer purpose, it can at least avenge the slanderc

Still, such is the prevailing tendency, i to prey on the reputations of others, (esp those who are at all *distinguished*, either or private life;) such the propensity to in MOTIVES to GOOD ACTIONS; so common t like pleasure of finding or imagining ble beings on whom even a *motive-judging* general gazes with respectful admiratior stows the sacred tribute of well-earned prai I am convinced there are many persons, in mind and body by the consciousness *the objects* of calumnies and suspicions *have it* not in their power to combat

en-hearted to their graves, thankful for the
nons of death, and hoping to find refuge from
njustice of their fellow-creatures in the bosom
ıeir God and Saviour.
th the following *illustration* of the LIE OF FIRST-
: MALIGNITY, I shall conclude my observations
ıis subject.

THE ORPHAN.

HERE are persons in the world whom circum-
:es have so entirely preserved from intercourse
the base and the malignant, and whose dispo-
ns are so free from bitterness, that they can
:ely believe in the existence of baseness and
gnity. Such persons, when they hear of in-
s committed, and wrongs done, at the instiga-
of the most trivial and apparently worthless
ves, are apt to exclaim, "You have been im-
d upon. No one could be so wicked as to act
upon such slight grounds; and you are not
ing as a sober observer of human nature and
an action, but with the exaggerated view of a
r in fiction and romance!" Happy, and
eged beyond the ordinary charter of human
;a, are those who can thus exclaim;—but the
ıitants of the tropics might, with equal justice,
e to believe in the existence of that thing call-
ıow, as these unbelievers in the moral turpi-
in question refuse their credence to anecdotes
ı disclose it. All they can with propriety as-
ıe, *that such instances* have not come under
cognizance. Yet, even to these favoured

few, I would put the following questions : you never experienced feelings of selfishn ger, jealousy, or envy, which, though habit ligious and moral restraint taught you easily due them, had yet troubled you long en make you fully sensible of their existence a power? If so, is it not easy to believe th feelings, when excited in the minds of those der religious and moral guidance, may grow an unrestrained excess as to lead to acti lies of terrible malignity?

I cannot but think that even the purest s of my friends must answer in the affirmative they have reason to return thanks to thei tor, that their lot has been been cast among "pleasant places;" and that it is theirs to an atmosphere impregnated only with ai heaven.

My lot, from a peculiar train of circum has been somewhat differently cast; and give the following story to illustrate a lie o RATE MALIGNITY, I do so with the certain ledge that its foundation is truth.

CONSTANTIA GORDON was the only cl professional man, of great eminence, in vincial town. Her mother was taken fi before she had attained the age of wom but not before the wise and pious precept she gave her had taken deep root, and had fore counteracted the otherwise pernicious of a showy and elaborate education. Con talents were considerable; and as her

not equal to them, she was, at an early age, distinguished in her native place for her learning and accomplishments.

Among the most intimate associates of her father, was a gentleman of the name of Overton; a man of some talent, and some acquirement; but, to his pretensions to eminence were not as universally allowed as he thought that they ought to have been, he was extremely tenacious of his own consequence, excessively envious of the slightest success of others, while any dissent from his dogmas was an offence which his mean soul was incapable of forgiving.

It was only too natural that Constantia, as she was the petted, though not spoiled, child of a fond father, and the little sun of the circle in which she moved, was, perhaps, only too forward in giving her opinion on literature, and on some other subjects, which are not usually discussed by women at all, and still less by girls at her time of life; and she had sometimes ventured to disagree in opinion with Oracle Overton—the nickname by which this man was known. But he commonly took refuge in sarcastic observations on the ignorance and presumption of women in general, and of blue-stocking girls in particular, while on his face a grin of conscious superiority contended with the frown of pedantic indignation.

Hitherto this collision of wits had taken place in Constantia's domestic circle only; but, one day, Overton and the former met at the house of a nobleman in the neighbourhood, and in company with many persons of considerable talent. While they were at table, the master of the house said, that it was his birth-day; and some immediately pro

posed that all the guests, who could write should produce one couplet at least, in he the day.

But as Overton and Constantia were tl persons present who were known to be sc they alone were assailed with earnest entre employ their talents on the occasion. Th however, was prevented by timidity from ance; and she persevered in her refusal, Overton loudly conjured her to indulge the ny with a display of her *wonderful genia* companying his words with a sarcastic smile she well understood. Overton's muse, th since Constantia would not let hers enter i competition, walked over the course; havii highly applauded for a *mediocre* stanza of eig grel lines. But, as Constantia's timidity v when she found herself alone with the ladie drawing-room, who were most of them fri hers, she at length produced some verses, not only delighted her affectionate companio when shown to the gentlemen, drew fror more and warmer encomiums than had be stowed on the frothy tribute of her com while the writhing and mortified Overton himself to say they were very well, very deed, for a scribbling miss of sixteen; insi at the same time that the pretended extemp one written by her father at home, and gc heart by herself. But the giver of the fe clared that he had forgotten it was his bi till he sat down to table; therefore, as ev said, although the verses were written by *sixteen only*, they would have done hon *riper* age, Overton gained nothing but add

fraction from his mean attempt to blight Constantia's well-earned laurels, especially as his ungenerous conduct drew on him severe animadversions from some of the other guests. His fair rival also unwittingly deepened his resentment against herself, by venturing in a playful manner, being emboldened by success to dispute some of his paradoxes;—and once she did it so successfully, that she got the laugh against Overton, in a manner so offensive to his self-love, that he suddenly left the company, vowing revenge, in his heart, against the being who had thus shone at his expense. However, he continued to visit at her father's house; and was still considered as their most intimate friend.

Constantia, meanwhile, increased not only both in beauty and accomplishments, but in qualities of a more precious nature; namely, in a knowledge of her christian duties. But her charities were performed in secret, and so fearful was she of being deemed righteous overmuch, and considered as an enthusiast, even by her father himself, that the soundness of her religious character was known only to the sceptical Overton, and two or three more of her associates, while it was a notorious fact, that the usual companions of her father and herself were freethinkers and latitudinarians, both in politics and religion. But, if Constantia did not lay open her religious faith to those by whom she was surrounded, she fed its lamp in her own bosom, with never-ceasing watchfulness; and like the solitary light in a cottage on the dark and lonely moor, it beamed on her hours of solitude and retirement, cheering and warming her amidst surrounding darkness.

It was to do yet more for her. It was to port her, not only under the sudden death of ther whom she tenderly loved, but under the t pected loss of income which his death occasi On examining his affairs, it was discovered when his debts were all paid, there would be a maintenance only remaining for his afflicte phan. Constantia's sorrow, though deep, quiet and gentle as her nature; and she felt, unspeakable thankfulness, that she owed the quillity and resignation of her mind to her reli convictions alone.

The interesting orphan had only just returne the society of her friends, when a Sir Edward deleur, a young baronet of large fortune, came visit in the neighbourhood.

Sir Edward was the darling and pride of a ly-gifted mother, and several amiable sisters Lady Vandeleur, who was in declining health often urged her son to let her have the satisfa of seeing him married before she was taken from him.

But it was no easy thing for a man like Sir ward Vandeleur to find a wife suited to him. feelings were too much under a strong religio straint to admit of his falling violently in love, phrase is; and beauty and accomplishments h chance of captivating his heart, unless they accompanied by qualities which fully satisfie principles and his judgment.

It was at this period of his life that Sir E Vandeleur was introduced to Constantia Gord a small conversation party, at the house of a m acquaintance.

beauty, her graceful manners, over which had cast a new and sobered charm, and her conversational powers, made her presently ect of interest to Sir Edward; and when he her story, that interest was considerably in- d by pity for her orphan state and altered stances.

refore, though Sir Edward saw Constantia and never, except at one house, he felt her y interview growing more on his esteem and tion; and he often thought of the recluse in urning simple attire, and wished himself by e, when he was the courted, flattered, atten- a reigning belle.

that he was in love;—that is, not that he bibed an attachment which his reason could once enable him to conquer, if it should ever rove its continuance;—but his judgment, as his taste, told him that Constantia was the woman to pass life with. "Seek for a com- in a wife!" had always been his mother's . "Seek for a woman who has understand- ough to know her duties, and piety and prin- nough to enable her to fulfil them; one who ach her children to follow in her steps, and em for virtue here, and happiness hereaf- "Surely," thought Sir Edward, as he re- this natural advice, "I have found the wo- o described in Constantia Gordon!" But still too prudent to pay her any marked at- ; especially as Lady Vandeleur had recom- d caution.

his moment his mother wrote thus:—

lo not see any apparent objection to the lady *tion. Still,* be cautious! Is there no or

at —— who has known her from her cl
and can give you an account of her and h
and religious principles, which can be relie
Death, that great discoverer of secrets, pr
her father was not a very worthy man; (
parents have good children, and *vice ver*
inquire and be wary."

The day after Sir Edward received th
he was introduced to Overton at the ho
gentleman in the neighbourhood; and at
unfortunate period possible for Constantia
Overton had always pretended to have a
regard for the poor orphan, and no one w
loud in regrets for her reduced fortune; bu
was fond of giving her pain, he used to mi
his pity so many severe remarks on her
thoughtless conduct, that had he not l
father's most familiar friend, she would l
bidden him her presence.

One day, having found her alone at her
he accompanied his expressions of affecte
lence with a proposal to give her a bank-n
and then, to buy her a new gown; as he
said) afraid that she would not have mo
ficient to set off her charms to advantage.
kindness, however vulgarly worded, Co
heart was ever open; but she immediately
this offer, prefaced as it was by abuse of h
was merely the result of malignity and co
combined; and her spirit, though habituall
was roused to indignant resentment.

But who, that has ever experienced th
ness of feeling excited by the cold, spiteft
of a malignant temper to irritate a gent
nerous nature, can withhold their sym

pardon from Constantia on this occasion? At last, gratified at having made his victim a while forego her nature, and at being now enabled to represent her as a vixen, he took his leave with hypocritical kindness, calling her his "*naughty, scolding Con*," leaving her to humble herself before that Being whom she feared to have offended by her violence, and to weep over the recollection of an interview which had added, to her other miseries, that of self-reproach.

Overton, meanwhile, did not retire unhurt from the combat. The orphan had uttered, in her agony, some truths which he could not forget. She had held up to him a mirror of himself, from which he found it difficult to turn away; while in proportion to his sense of suffering was his resentment against its fair cause; and his desire of revenge was in proportion to both.

It was on this very day that he dined in company with Sir Edward Vandeleur who was soon informed, by the master of the house, that Overton had been, from her childhood, the friend and intimate of Constantia Gordon; and the same gentleman informed Overton, in private, that Sir Edward was supposed to entertain thoughts of paying his addresses to Constantia.

Inexpressible was Overton's consternation at hearing that this girl, whose poverty he had insulted, whom he disliked because she had been a scorn to his self-love, and under whose just severity he was still smarting, was likely, not only to be removed from his power to torment her, but to be raised above him by a fortunate marriage.

Great was his triumph, therefore, when
ward, before they parted, requested an i
with him the following morning, at his lod
the town of ——, adding, that he wished
him some questions concerning their mutu
Constantia Gordon.

Accordingly they met; and the followi
versation took place. Sir Edward began
didly confessing the high opinion which he
ceived of Constantia, and his earnest wish
its justice confirmed by the testimony of he
and most intimate friend. "Sir Edward,
the exulting hypocrite, with well acted rel
"you put an honourable and a kind-heart
like myself, into a complete *embarrass.*
what do I hear?" cried Sir Edward, starti
his seat, "Can you feel any embarrassme
called upon to bear testimony in favour of
tia Gordon?"—"I dare say *you* cannot th
a thing possible," he replied with a snee
men in love are usually blind."—"But I
in love yet," eagerly replied Sir Edward
it very much depends on this conversation
I ever am so with the lady in question."
then, Sir Edward, however, unpalatable,
speak the truth. I need not tell you that
tia is beautiful, accomplished, and *talent*
think, the *new* word."—"No, Sir; I alres
she is all these; and she appears to me
virtuous, and pious, as she is beautiful."—
say she does; but, as to her *gentleness*, h
might provoke her improperly;—but, I as
she flew into such a passion with me y
that I thought she would have struck m
it possible? I really feel a difficulty i

you!"—"No doubt;—so let us talk of something else."—"No, no, Mr. Overton; I came hither to be informed on a subject deeply interesting to me; and, at whatever risk of disappointment, I will await all you have to say."—"I have nothing to say, Sir Edward; you know Con is beautiful and charming; and is not that enough?"—"No! it is *not* enough. Outward graces are not sufficient to captivate and fix me, unless they are accompanied by charms that fade not with time, but blossom to eternity."—"Whew!" exclaimed Overton, with well-acted suprise. "I see that you are a methodist, Sir Edward; and if so, my friend Con will not suit you." "Does it follow that I am a methodist, because I require that my wife should be a woman of pious and moral habits?"—"Oh! for *morals*, these, indeed, my friend Con would suit you well enough. Let her morals pass;—but as to her *piety*, religion will never turn her head."—"What do you mean, Mr. Overton?"—"Why sir, our lovely friend has learned, from the company which she has kept, to think freely on such subjects;—very freely; for women, you know, always go to extremes. *Men* keep within the rational bounds of *deism;* but the female sceptic, weaker in intellect, and incapable of reasoning, never rests, till she loses herself in the mazes and absurdities of atheism." Had Sir Edward Vandeleur seen the fair smooth skin of Constantia suddenly covered with leprosy, he would not have been more shocked than he was at being informed of this utter blight to her mental beauty in his rightly judging eyes;—and, starting from his seat, he exclaimed, "*do you really* mean to assert that your fair friend *is an atheist?*"—"Sir Edward, I am Constantia

friend; and I was her father's friend; a
sorry these things have been forced from
I could not deceive an honourable man, w
confidence also in my honour; though, as
tia is the child of an old friend, and poor,
be, perhaps, a saving to my pocket, if
well married."—"Then, it is true!" said
ward, clasping his hands in agony; "and
ly girl is what I hate to name! Yet, she
right-minded! and I have thought the e
of her dark blue eye was that of pious
tion!"—"Yes, yes; I know that look;
knows that is her *prettiest* look. That
turned up, shows her fine long dark eye
great advantage!"—Alas!" replied Sir
deeply sighing, "if this be so—oh!
looks? Good morning. You have distr
you have *saved* me."—When Overton, so
saw Sir Edward drive past in his splendid
he exulted that he had prevented Consta
ever sitting there by his side.

Yet he was, as I have said before, one o
who knew how deeply and sincerely C
was a believer; for he had himself, in
tempted to shake her belief, and thence
probably a double pleasure in representing
did.

Sir Edward was engaged that evening
Constantia at the accustomed house; a
attentions to her had been rather marked
friends, with the usual dangerous officio
such occasions, had endeavoured to con
that she had made a *conquest*, as the phr
the young baronet, the expectation of me
was become a circumstance of no small

though she was far too humble to be con-
d that they were right in their conjectures.
ut the mind of Constantia was too much un-
the guidance of religious principle, to allow her
ve any man, however amiable, unless she was
of being beloved by him. She was two deli-
, and had too much self-respect, to be capable
such a weakness; she therefore escaped that
ger of which I have seen the peace of some
ng women become the victim; namely, that of
g talked and flattered into a hopeless passion
the idle wishes and representations of gossiping
quaintances. And well was it for her peace that
had been thus *kolily* on her guard; for, when
Edward Vandeleur, instead of keeping his en-
gement, sent a note to inform her friend that he
not able to wait on her, as he thought of going
London the next day, Constantia felt that the
of his attachment was as unfounded as it had
n pleasing, and she rejoiced that the illusion
not been long enough to endanger her tranquil-
. Still, she could not but own, in the secret of
heart, that the prospect of passing life with a
g apparently so suited to herself, was one on
ich her thoughts had dwelt with involuntary
sure; and a tear started to her eyes, at the
that she might see him no more. But, she
sidered it as the tear of weakness, and though
sleep that night was short, it was tranquil, and
rose the next morning to resume the duties of
day with her accustomed alacrity. In her
k she met Sir Edward, but, happily for her, as
was leaning on Overton's arm, whom she had
seen *since she had* parted with him in anger, a
was given to her feelings, by the approach of

the latter, which enabled her to conq
her emotion at the unexpected sight of
Still, the sight of Overton occasioned
greeable and painful recollections, wl
unpleasing and equivocal expression t
ful features. and enabled Overton to obs
see, Sir Edward, how her conscience
face at seeing me! How are you?
you?" said Overton, catching her h
passed. "Have you forgiven me yet
vixen, how you scolded me the other d
stantia, too much mortified and agita
and repel the charge, replied by a lool
tion; and, snatching her hand away, s
Sir Edward, and hastened out of si
see," cried Overton, "that she resen
how like a fury she looked! You r
vinced that I told you the truth. Now
believe, Sir Edward, that pretty Cor
looked in that manner?" "Certainl
appearances are indeed deceitful." S
ward wished Constantia had given hi
tunity of bidding her farewell; howeve
good wishes and respects for her with t
friend, and set off that evening to join h
Hastings. "But are you sure, Ed
Lady Vandeleur, when he had related t
had passed, "that this Overton is a m
pended upon?" "Oh, yes! and he
no *motive* for calumniating her, but the
it would have been a relief to his mind
to get his old friend's daughter wel
"But, does she appear to her other
glectful of her religious duties, as if st
no religion at all?" "So far from it

always been punctual in the *outward* performance of them; therefore, no one but Overton, the confidential friend and intimate of the family, could suspect or *know* her real opinions; thus she adds, I fear, *hypocrisy* to scepticism. Overton also accuses her of being violent in her temper; and I was unexpectedly enabled to see the truth of this accusation, in a measure, confirmed. Therefore, indeed, dear mother, all I have to do is to forget her, and resume my intention of accompanying you and my sisters to the continent." Accordingly they set off very soon on a foreign tour.

Constantia, after she left Overton and Sir Edward so hastily and suddenly, returned home in no enviable state of mind; because she felt sure that her manner had been such as to convince the latter that she was the violent creature which Overton had represented her to be;—and though she had calmly resigned all idea of being beloved by Sir Edward Vandeleur, she was not entirely indifferent to his good opinion. Besides, she feared that her quitting him without one word of kind farewell, might appear to him a proof of pique and disappointment; nor could she be quite sure that somewhat of that feeling did not impel her to hasten abruptly away; and it was some time before she could conquer her self-blame and her regret. But, at length, she reflected that there was a want of proper self-government in dwelling at all on recollections of Sir Edward Vandeleur; and she forced herself into society and absorbing occupation.

Hitherto Constantia had been contented to remain in idleness; but, as her income was, she *found, barely equal* to her maintenance, and she *was therefore obliged* to relinquish nearly all he

charities, she resolved to turn her talents to a count; and was just about to decide between the plans, which she had thought desirable, when an uncle in India died, and the question was decided in a very welcome and unexpected manner. When this gentleman married, her father had such large expectations from him, that he had fancied them a sufficient excuse for his profuse expenditure; but, when his brother, by having children, destroyed the hopes of wealth from that quarter, he had not strength of mind enough to break the expensive habits which he had acquired. To the deserving child, however, was destined the wealth withheld from the undeserving parent. Constantia's uncle's wife and children died before he did, and she became sole heiress to his large fortune. This event communicated a sensation of gladness to the whole town in which the amiable orphan resided.

Constantia had borne her faculties so meekly, had been so actively benevolent, and was thence so generally beloved, that she was now daily overpowered with thankful and pleasing emotions, at beholding countenances which, at sight of her, were lighted up with affectionate sympathy and joy.

Overton was one of the first persons whom she desired to see, on this accession of fortune. Her truly christian spirit had long made her wish to hold out to him her hand, in token of forgiveness; but she wished to do so more especially now, because he could not suspect her of being influenced by any mercenary views. Overton, however, meant to call on her, whether she invited him or not; as, such was his love and respect for wealth, *that, though* the *poor* Constantia was full of faults *in his eye,* the *rich* Constantia was very blameless

ppear to him, in time, impeccable. He was at his period Mayor of the place in which he lived; and, having been knighted for carrying up an address, he became desirous of using the privilege, which, according to Shakspeare's Falconbridge, knighthood gives a man, of making "any Joan a lady." Nor was it long before he entertained serious thoughts of marrying; and why not? as he was only fifty; was very young looking for his age; was excessively handsome still; and had now a title in addition to a good fortune. The only difficulty was to make a choice; for he was very sure that *he* must be the choice of any one to whom he offered himself.

But where could he find in one woman all the qualities which he required in a wife! She must have youth and beauty, or he could not love her; good principles, or he could not trust her; and, though he was not religious himself, he had a certain consciousness that the best safeguard for a woman's principles was to be found in piety; *therefore*, he resolved that his wife should be a *religious* woman. Temper, patience, and forbearance, were also requisites in the woman he married; and, as the last and best recommendation, she must have a large fortune Reasonable man! youth, beauty, temper, virtue, piety, and riches! but what woman of his acquaintance possessed all these? No one, he believed, but that forgiving being whom he had represented as an atheist—"that vixen Con!" And while this conviction came over his mind, a blush of shame passed over even his brassy brow. However, it was soon succeeded by one of pleasure, *when he* thought that, as Constantia was evidently *uneasy till* she had made it up with him,

the phrase is, it was not unlikely that s
cret liking to him; and as to her scri
and pretending to be literary, he wo
that she should not write when she
and he really thought he had better pr
at once, especially as it was a duty in
her a lady himself, since he had prev
man's doing so. There was perhap
dacement to marry Constantia. It w
an opportunity of tormenting her now
making her smart for former impert
haps, this motive was nearly as strong
Be that as it may, Overton had, at le
sumption to make proposals of ma
young and lovely heiress, who, thoug
his base conduct to her, and the LIE O
MALIGNITY with which he had injur
and blighted her prospects, had still a
manners and character, which it was i
any thing to overcome. He was ther
and in a manner so decided, and, spi
so haughty, that Overton's heart re
malignity towards her; and his mann
rude and offensive, that she was
refuse him admittance, and go on a vi
at some distance, intending not to r
house which she had purchased in a vi
—— was ready for her. But she
absent many months when she receive
evening, to inform her that her dea
—— was supposed to be in the gre
and she was requested to set off direc
obey this summons was impossible;
mail passed the house where she was
certain of getting on faster that way

he resolved, accompanied by her servant, to go by the mail, if possible; and, happily, there were two places vacant. It was night when Constantia and her maid entered the coach, in which two gentlemen were already seated; and to the consternation of Constantia, she soon saw, as they passed near a lamp, that her *vis-a-vis* was Overton! He recognised her at the same moment; and instantly began, in the French language, to express his joy at meeting her, and to profess the faithfulness of his fervent affection. In vain did she try to force conversation with the other passenger, who seemed willing to talk and who, though evidently not a gentleman, was much preferable, in her opinion, to the new Sir Richard. He would not allow her to attend to any conversation but his own; and, as it was with difficulty that she could keep her hand from his rude grasp, she tried to change seats with her maid; but Overton forcibly withheld her; and she thought it was better to endure the evil patiently, than violently resist it. When the mail stopped, that the passengers might sup, Constantia hoped Overton would, at least, leave her for a time; but, though the other passenger got out, he kept his seat, and was so persevering, and was so much more disagreeable when the restraint imposed on him by the presence of others was removed, that she was glad when the coach was again full, and the mail drove off.

Overton, however, became so increasingly offensive to her, that, at length, she assured him, in language the most solemn and decided, that *nothing* should ever induce her to be his wife; and that, were *she* pennyless, service would be more desirable to her than union with him.

This roused his anger even to frenzy; speaking French, a language which he was illiterate man in the corner could not unc he told her that she refused him only becs loved Sir Edward Vandeleur; "but," "you have no chance of obtaining him. taken care to prevent *that*. I gave him character of you as frightened him away fi and . . . . ." "Base-minded man!" cri stantia; "what did you, what could against my character?"—"Oh! I said against your morals. I only told him you atheist, and a vixen, that is all:—and, yo you are the latter, though not the former; more like a methodist than an atheist!" you told him these horrible falsehoods! you had not, would he have . . . . . did l . . . . . but I know not what I say; a miserable! Cruel, wicked man! how cc thus dare to injure and misrepresent an u ed orphan! and the child of your friend calumniate me to *him* too! to Sir Edward leur! Oh! it was cruel indeed!"—" then you wished to please him, did you? me!" he vociferated, seizing both her his; "Are you attached to Sir Edward leur?" But, before Constantia could an and, while faintly screaming with apprehen pain, she vainly tried to free herself from C nervous grasp, a powerful hand rescued l the ruffian gripe. Then, while the dawi brightly upon her face, Constantia and Ov the same moment recognised, in her resc *Edward* Vandeleur himself!

He was just returned from France; an

s way to the neighbourhood of ——; being now, he believed, able to see Constantia with entire difference; when, as one of his horses become ill, resolved to take that place in the mail which the her passenger had quitted for the box; and had us the pleasure of hearing all suspicions, all imputions, against the character of Constantia cleared f, and removed, at once, and for ever! Constantia's joy was little inferior to his own; but it as soon lost in terror at the probable result of the agry emotions of Sir Edward and Overton. Her ear, however, vanished, when the former assured e latter, that the man who could injure an innoent woman, by a lie of FIRST-RATE MALIGNITY, as beneath even the resentment of an honourable an.

I shall only add, that Overton left the mail at the ext stage, baffled, disgraced, and miserable; that Constantia found her friend recovering; and that the next time she travelled along that road, it was it the bride of Sir Edward Vandeleur.

CHAPTER IX.

LIES OF SECOND-RATE MALIGNITY.

I HAVE observed, in the forgoing chapter, that LIES OF FIRST-RATE MALIGNITY are not frequent, because the arm of the law defends reputations;—but, against lies of second-rate malignity, the law holds out *no protection*; nor is there a tribunal of *ufficient power* either to deter any one from utter *them, or to* punish the utterer. The lies

question spring from the spirit of detraction; a spirit more widely diffused in society than any other; and it gives birth to satire, ridicule, mimickry, quizzing, and lies of second-rate malignity, as certainly as a wet season brings snails.

I shall now explain what I consider as lies of SECOND-RATE MALIGNITY;—namely, tempting persons, by dint of flattery, to do what they are incapable of doing well, from the mean, malicious wish of leading them to expose themselves, in order that their tempter may enjoy a hearty laugh at their expense. Persuading a man to drink more than his head can bear, by assurances that *the wine is not strong*, and that he has not drunk as much as he thinks he has, in order to make him intoxicated, and that his persuaders may enjoy the cruel delight of witnessing his drunken silliness, his vainglorious boastings, and those physical contortions, or mental weaknesses, which intoxication is always sure to produce. Complimenting either man or woman on qualities which they do not possess, in hopes of imposing on their credulity: praising a lady's work, or dress, to her face; and then, as soon as she is no longer present, not only abusing both her work, and her dress, but laughing at her weakness, in believing the praise sincere. Lavishing encomiums on a man's abilities and learning in his presence; and then, as soon as he is out of hearing, expressing contempt for his credulous belief in the sincerity of the praises bestowed; and wonder that he should be so blind and conceited as not to *know that he* was in learning only a smatterer, and *in understanding* just not a fool. All these are lies *of second-rate malignity*, which cannot be exceeded *in base and petty treachery*.

The following story will, I trust, explain fully what, in the common intercourse of society, I consider as LIES OF SECOND-RATE MALIGNITY.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN

AND

THE YOUNG ONE.

NOTHING shows the force of habit more than the tenaciousness with which those adhere to economical usages, who, by their own industry and unexpected good fortune, are become rich in the decline of life.

A gentleman, whom I shall call Dr. Albany, had, early in life, taken his degree at Cambridge, as a doctor of physic, and had settled in London as a physician; but had worn away the best part of his existence in vain expectation of practice, when an old bachelor, a college friend, whom he had greatly served, died, and left him the whole of his large fortune.

Dr. Albany had indeed *deserved* this bequest; for he had rendered his friend the greatest of all services. He had rescued him, by his friendly advice, and enlightened arguments, from scepticism, apparently the most hopeless; and, both by precept and example, had allured him along the way that leads to salvation.

But, as wealth came to Dr. Albany too late in life for him to think of marrying, and as he had no relations who needed all his fortune, he resolved

leave the greatest part of it to those friends who wanted it the most.

Hitherto, he had scarcely ever left London; nor he had thought it right to wait at home to receive business, even though business never came; but now he was resolved to renew the neglected acquaintances of his youth; and, knowing that some of his early friends lived near Cheltenham, Leamington, and Malvern, he resolved to visit those watering-places, in hopes of meeting there some of these well-remembered faces.

Most men, under his circumstances, would have ordered a handsome carriage, and entered Cheltenham in style; but, as I before observed, habits of economy adhere so closely to persons thus situated, that Dr. Albany could not prevail on himself to travel in a manner more in apparent accordance with the acquisition of such a fortune. He therefore went by a cheap day-coach; nor did he take a servant with him. But, though still denying indulgences to himself, the first wish of his heart was to be generous to others; and, surely, that economy which is unaccompanied by avarice may, even in the midst of wealth, be denominated a virtue.

While dinner was serving up, when they stopped on the road, Albany walked up a hill near the inn, and was joined there by a passenger from another coach. During their walk he observed a very pretty house on a rising ground in the distance, and asked his companion who lived there. The latter replied, that it was the residence of a clergyman, the name of Musgrave. "Musgrave!" he eager *replied,* "what Musgrave? Is his name Augustus?"—"Yes."—"Is he married?"—"Ye

he a family?"—"Oh yes, a large one;
hters, and one son; and he has found it a
k to bring them up, as he wished to make
:omplished. The son is now going to col-
"Are they an amiable family?"—"Very;
sing and play well, and draw well."—
hat is the son to be?"—"A clergyman."
he any chance of a living?"—"Not that
f; but he must be something; and a lega-
the father has just had, of a few hundred
will enable him to pay college expenses,
n gets ordained, and can take curacies."—
sgrave," said Albany, after a pause, "a
an to give a cordial welcome to an old
hom he has not seen for many years?"—
s; he is very hospitable; and there he is,
ng into his own gate."—"Then I will not
' said Albany, hastening to the stables.
, coachman," cried he, "take your money;
me my little portmanteau."
stus Musgrave had been a favourite college
f Dr. Albany's, and he had many associa-
h his name and image, which were dear to
t.
bjects of them were gone for ever: but,
alled, they came over his mind like strains
forgotten music, which he had loved and
in youth; throwing so strong a feeling
rness over the recollection of Musgrave,
elt an irresistible desire to see him again, and
wife and children in the language of glow-
l-will.
when he was introduced into his friend's
, he had the mortification of finding that

he was not recognized; and was obliged to tell his name.

The name, however, seemed to electrify Musgrave with affectionate gladness. He shook his old friend heartily by the hand, presented him to his wife and daughters, and for some minutes moved and spoke with the brightness and alacrity of early youth.

But the animation was momentary. The cares of a family, and the difficulty of keeping up the appearance of a gentleman with an income not sufficient for his means, had preyed on Musgrave's spirits; especially as he knew himself to be involved in debt. He had also other cares. The weakness of his nature, which he dignified by the name of tenderness of heart, had made him allow his wife and children to tyrannize over him; and his son, who was an universal quizzer, did not permit even his father to escape from his impertinent ridicule. But then Musgrave was assured, by his own family, that his son Marmaduke was a wit; and that, when he was once in orders, his talents would introduce him into the first circles, and lead to ultimate promotion in his profession.

I have before said that Dr. Albany did not travel like a gentleman; nor were his every-day clothes at all indicative of a well-filled purse. Therefore, though he was a physician, and a man of pleasing manners, Musgrave's fine lady wife, and her *tonnish* daughters, could have readily excused him, if he had not persuaded their unexpected guest to stay a week with them; and, with a frowning brow, they saw the portmanteau, which the *strange person* had *brought* himself, carried into the best chamber.

But oh! the astonishment and the comical gri-

aces with which Marmaduke Musgrave, on his oming in from fishing, beheld the new guest! Velcome smiled on one side of his face, but scorn neered on the other; and when Albany retired to ress, he declared that the only thing which consold him for finding such a person forced on them, as the consciousness that he could extract great an out of the old quiz, and serve him up for the entertainment of himself and friends.

To this amiable exhibition the mother and daughter looked forward with great satisfaction; while his ather having vainly talked of the dues of hospitality, ave in, knowing that it was in vain to contend; omforting himself with the hope that, while Marmaduke was quizzing his guest, he must necessarily ave him alone.

In the meanwhile, how different were the cogitaons and the plans of the benevolent Albany! He ad a long *tete-a-tete* walk with Musgrave, which ad convinced him that his old friend was not hapy, owing he, suspected, to his narrow income and xpensive family.

Then his son was going to college; a dangerous nd ruinous place; and, while the good old man as dressing for dinner, he had laid plans of action hich made him feel more deeply thankful than ver for the wealth so unexpectedly bestowed on im. Of this wealth he had, as yet, said nothing o Musgrave. He was not purse-proud; and when e heard his friend complain of his poverty, he hrunk from saying how rich he himself was. He ad therefore simply said that he was enabled to etire *from business*; and when Musgrave saw his *iend's independent*, economical habits, as evinced *his mode of* travelling, he concluded that he he

only gained a small independence, suffi
slender wants.

To those, to whom amusement is
and who can enjoy fun even when it
by the sacrifice of every benevolent f
evening at the rectory, when the famil
increased by the arrival of some of the
would have been an *exquisite treat:*
duke played off the unsuspicious old m
ration; mimicked him even to his face
ed by him; and having found out that
not only a passion for musick. but u
fancied that he could sing himself, h
guest, by his flatteries. lies of SECOND-R
NITY, to sing song after song, in order t
expose himself for the entertainment of
ny, and give him an opportunity of perfe
mickry

Blind, infatuated, contemptible boy!
ed trifler on the path of the world!
Musgrave saw not that the very persons
ed to idolize his pernicious talents n
they were lost to all sense of moral feel
and distrust the youth who could play o
ness of an unoffending, artless old man,
the rights of hospitality to his father's fri

But Marmaduke had no heart, an
mind; for mimickry is the lowest of t
and to be even a successful quizzer
talent at all. But his father had on
though cares and pecuniary embarras
choked it up, and substituted selfishnes
bility: the sight of his early companion
some of the latter quality into action;
ously expostulated with his son on

turn so respectable a man into ridicule. But Marmaduke answered him by insolent disregard; and when he also said, if your friend be so silly as to sing, that is, do what he *cannot* do, am I not justified in laughing at him? Musgrave assented to the proposition. He might, however, have replied "but you are not justified in lying, in order to urge him on, nor in saying to him, 'you can sing, when you know he *cannot*. If he be *weak*, it is not necessary that you should be *treacherous*.' But Musgrave always came off halting from a combat with his undutiful son: he therefore sighed, ceased, and turned away. On one point Marmaduke was right:—when vanity prompts us to do what we cannot do well, while conceit leads us to fancy that our efforts are successful, we are perhaps fit objects for ridicule:—A consideration which holds up to us this important lesson; namely, that *our own weakness* alone can, for any length of time, make us victims of the satire and malignity of others. When Albany's visit to Musgrave was drawing near to its conclusion, he was very desirous of being asked to prolong it, as he had become attached to his friend's children, from living with them, and witnessing their various accomplishments, and was completely the dupe of Marmaduke's treacherous compliments. He was therefore glad when he, as well as the Musgraves, was invited to dine at a house in the neighbourhood, on the very day intended for his departure. This circumstance led them all, with one accord to say, that he must remain at least a day longer, while *Marmaduke* exclaimed, "Go you shall not! Our *friends would be so* disappointed, if they and the *company did* not hear you sing and act that so

song about Chloe! and all the pleasure of the evening would be destroyed to me, dear sir, if you were not there!"

This was more than enough to make Albany put off his departure; and he accompanied the Musgraves to the dinner party. They dined at an early hour; so early, that it was yet daylight, when, tea being over, the intended amusements of the afternoon began, of which the most prominent was to be the vocal powers of the mistaken Albany, who, without much pressing, after sundry flatteries from Marmakuke, cleared his throat, and began to sing and act the song of "Chloe." At first, he was hoarse, and stopped to apologize for want of voice; "Nonsense!" cried Marmaduke, "you were never in better voice in your life? Pray go on; you are only nervous!" while the side of his face *not* next to Albany, was distorted with laughter and ridicule. Albany, believing him, continued his song; and Marmaduke, sitting a little behind him, took off the distorted expression of his countenance and mimicked his odd action. But, at this moment, the broadest splendour of the setting sun threw its beams into a large pier glass opposite, with such brightness, that Albany's eyes were suddenly attracted to it, and thence to his treacherous neighbour, whom he detected in the act of mimicking him in mouth, attitude, and expression—while behind him he saw some of the company laughing with a degree of violence which was all but audible!

Albany paused, in speechless consternation—and when Marmaduke asked why "he did not go on, *as every one* was delighted," the susceptible *man hid his face* in his hands, shocked, mort

ıerable, but taught and enlightened. Mar-
, however, nothing doubting, presumed to
ı on the back, again urging him to proceed;
indignant Albany, turning suddenly round,
wing off his arm with angry vehemence,
ɔd, in the touching tone of wounded feeling,
thou serpent, that I would have cherished
ɔosom, was it for thee to sting me thus?
as an old fool: and the lesson, though a
ɔne, will, I trust, be salutary."—"What is
what do you mean?" faltered out Mar-
; but the rest of the party had not courage
to speak; and many of them rejoiced in the
n of baseness which, though it amused their
d taste, was very offensive to their moral
"What does it mean?" cried Albany, "I
o all present, whether they do not under-
y meaning, and whether my resentment be
t!" "I hope, my dear friend, that you
.e," said the distressed father. "Of all,"
ed, "except of the fault of not having
your son better morals and manners.
man!" he continued. "the next time you
any one as your butt, take care that you do
ɔpposite a pier glass. And now, sir," ad-
; himself to the master of the house, "let
uest to have a postchaise sent for to the
town directly." "Surely, you will not
, and in anger," cried all the Musgraves,
luke excepted. "I hope I do not go in
ıut I cannot stay," cried he, "because I
ıt my confidence in you." The gentleman
ouse, who thought Albany right in going,
ıed to make him all the amends he could,
g allowed Marmaduke to turn him into

ridicule, interrupted him, to say that his own carriage waited his orders, and would convey him whithersoever he wished, "I thank you, sir, and accept your offer," he replied, "since the sooner I quit this company, in which I have so lamentably exposed myself, the better it will be for you, and for us all." Having said this, he took the agitated Musgrave by the hand, bowed to his wife and daughters, who hid their confusion under distant and haughty airs; *then*, stepping opposite to Marmaduke, who felt it difficult to meet the expression of that eye, on which just anger and a sense of injury had bestowed a power hitherto unknown to it, he addressed him thus: "Before we part, I must tell you, young man, that I intended urged, I humbly trust, by virtuous considerations, to expend on your maintenance at college a part of that large income which I cannot spend on myself. I had also given orders to my agent to purchase for me the advowson of a living now on sale, intending to give it to you; here is the letter, to prove that I speak the truth; but I need not tell you that I cannot make the fortune which was left me by a pious friend assist a youth to take on himself the sacred profession of a christian minister, who can utter falsehoods, in order to betray a fellow-creature into folly, utterly regardless of that christian precept, 'Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you.'" He then took leave of the rest of the company, and drove off, leaving the Musgraves chagrined and ashamed, and bitterly mortified at the loss of the intended patronage to Marmaduke, especially when a gentleman present exclaimed, "*No* doubt, this is the Dr. Albany, to whom *Clews of* Trinity left his large fortune

any, taught by his misadventure in this world-
l treacherous family, went, soon after, to the
of another of his college friends, residing
Cheltenham. He expected to find this gen-
n and his family in unclouded prosperity; but
were labouring under unexpected adversity,
ht on them by the villany of others; he found
, however, bowed in lowly resignation before
scrutable decree. On the pious son of these
ed, but contented parents, he, in due time, be-
d the living intended for the treacherous Mar-
ke. Under their roof he experienced grati-
which he felt to be sincere, and affection in
he dared to confide; and, ultimately, he
up his abode with them, in a residence suited
ir early prospects and his riches; for even the
s and unsuspecting can, without danger, asso-
and sojourn with those whose thoughts and
s are under the guidance of religious princi-
nd who live in this world as if they every hour
ted to be summoned away to the judgment of
ld to come.

CHAPTER X.

LIES OF BENEVOLENCE.

a former chapter I commented on those lies
are, at best, of a mixed nature, and are
up of worldly motives, of which fear and
ness compose the principal part, although th

utterer of them considers them as LIES OF LENCE.

Lies of real benevolence are, like m falsehoods, various in their species and but, as they are, however, in fact objectio most amiable and respectable of all lies, so like virtue that they may easily be take children; and as the illustrations of them, have been enabled to give, are so much n nected with our tenderest and most solemn than those afforded by other lies; I thoug that, like the principal figures in a process should bring up the rear.

The lies which relations and friends think it their duty to tell an unconsciou person, are prompted by real benevolenc those which medical men deem themselve in uttering to a dying patient; though, if t dying, or the surrounding friends, be strictly characters, they must be, on principle, des the whole truth should be told.*

* Richard Pearson, the distinguished author of the l liam Hey of Leeds, says, in that interesting book, p. Hey's sacred respect for truth, and his regard for the w fellow-creatures, never permitted him intentionally to patients by flattering representations of their state of he surances of the existence of no danger, when he concei tuation to be hopeless, or even greatly hazardous." " a medical attendant," continues he, "in such delicat has been a subject of considerable embarrassment to grity and conscience, who view the uttering of a fal crime, and the practice of deceit as repugnant to the sp tianity. That a sacrifice of truth may sometimes cont *comfort of* a patient, and be medicinally beneficial, is *but that* a *wilful* and deliberate falsehood can, in any *tifiable before* God, is a maxim not to be lightly ad

Methinks I hear some of my readers exclaim, can any one suppose it a duty to run the risk of killing friends or relations, by telling the whole

question may be stated thus: Is it justifiable for a man deliberately to violate a moral precept of the law of God, *from a motive of prudence and humanity?* If this be *affirmed*, it must be admitted that it would be no less justifiable to infringe the laws of his country from similar motives; and, consequently, it would be an act of injustice to punish him for such a transgression. But, will it be contended, that the divine, or even the human legislature, must be subjected to the control of this sort of casuistry? If falsehood, under these circumstances, be no crime, then, as no detriment can result from uttering it, very little merit can be attached to so light a sacrifice; whereas, if it were presumed that some guilt were incurred, and that the physician voluntarily exposed himself to the danger of future suffering, for the sake of procuring temporary benefit to his patient, he would have a high claim upon the gratitude of those who derived the advantage. But, is it quite clear that pure benevolence commonly suggests the deviation from truth, and that neither the low consideration of conciliating favour, nor the view of escaping censure, and promoting his own interest, have any share in induceing him to adopt the measure he defends? To assist in this inquiry, let a man ask himself whether he carries this caution, and shows this kindness, indiscriminately on all occasions; being as fearful of giving pain, by exciting apprehension in the mind of the poor, as of the rich; of the meanest, as of the most elevated rank. Suppose it can be shown that these humane falsehoods are distributed promiscuously, it may be inquired further, whether, if such a proceeding were a manifest breach of a municipal law, exposing the delinquent to suffer a very inconvenient and serious punishment, a medical adviser would feel himself obliged to expose his person or his estate to penal consequences, whenever the circumstances of his patient should seem to require the intervention of a falsehood. It may be presumed, without any breach of charity, that a demur would frequently, perhaps generally, be interposed on the occasion of such a requisition. But, surely, the laws of the moral Governor of the universe are not to be esteemed less sacred, and a transgression of them less important in its consequences, than the violation of a civil statute: nor ought the fear of God to be less powerful in deterring men from the committing of a crime, than the

truth; that is, informing them that they are d
But, if the patients be not really dying, or i
ger, no risk is incurred; and if they be near
which is it of most importance to consider,-
momentary quiet here, or their interests here
Besides, many of those persons who would
that, for spiritual reasons merely, a disclos
the truth was improper, and who declare th
such occasions, falsehood is *virtue*, and conce
humanity, would hold a different language, a
differently, were the unconsciously dying
one who was known not *to have made a wi*
who had *considerable property to dispose of.*
consideration for their own temporal intere
for those of others, would probably make th
vise or adopt a contrary proceeding. Yet
that seriously reflects can, for a moment, put
ly interests in any comparison with those of
ritual nature? But, perhaps, an undue pref
of worldly over spiritual interests might not l
leading motive to tell the truth in the one cas
withhold it in the other. The persons in qu
would probably be influenced by the con
satisfactory to them, but awfully erroneous

fear of a magistrate. Those who contend for the necessit
lating truth, that they may benefit their patients, place th
between two conflicting rules of morality; their obligation
the command of God, and their presumed duty to their nei
or, in other words, they are supposed to be brought by th
Providence into this distressing alternative of necessarily
against God or injuring their fellow-creatures. When a m
a positive duty stand opposed to each other, the Holy Sc
have determined that obedience to the former is to be pr
before compliance with the latter."

prehension, that a death-bed repentance, and ath-bed supplication, must be wholly unavailing the soul of the departing: that as the sufferer's rk, for himself, is wholly done, and his fate fixed r time and for eternity, it were needless cruelty let him know his end was approaching; but, at as his work for *others* is not done, if he has t made a testamentary disposal of his property, is a duty to urge him to make a will, even at all sk to himself.

My own opinion, which I give with great humili-, is, that the truth is never to be violated or with-eld, in order to deceive; but I know myself to e in such a painful minority on this subject, that almost doubt the correctness of my own judg-ent.

I am inclined to think that lies of Benevolence re more frequently passive, than active,—are more equently instanced in withholding and conceal-g the truth, than in direct spontaneous lying. here is one instance of withholding and conceal-g the truth from motives of mistaken benevo-nce, which is so common, and so pernicious, that feel it particularly necessary to hold it up to se-ere reprehension. It is withholding or speaking nly half the truth in giving the character of a ervant.

Many persons, from reluctance to injure the in-erests even of very unworthy servants, never give e whole character unless it be required of them; nd then, rather than tell a positive lie, they dis-lose the whole truth. But are they not lying, that , are they not meaning to deceive, when they with-*ld the truth?*

When I speak to ladies and gentlemen respec ing the character of a servant, I of course conclu that I am speaking to honourable persons. I the fore expect that they should give me a correct ch racter of the domestic in question; and should omit to ask whether he, or she, be honest or sobe I require that information on these points should l given me unreservedly. They must leave me judge whether I will run the risk of hiring a drun ard, a thief, or a servant otherwise ill-disposed but they would be dishonourable if they betray me into receiving into my family, to the risk of m domestic peace, or my property, those who a addicted to dishonest practices or are otherwise immoral habits. Besides, what an erroneous a bounded benevolence this conduct exhibits! If be benevolent towards the servant whom I hire, is *malevolent* towards *me*, and unjust also. Tr christian kindness is just and impartial in its dea ings, and never serves even a friend at the expen of a third person. But. the masters and mistresse who thus do what they call a benevolent action the sacrifice of truth and integrity, often, no doub find their sin visited on their own heads; for th are not likely to have trust-worthy servants. servants know that, owing to the sinful kindness a lax morality of their employers, their faults will n receive their proper punishment—that of disclosur —when they are turned away, one of the mo powerful motives to behave well is removed; f those are not likely to abstain from sin, who a sure that they shall sin with impunity. Thus, the the master or mistress who, in mistaken kindne *conceals the* faults of a single servant, leads the w *of the* household into the temptation of sinning a

nd what is fancied to be benevolent to one, becomes, in its consequences, injurious to many. But let us now see what is the probable effect on he servants so skreened and befriended? They are instantly exposed, by this withholding of the truth, to the perils of temptation. Nothing, perhaps, can be more beneficial to culprits, of all descriptions, than to be allowed to take the *immediate* consequences of their offences, provided those consequences stop short of death, that most awful of punishments, because it cuts the offender off from all means of amendment; therefore it were better for the interests of servants, in every point of view, to let them abide by the certainty of not getting a new place, because they cannot have a character from their last: by these means the humane wish to punish, in order to *save*, would be gratified, and, consequently, if the truth was always told on occasions of this nature, the feelings of REAL BENEVOLENCE would, in the end, be gratified. But, if good characters are given with servants, or incomplete characters, that is, if their good qualities are mentioned, and their bad withheld, the consequences to the beings so mistakenly befriended may be of the most fatal nature; for, if *ignorant* of their besetting sin, the head of the family cannot guard against it, but, unconsciously, may every hour put temptations in their way; while, on the contrary, had they been made acquainted with that besetting sin, they would have taken care never to have risked its being called into action.

But who, it may be asked, would hire servants, knowing that they had any "besetting sins?"

I trust that there are many who would do this *on the pious and* benevolent motive of saving

them from further destruction, especially if tence had been satisfactorily manifested.

I will now endeavour to illustrate some of n sitions by the following story.

CHAPTER X. CONTINUED.

MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

Ann Belson had lived in a respectable chant's family, of the name of Melbourne, for years, and had acquitted herself to the satisfi of her employers in the successive capaciti nurse, house-maid, and lady's-maid. But it at length discovered that she had long been a ed to petty pilfering; and, being emboldene past impunity, she purloined some valuable and was detected; but her kind master and tress could not prevail on themselves to give u tender nurse of their children to the just rig the law, and as their children themselves coul bear to have "poor Ann sent to gaol," they n ed to punish her in no other manner, than by ing her away *without a character*, as the co phrase is. But without a character she cou procure another service, and might be thus signed to misery and ruin. This idea was i portable! However she might deserve pu ment, they shrunk from inflicting it! and the solved to keep Ann Belson themselves, as could not recommend her conscientiously t *one else*. This was a truly benevolent actio *cause, if* she continued to sin, they alone w

osed to suffer from her fault. But they virtuously esolved to put no further temptation in her way, nd to guard her against herself, by unremitting igilance.

During the four succeeding years, Ann Belson's onesty was so entirely without a stain, that her benevolent friends were convinced that her penitence vas sincere, and congratulated themselves that they had treated her with such lenity.

At this period the pressure of the times, and losses in trade, produced a change in the circumstances of the Melbournes; and retrenchment became necessary. They, therefore, felt it right to discharge some of their servants, and particularly the lady's maid.

The grateful Ann would not hear of this dismissal. She insisted on remaining on any terms, and in any situation; nay, she declared her willingness to live with her indulgent friends for nothing; but, as they were too generous to accept her services at so great a disadvantage to herself, especially as she had poor relations to maintain, they resolved to procure her a situation: and having heard of a very advantageous one, for which she was admirably calculated, they insisted on her trying to procure it. "But what shall we do, my dear," said the wife to the husband, "concerning Ann's character? Must we tell the whole truth? As she has been uniformly honest during the last four years, should we not be justified in concealing her fault?"—"Yes; I think, at least, I hope so," replied he. "Still, *as she* was dishonest more years than she *has now been* honest, I really . . . . I . . . . it *a very puzzling* question, Charlotte; and I am *t a weak casuist*;" A strong Christian might

have felt the point so difficult. But
bournes had not studied serious thing
and the result of the consultation was,
Belson's past faults should be concealed, i

And possible it was. Lady Baryton,
and noble bride who wished to hire h
thoughtless, careless woman of fashion; a
learned that Ann could make dresses, a
hair to admiration, she made few other
and Ann was installed in her new place.

It was, alas! the most improper of pl
for a sincere penitent, like Ann Belson;
a place of the most dangerous trust. Jew
ornaments of all kinds, were not only c
exposed to her eyes, but placed under h
care. Not those alone. When her lady
home from a run of good luck at loo, a
containing bank-notes and sovereigns, wa
into an unlocked drawer; and Ann was
fortunate her lady had been. The first
this heedless woman acted thus, the poor
ged she would lock up her money. "N
too much trouble; and why should I?
cause, my lady, it is not right to leave mon
it may be stolen." "Nonsense! who sh
it! I know you must be honest: the M
gave you such a high character." Here
ed away in agony and confusion. "But
the other servants," she resumed in a fi
"Pray, what business have the other serv
drawers? However, do you lock up th
and keep the key." "No; keep it yo
lady." "What, I go about with keys, li
keeper? Take it I say!" Then flung
down, she went singing out of the roon

ıg to what peril, temporal and spiritual, she was exposing a hapless fellow-creature.

For some minutes after this *new danger* had ›pened upon her, Ann sat leaning on her hands, ıbsorbed in painful meditation, and communing seriously with her own heart; nay, she even prayed for a few moments to be delivered from evil; but the next minute she was ashamed of her own self-distrust, and tried to resume her business with her usual alacrity.

A few evenings afterwards, her lady brought her reticule home, and gave it to Ann, filled as before. "I conclude, my lady, you know how much money is in this purse." "I did know; but I have forgotten." "Then let me tell it." "No, no; nonsense!" she replied, as she left the room; "lock it up, and then it will be safe, you know, as I can trust you." Anne sighed deeply, but repeated within herself, "Yes, yes; I am certainly now to be trusted;" but, as she said this, she saw two sovereigns on the carpet, which she had dropped out of the recticule in emptying it, and had locked the drawer without perceiving. Ann felt fluttered when she discovered them; but, taking them up, resolutely felt for the key to add them to the others; but the image of her recently widowed sister, and her large destitute family, rose before her, and she thought she would *not return* them, but ask her ady to give them to the poor widow. But then, ıer lady had already been very bountiful to her, ınd she would not ask her; however, she would con*ider the matter*, and it seemed as if it was intended *he should* have the sovereigns; for they were se*rated from* the rest, *as if* for her. Alas! it wo*ıe been* safer for her to believe that they

left there as a *snare* to try her penitenc
faith; but she took a different view of it;
ed up the gold, then laid it down; an
severe was the conflict in her heart betv
and evil.

We weep over the woes of romance
well-motived tears over the sorrows of
but, where is the fiction, however highly
and where the sorrows, however acute
deserve our pity and our sympathy so s
the *agony* and conflicts of a *penitent*, y
soul!—Of a soul that has turned to vi
forcibly pulled back again to vice,—that
own danger, without power to hurry fro
fascinated by the glittering bait, as the b
rattlesnake, it yields to it fatal alluremen
less of consequences! It was not withou
heartach, many a struggle, that Ann Be
way to the temptation, and put the g
pocket; and when she had done so, sh
her sister was ill, and had sent to beg
come to her, late as it was. Accordir
her lady was in bed, she obtained leav
her, and while she relieved her sister's
the two purloined sovereigns, the poor thi
fancied that she had done a good acti
never is sin so dangerous as when it has
in the shape of a deed of benevolence.
allured the Melbournes when they conce
faults from Lady Baryton; and its bitter
only too fast preparing.

"*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui co*
the proverb, or "the first step is the c
one." The next time her lady brou
ings to her, Ann pursued a new plan

telling the money over; but took care to make less than it was, by two or three pounds. Not ıg after, she told Lady Baryton that she must ve a new lock put on the drawer that held the oney, as she had certainly dropped the key *somewere;* and that, before she missed it, some one, e was sure, had been trying at the lock; for it ıs evidently hampered the last time she unlocked

"Well, then, get a new lock," replied her reless mistress; "however, let the drawer be rced now; and then we had better tell over the oney." The drawer was forced; they told the oney; and even Lady Baryton was conscious at some of it was missing. But, the *missing key,* ıd *hampered lock*, exonerated Ann from suspicion; pecially as Ann owned that she had *discovered* e loss before; and declared that, had not her la- y insisted on telling over the money, she had in- nded to replace it gradually, because she felt ırself responsible: while Lady Baryton, satisfied ıd deceived, recommended her to be on the watch r the thief; and soon forgot the whole circum- ance.

Lady Baryton thought herself, and perhaps she as, a woman of feeling. She never read the Old ailey convictions without mourning over the pri- ners condemned to death; and never read an ac- ıunt of an execution without shuddering. Still, from ant of reflection and a high-principled sense of what e owe to others, especially to those who are the ıembers of our own household, she never for one ıoment troubled herself to remember that she was ily throwing temptations in the way of a servant *commit the very* faults which led those convicts *ɔm she pitied,* to the fate which she deplore

Alas! what have those persons to an: every situation of life, who consider t dants and servants merely as such, with bering that they are, like themselves, l invisible world to come; and that, if tl pains to enlighten their minds, in order t immortal souls, they should, at least, be ver to *endanger* them.

In a few weeks after the dialogue g Lady Baryton bought some strings of India sale; and having, on her way the them to her jeweller, that he might c and see if there were enough to mak bracelets, she brought them home, b could not yet afford proper clasps to fa and these were committed to Ann's car Lord Baryton, the next week, gave his of diamond clasps, she sent the pearls up immediately. In the evening, h jeweller came to tell her that there were less than when she brought them befor they must have been stolen!" she exclai now I remember that Belson told me s there was a thief in the house."—"Ar said Lord Baryton, "that Belson is n herself?"—"Impossible! I had such ter of her! and I have trusted her im "It is not right to tempt even the mo replied Lord Baryton; "but we mus search made; and all the servants n amined."

They were so; but as Ann Belson *hardened* offender, she soon betrayed *her evident* misery and terror; and w *to prison* on her own *full* confession;

not help exclaiming, in the agony of her heart, "Oh, my lady! remember that I conjured you not to trust me!" and Lady Baryton's heart reproached her, at least for *some hours*. There were other hearts also that experienced self-reproach, and of a far longer duration; for the Melbournes, when they heard what had happened, saw that the seeming benevolence of their concealment had been a real injury, and had ruined her whom they meant to save. They saw that, had they told Lady Baryton the truth, that lady would either not have hired her, in spite of her skill, or she would have taken care not to put her in situations calculated to tempt her cupidity. But, neither Lady Baryton's regrets, nor self-reproach, nor the greater agonies of the *Melbournes*, could alter or avert the course of justice: and Ann Belson was condemned to death. She was, however, strongly recommended to mercy, both by the jury and the noble prosecutor; and her conduct in prison was so exemplary, so indicative of the deep contrition of a trembling, humble christian, that, at length, the intercession was not in vain; and the Melbournes had the comfort of carrying to her what was to them, at least, joyful news; namely, that her sentence was commuted for transportation.

Yet, even this mercy was a severe trial to the self-judged Melbournes; since they had the misery of seeing the affectionate nurse of their children, the being endeared to them by many years of active services, torn from all the tender ties of existence, and exiled for life as a felon to a distant land! exiled too for a crime which, had they performed their SOCIAL DUTY, she might never have committed. But the pain of mind which they en

dured on this lamentable occasion was not thrown away on them, as it awakened them to serious reflection: they learned to remember, and to teach their children to remember, the holy command, "that we are not to do evil, that good may come;" and that no deviation from truth and ingenuousness can be justified, even if it claims for itself the plausible title of the active or *passive* LIE OF BENEVOLENCE.

There is another species of withholding the truth, which springs from so amiable a source, and is so often practised even by pious christians, that, while I venture to say it is at variance with reliance on the wisdom and mercy of the Creator, I do so with reluctant awe. I mean a *concealment* of the whole extent of a calamity from the persons afflicted, lest the blow should fall too heavily upon them.

I would ask, whether such conduct be not inconsistent with the belief that trials are *mercies* in disguise? that the Almighty "loveth those whom he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son that he receiveth?"

If this assurance be true, we set our own judgment against that of the Deity, by concealing from the sufferer the extent of the trial inflicted: and seem to believe ourselves more capable than he is to determine the quantity of suffering that is good for the person so visited; and we set up our *finite* against *infinite* wisdom.

There are other reasons, besides religious ones, why this sort of deceit should no more be practised than any other.

The motive for withholding the whole truth, on *these* occasions, is to do good: but will the desired *good be* effected by this opposition to the Creator

aled will towards the sufferer? Is it certain good will be performed at all, or that conceal- t is necessary?

That is the reason given for concealing half the 1? Fear, lest the whole would be more than sufferer could bear; which implies that it is al- ly mighty, to an awful degree. Then, surely, gree more of suffering, at such a moment, can- possess much added power to destroy; and if trial be allowed to come in its full force, the d of the victim will make exactly the same ef- s as minds always do when oppressed by misery. state of heavy affliction is so repulsive to the lings, that even in the first paroxysms of it we make efforts to get away from under its weight; l in proof of this assertion, I ask, whether we not always find the afflicted less cast down than expected? The religious pray as well as ep: the merely moral look around for consola- n here; and, as a dog, when cast into the sea, as on as he rises and regains his breath, strikes out feet, in order to float securely upon the waves; be their sorrows great or small, all persons in- ntly strive to find support somewhere; and they find it, while in proportion to the depth of the liction is often the subsequent rebound.

I could point out instances (but I shall leave my aders to imagine them) in which, by concealing om the bereaved sufferers the most affecting part the truth, we stand between them and the balm rived from that very incident which was merciful- intended to heal their wounds.

I also object to such concealment; because it tails *upon those who* are guilty of it a series of *sehoods; falsehoods* too, which are often fruitless-

ly uttered; since the object of them is a
pect deceit, and endure that restless agoni
picion, which those who have ever exper
could never inflict on the objects of their lo

Besides, religion and reason enable us,
to l ar the calamity of which we *know* th
but we are always on the watch to find
which we only *suspect;* and the mind's
frittered away in vain and varied conjectur
the risk of sinking beneath the force of it
distinct fears.

Confidence, too, in those dear friends w
trusted before, is liable to be entirely de
and, in *all its bearings*, this well-*intentioned*
ure from truth is pregnant with mischief.

Lastly, I object to such concealment,
conviction that its continuance is IMPOSSIB
some time or other, the whole truth is re
a moment when the sufferers are not so
to bear it as they were in the first paro
grief.

In this, my next and last tale, I give a
lustration of those amiable but pernicious
LIES OF REAL BENEVOLENCE.

THE FATHER AND SON.

"WELL, then, thou art willing that Edga
go to a public school," said the vicar of
parish in Westmoreland to his weeping wife.
willing." "And yet thou art in tears, Suss
weep for his faults; and not because he

I grieve to think he is so disobedient and un- that we can manage him at home no longer. l yet I loved him so dearly! so much more than . . ." Here her sobs redoubled; and, as Ver- rested her aching head on his bosom, he said, low voice, "Aye; and so did I love him, even ter than our other children; and therefore, pro- ly, our injustice is thus visited. But, he is so ter! He learned more Latin in a week than brothers in a month!" "And he is so *beauti-* ?" observed his mother. "And so generous!" ined his father; "but, cheer up, my beloved; ler stricter discipline than ours he may yet do ll, and turn out all we could wish." "I hope, vever," replied the fond mother, "that his mas- will not be very severe; and I will try to look ward." As she said this, she left her husband h something like comfort; for a tender mother's pes for a darling child are easily revived, and she nt, with recovered calmness, to get her son's rdrobe ready against the day of his departure. e equally affectionate father meanwhile called son into the study, to prepare his mind for that ting which his undutiful conduct had made un- idable.

But Vernon found that Edgar's mind required preparation; that the idea of change was de- htful to his volatile nature; and that he panted distinguish himself on a wider field of action than mall retired village afforded to his daring, rest- spirit; while his father saw with agony, which could but ill *conceal*, that this desire of entering *a new situation* had power to annihilate all re- *at leaving the* tenderest of parents and the com- *ns of his childhood.*

However, his feelings were a little s
the parting hour arrived; for then t
Edgar was so melted within him at the
mother's tears, and his father's agony,
tered words of tender contrition, such
never heard from him before; the re
which spoke comfort to their minds wh
held him no longer.

But, short were the hopes which
hour had excited. In a few months th
the school wrote to complain of the ins
of his new pupil. In his next letter
that he should soon be under the nece
pelling him; and Edgar had not been a
months, before he prevented the threat
sion, only by running away, no one kn
Nor was he heard of by his family for
during which time, not even the dutiful
their other sons, nor their success in lif
to heal the breaking heart of the
cheer the depressed spirits of the father
the prodigal returned, ill, meagre, per
penitent; and was received, and forgi
where has thou been, my child, this
time?" said his mother, tenderly wee
gazed on his pale sunk cheek. "
questions! I am here; that is enou
Vernon replied, shuddering as he spa
enough!" cried his mother, throwing h
neck! "For this, my son, was dead,
again; was lost, and is found!" But t
and thought differently: he knew tha
duty to interrogate his son; and he w
sist on knowing where and how th
years had been passed. He, howe

tions till Edgar's health was re-established; but
ı that time arrived, he told him that he ex-
ɔd to know all that had befallen him since he
away from school. "Spare me till to-morrow."
Edgar Vernon, "and then you shall know all."
father acquiesced; but the next morning Ed-
ıad disappeared, leaving the following letter
nd him:

I cannot, dare not, tell you what a wretch I
been! though I own your right to demand
a confession from me. Therefore, I must be-
ı a wanderer again! Pray for me, dearest and
ɔrest of mothers! Pray for me, best of fathers
ɔf men! I dare not pray for myself, for I am
ı and wretched sinner, though your grateful
ffectionate son, E. V."

ıough this letter nearly drove the mother to
ıction, it contained for the father a degree of
ing comfort. She dwelt only on the convic-
vhich it held out to her, that she should pro-
never behold her son again; but *he* dwelt
ıious thankfulness on the sense of his guilt,
ssed by the unhappy writer; trusting that the
- who knows and owns himself to be "vile,"
when it is least expected of him, repent and
l.

w had those four years been passed by Edgar
ɔn? That important period of a boy's life,
'ears from fourteen to eighteen? Suffice it
nder a feigned name, in order that he might
ı traced, he had entered on board a merchant
that he had *left it* after he had made one
e; that he was taken into the service of what
d a sporting character, whom he had met
d ship, who saw that Edgar had talents and

spirit which he might render serviceable to his pursuits. This man, finding he was the son gentleman, treated him as such, and initiated gradually into the various arts of gambling, an vices of the metropolis; but one night they both surprised by the officers of justice at a gaming-house; and, after a desperate scuffle gar escaped wounded, and nearly killed, to a h in the suburbs. There he remained till he wa from pursuit, and then, believing himself in d of dying, he longed for the comfort of his pa roof; he also longed for paternal forgiveness: the prodigal returned to his forgiving parents.

But, as this was a tale which Edgar might shrink from relating to a pure and pious father, was far easier than such a confession. Still, deceitful is the human heart, and desperately ed, that I believe Edgar was beginning to fe monotony of his life at home, and therefore glad of an excuse to justify to himself his des escape into scenes more congenial to his h and now perverted nature. His father, ho continued to hope for his reformation, an therefore little prepared for the next intellige his son, which reached him through a private nel. A friend wrote to inform him that Edg taken up for having passed forged notes, kn them to be forgeries; that he would soon b committed to prison for trial; and would be with his accomplices at the ensuing assiz Middlesex.

At first, even the firmness of Vernon yiel the stroke, and he was bowed low to the But the confiding christian struggled ag sorrows of the suffering father, and overco

still, at last, he was able to exclaim, "I will go to him! I will be near him at his trial! I will be near him even at his death, if death be his portion! And no doubt, I shall be permitted to awaken him to a sense of his guilt Yes, I may be permitted to see him expire contrite before God and man, and calling on his name who is able to save to the uttermost!" But. just as he was setting off for Middlesex, his wife, who had long been declining, was, to all appearance, so much worse, that he could not leave her. She having had suspicions that all was not right with Edgar, contrived to discover the TRUTH, which had been *kindly*, but erroneously, concealed from her, and had sunk under the sudden, *unmitigated* blow; and the welcome intelligence, that the *prosecutor had withdrawn the charge*, came at a moment when the sorrows of the bereaved husband had closed the father's heart against the voice of gladness.

"This news came too late to save the poor victim!" he exclaimed, as he knelt beside the corpse of her whom he had loved so long and so tenderly; "and I feel that I cannot, cannot *yet* rejoice in it as I ought." But he soon repented of this ungrateful return to the mercy of Heaven; and, even before the body was consigned to the grave, he thankfully acknowledged that the liberation of his son was a ray amidst the gloom that surrounded him.

Meanwhile, Edgar Vernon, when unexpectedly liberated from what he knew to be certain danger to his life, resolved on the ground of having been *falsely taken up*, and as an innocent injured man *to visit his parents*; for he had heard of his mother *illness*; and his heart yearned to behold her c

more. But it was only in the dark hour that he dared venture to approach his home: and it was his intention to discover himself at first to his mother only.

Accordingly, the gray parsonage was scarcely visible in the shadows of twilight, when he reached the gate that led to the back door; at which he gently knocked, but in vain. No one answered his knock; all was still within and around. What could this mean? He then walked round the house, and looked in at the window; all there was dark and quiet as the grave; but the church bell was tolling, while alarmed, awed, and overpowered, he leaned against the gate. At this moment he saw two men rapidly pass along the road, saying, "I fear we shall be too late for the funeral! I wonder how the poor old man will bear it! for he loved his wife dearly!"—"Aye; and so he did that wicked boy, who has been the death of her;" replied the other.

These words shot like an arrow through the not yet callous heart of Edgar Vernon, and, throwing himself on the ground, he groaned aloud in his agony; but the next minute, with the speed of desperation, he ran towards the church, and reached it just as the service was over, the mourners departing, and as his father was borne away, nearly insensible, on the arms of his *virtuous* sons.

At such a moment Edgar was able to enter the church unheeded; for all eyes were on his afflicted parent; and the self-convicted culprit dared not force himself, at a time like that, on the notice of *the father* whom he had so grievously injured. *But his poor* bursting heart felt that it must ve

s agony, or break; and, ere the coffin was lowered into the vault, he rushed forward, and, throwing himself across it, called upon his mother's name, in an accent so piteous and appalling, that the assistants, though they did not recognize him at first, were unable to drive him away; so awed, so affected, were they by the agony which they witnessed.

At length he rose up and endeavoured to speak, but in vain; then, holding his clenched fists to his forehead, he screamed out, "Heaven preserve my senses!" and rushed from the church with all the speed of desperation. But whither should he turn those desperate steps? He longed, earnestly longed, to go and humble himself before his father, and implore that pardon for which his agonized soul pined. But, alas! earthly pride forbade him to indulge the salutary feeling; for he knew his worthy, unoffending brothers, were in the house, and he could not endure the mortification of encountering those whose virtues must be put in comparison with his vices. He therefore cast one long lingering look at the abode of his childhood, and fled for ever from the house of mourning, humiliation, and safety.

In a few days, however, he wrote to his father, detailing his reasons for visiting home, and all the agonies which he had experienced during his short stay. Full of consolation was this letter to that bereaved and mourning heart! for to him it seemed the language of contrition; and he lamented that his beloved wife was not alive, to share in the hope which it gave him. "Would that he had come, or would now come to me!" he exclaimed. At the letter had no date; and he knew not w

ther to send an invitation. But *where* was he, and *what* was he, at that period? In gambling-houses, at cock-fights, sparring-matches, fairs, and in every scene where profligacy prevailed the most; while at all these places he had a pre-eminence in skill, which endeared these pursuits to him, and made his occasional contrition powerless to influence him to amendment of life. He therefore continued to disregard the warning voice within him; till at length it was no longer heeded.

One night, when on his way to Y——, where races were to succeed the assizes, which had just commenced, he stopped at an inn, to refresh his horse; and, being hot with riding, and depressed by some recent losses at play, he drank very freely of the spirits which he had ordered. At this moment he saw a school-fellow of his in the bar, who, like himself, was on his way to Y——. This young man was of a coarse, unfeeling nature; and, having had a fortune left him, was full of the consequence of newly-acquired wealth.

Therefore when Edgar Vernon impulsively approached him, and putting his hand out, asked how he did, Dunham haughtily drew back, put his hands behind him, and, in the hearing of several persons, replied, "I do not know you, sir!"—"Not *know* me, Dunham?" cried Edgar Vernon, turning very pale. "That is to say, I do not *choose* to know you." "And why not?" cried Edgar, seizing his arm, and with a look of menace. "Because .... because .... I do not choose to know a man who murdered his mother." "*Murdered* his mother!" cried the by-standers, *holding* up their hands, and regarding Edgar Vernon with a look of horror. "Wretch!" cried he,

zing Dunham in his powerful grasp, "explain urself this moment, or" . . . .—"Then take ur fingers from my throat!" Edgar did so; d Dunham said, "I meant only that you broke ur mother's heart by your ill conduct; and ay, was not that murdering her?" While he is saying this, Edgar Vernon stood with folded ms, rolling his eyes wildly from one of the by-nders to the other; and seeing, as he believed, sgust towards him in the countenances of them l. When Dunham had finished speaking, Edgar ernon wrung his hands in agony, saying, "true, et true, I am a murderer! I am a parricide!" ien. suddenly drinking off a large glass of brandy ar him, he quitted the room, and, mounting his rse, rode off at full speed. Aim and object in w, he had *none*; he was only trying to ride from nself; trying to escape from those looks of hor- and aversion which the remarks of Dunham had voked. But what right had Dunham so to pro-ke him?

After he had put this question to himself, the age of Dunham, scornfully rejecting him his nd, alone took possession of his remembrance, he thirsted for revenge; and the irritation of the oment urged him to seek it immediately.

The opportunity, as he rightly suspected, was his power; Dunham would soon be coming that ay on his road to Y——; and he would meet n. He did so; and, riding up to him, seized e bridle of his horse, exclaiming, "you have lled me a murderer, Dunham; and you were ght; for, though I loved my mother dearly, and *uld have died for* her, I killed her by my wicked *urse of life!*" "Well, well; I know that," re-

plied Dunham, "so let me go! for I tell y
not like to be seen with such as you. Let
I say!"

He *did* let him go; but it was as the ti
go its prey, to spring on it again. A bl
Edgar's nervous arm knocked the rash
from his horse. In another minute Dunhar
the road a bleeding corpse; and the next
officers were out in pursuit of the murderer
wretched man was soon found, and soon
Indeed, he had not desired to *avoid* pursu
when the irritation of drunkenness and reve
subsided, the agony of remorse took posse
his soul; and he confessed his crime with
the bitterest penitence. To be brief: Ed
non was carried into that city as a manacle
nal, which he had expected to leave as a su
gambler; and, before the end of the assizes
condemned to death.

He made a full confession of his guilt b
judge pronounced condemnation; gave
statement of the provocation which he
from the deceased; blaming himself at t
time for his criminal revenge, in so heart-r
manner, and lamenting so pathetically the
and misery in which he had involved his fa
family, that every heart was melted to com
and the judge wept, while he passed on him
ful sentence of the law.

His conduct in prison was so exemplary
proved he had not forgotten his father's
though he had not acted upon them; and
thers, for whom he sent, found him in a
mind which afforded them the only and bes
lation. This contrite, lowly, christian sta

accompanied him to the awful end of his existence; and it might be justly said of him, that "nothing in his life became him like the losing it."

Painful, indeed, was the anxiety of Edgar and his brothers, lest their father should learn this horrible circumstance: but as the culprit was arraigned under a feigned name, and as the crime, trial, and execution, had taken, and would take up, so short a period of time, they flattered themselves that he would never learn how and where Edgar died; but would implicitly believe what was told him. They therefore wrote him word that Edgar had been taken ill at an inn, near London, on his *road home;* that he had sent for them; and they had little hopes of his recovery. They followed this letter of BENEVOLENT LIES as soon as they could, to inform him that all was over.

This plan was wholly disapproved by a friend of the family, who, on principle, thought all concealment wrong; and, probably, useless too.

When the brothers drove to his house, on their way home, he said to them, "I found your father in a state of deep submission to the divine will, though grieved at the loss of a child, whom not even his errors could drive from his affections. I also found him consoled by those expressions of filial love and reliance on the merits of his Redeemer, which you transmitted to him from Edgar himself. Now, as the poor youth died penitent, and as his crime was palliated by great provocation, I conceive that it would not add much to your father's distress, were he to be informed of the truth. You know that, from a principle of obedience *to the implied* designs of Providence, I object *to any concealment* on such occasions, but on this

disclosure would certainly be a *safer*, as w
more *proper*, mode of proceeding; for, th
does not read newspapers, he may one da
the fact as it is; and then the consequence
fatal to life or reason. Remember how i
cealment answered in your poor mother's
But he argued in vain. However, he c
leave to go with them to their father, that he
judge of the possibility of making the di
which he advised.

They found the poor old man leaning h
upon an open Bible, as though he had bee
ing over it. The sight of his sons in mourn
the tale which he dreaded to hear; and, w
their hands in silence, he left the room, b
returned; and with surprising composure
"Well; now I can bear to hear parti
When they had told him all they chose t
he exclaimed, melting into tears, "Eno
Oh, my dear sons and dear friend, it is a
grievous thing for a father to own; but I
sorrow to be a blessing! I had always fea
he would die a violent death, either by l
hand, or that of the executioner; (here t
looked triumphantly at each other;) theref
dying a penitent, and with humble christi
ance, is *such a relief to my mind!* Yes;
he might commit forgery, or even murder;
would have been dreadful!" "Dreadful, i
faltered out both the brothers, bursting int
while Osborne, choked, and almost co
turned to the window. "Yet," added he
in that case, if he had died penitent, I trus
could have borne the blow, and been abl
lieve the soul of my unhappy boy would

!" Here Osborne eagerly turned round, and uld have ventured to tell the truth; but was thheld by the frowns of his companions, and the ith *was not told.*

Edgar had not been dead above seven months, fore a visible change took place in his father's irits, and expression of countenance;—for the nstant dread of his child's coming to a terrible d had hitherto prayed on his mind, and render- his appearance haggard; but now he looked, d *was* cheerful; therefore his sons rejoiced, when- er they visited him, that they had not taken Os- me's advice. "You are wrong," said he, "he uld have been just as well, if he had known the nner of Edgar's death. It is not his *ignorance,* t the cessation of anxious suspense, that has thus ovated him. However, he may go in this igno- ce to his grave; and I earnestly hope he will so."—"Amen," said one of his sons; "for his is most precious to our children, as well as to

Our little boys are improving so fast under his ion!"

The consciousness of recovering health, as a nful affection of the breast and heart had great- ubsided since the death of Edgar, made the d old man wish to visit, during the summer nths, an old college friend, who lived in York- re; and he communicated his intentions to his s. But they highly disapproved them, because, ugh Edgar's dreadful death was not likely to revealed to him in the little village of R——, it ght be disclosed to him by some one or other ing a long journey.

However, as he was bent on going, they could find a sufficient excuse for preventing it; bu

they took every precaution possible. They v
to their father's intended host, desiring him to
all papers and magazines for the last seven mo
out of his way; and when the day of his depar
arrived, Osborne himself went to take a plac
him; and took care it should be in that c
which did not stop at, or go through York, in o
to obviate all possible chance of his hearing
murder discussed. But it so happened that a f
ly, going from the town whence the coach sta
wanted the whole of it; and, without leave,
non's place was transferred to the other co
which went the very road Osborne disappro
"Well, well; it is the same thing to me," said
good old man, when he was imformed of
change; and he set off, full of pious thankful
for the affectionate conduct and regrets of his
rishioners at the moment of his departure, as
lined the road along which the coach was to p
and expressed even clamorously their wishes fo
return.

The coach stopped at an inn outside the ci
York; and as Vernon was not disposed to eat
dinner, he strolled along the road, till he cam
a small church, pleasantly situated, and entered
church-yard to read, as was his custom, the ins
tions on the tombstones. While thus engaged
saw a man filling up a new-made grave, and
tered into conversation with him. He found it
the sexton himself; and he drew from him se
anecdotes of the persons interred around them.

During this conversation they had walked
the whole of the ground, when, just as they
going to leave the spot, the sexton stopped to
some weeds from a grave near the corn

l Vernon stopped also; taking hold, as he did of a small willow sapling, planted near the corner elf.

As the man rose from his occupation, and saw re Vernon stood, he smiled significantly, and d, "I planted that willow; and it is on a grave, ough the grave is not marked out."—'Indeed!" "Yes; it is the grave of a murderer."—"Of a urderer!"—echoed Vernon, instinctively shudring and moving away from it.—"Yes," resued he, "of a murderer who was hanged at York. oor lad! it was very right that he should be hang-l; but he was not a hardened villain! and he died penitent! and, as I knew him when he used to visit here I was groom, I could not help planting this e, for old acquaintance's sake." Here he drew s hand across his eyes. "Then he was not a w-born man."—"Oh no; his father was a clerman, I think."—"Indeed! poor man: was he ing at the time?" said Vernon, deeply sighing. Oh, yes; for his poor son did so fret, lest his her should ever know what he had done; for he id he had an angel upon earth; and he could not ar to think how he would grieve; for, poor lad, loved his father and his mother too, though he l so badly."—"Is his mother living?"—"No: she was, he would have been alive; but his evil urses broke her heart; and it was because the an he killed reproached him for having murdered s mother, that he was provoked to murder him." "Poor, rash, mistaken youth! then he had provocation."—"*Oh, yes*; the greatest: but he was *y sorry for what* he had done; and it would *e broken your* heart to hear him talk of his poor *er.*"—"*I am glad* I did not hear him," s

Vernon hastily, and in a faltering voice, (for thought of Edgar.) 'And yet, sir, it would ha done your heart good too."—"Then he had virt ous feelings, and loved his father amidst all his e rors;"—"Aye."—"And I dare say his father l ved him, in spite of his faults."—"I dare say l did," replied the man; "for one's children are o own flesh and blood you know, sir, after all that said and done; and may be this young fellow w spoiled in the bringing up."—"Perhaps so," sa Vernon, sighing deeply. "However, this poor l made a very good end."—"I am glad of that! an he lies here," continued Vernon, gazing on th spot with deepening interest, and moving nearer t it as he spoke. "Peace be to his soul! but w he not dissected?"—"Yes; but his brothers g leave to have the body after dissection. The came to me: and we buried it privately at night —"His brothers came! and who were his br thers?"—"Merchants, in London; and it was sad cut on them; but they took care that the father should not know it."—"No!" cried Ve non, turning sick at heart. "Oh no; they wro *him* word that his son was ill; then went Westmoreland, and . . . . ."—"Tell me," inte rupted Vernon, gasping for breath, and laying h hand on his arm, "tell me the name of this po youth!"—"Why, he was tried under a false nam for the sake of his family; but his real name w Edgar Vernon."

The agonized parent drew back, shuddered vi lently and repeatedly, casting up his eyes to heav at the same time, with a look of mingled ag and resignation. He then rushed to the ob spot which covered the bones of his son.

self upon it, and stretched his arms over it, as embracing the unconscious deposit beneath, ile his head rested on the grass, and he neither oke nor moved. But he uttered one groan: en all was stillness!

His terrified and astonished companion remain-l motionless for a few moments,—then stooped to ise him; but the FIAT OF MERCY had gone forth, nd the paternal heart, broken by the sudden shock, ad suffered, and breathed its last.

CHAPTER XI.

LIES OF WANTONNESS.

I COME NOW TO LIES OF WANTONNESS; that i lies told from no other motive but a love of lyin and to show the utterer's total contempt of trut and for those scrupulous persons of their acqua tance who look on it with reverence, and end vour to act up to their principles: lies, having th origin merely in a depraved fondness for speak and inventing falsehood. Not that persons of description confine their falsehoods to this so lying: on the contrary, they lie after this fash because they have exhausted the strongly-mo and more natural sort of lying. In such as t there is no more hope of amendment than th for the man of intemperate habits, who ha hausted life of its pleasures, and his constitu its energy. Such persons must go despis (terrible state of human degradation!) u unbelieved, into their graves.

.CTICAL LIES come last on my list; l
ıED, but ACTED; and dress will furni
nost of my illustrations.
ıas been said that the great art of dre
EAL DEFECTS and HEIGHTEN BEAUTIES;
as concealment is deception, this grea
s is founded on falsehood; but, certai
e instances, on falsehood, *comparatively*,
ɔcent kind.
f the false hair be so worn, that no one c
it natural; if the bloom on the cheek i
ıt it cannot be mistaken for nature; or,
rson who "conceals defects, and hei
ɔauties," openly avows the practice, ther
ɔception annihilated. But, if the cheek be
ılly tinted, that its hue is mistaken for natu
our; if the false hair be so skilfully woven
ɔasses for natural hair; if the crooked pe
meagre form, be so cunningly assisted by
that the uneven shoulder disappears, and b
fulness succeeds to unbecoming thinness,
man or woman thus assisted by art exp
charm will be imputed to *nature* alone; t
aids of dress partake of the nature of ot
and become equally vicious in the eyes
ligious and the moral.

I have said, the *man* or woman so a
art: and I believe that, by including t
sex in the above observation, I have
strictly just.

While men hide baldness by gluin
false hair on their heads, *meaning* th
pass for their own, and while a false ca
cular beauty to a shapeless leg, can
on human life do otherwise than in

ix in the list of those who indulge in the permitted tifices and mysteries of the toilet? Nay, bolder ill are the advances of some men into its sacred ıysteries. I have seen the eyebrows, even of the oung, darkened by the hand of art, and their cheeks eddened by its touch; and who has not seen in Bond-street, or *the* Drive, during the last twenty or hirty years, certain notorious men of fashion glowng in immortal bloom, and rivalling the dashing belle beside them?

As the foregoing observations on the practical lies of dress, have been mistaken by many, and have exposed me to severe, (and I think I may add,) unjust animadversions, I take the opportunity afforded me by a second edition, to say a few words in explanation of them.

I do not wish to censure any one for having recourse to art to hide the defects of nature; and, I have *expressly said*, that such practices are comparatively innocent: but, it seems to me, that they cease to be innocent, and become passive and practical lies also, if, when men and women hear the fineness of their complexion, hair, or teeth, commended in their presence, they do not own that the beauty so commended is entirely artificial, provided uch be really the case. But,

I am far from advising any one to be guilty of the unnecessary *egotism* of *volunteering* such an assurance; all I contend for is, that when we are praised r qualities, whether of mind or person, which we not possess, we are guilty of *passive*, if not of *actical* lying, if we do not disclaim our right to the *comium* bestowed.

The following also are PRACTICAL LIES of every *y's experience.*

Wearing paste for diamonds, intending tha false should be taken for the true; and purch brooches, pins, and rings of mock jewels, inten that they should pass for real ones. Passin gooseberry-wine at dinner for real Champai and English *liqueurs* for foreign ones. But these occasions, the motive is not always the n and contemptible wish of imposing on the cred of others; but it has sometimes its source in a gerous as well as deceptive ambition, *that of king an appearance beyond what the circumsta of the persons so deceiving really warrant; wish to be supposed to be more opulent than the ally are; that most common of all the practical as ruin and bankruptcy follow in its train.* lady who purchases and wears paste, which hopes will pass for diamonds, is usually one has no right to wear jewels at all; and the ge man who passes off gooseberry-wine for Cl paigne is, in all probability, aiming at a styl living beyond his situation in society.

On some occasions, however, when ladies stitute paste for diamonds, the substitution te tale of greater error still. I mean, when l wear mock for real jewels, because their ext gance has obliged them to raise money on the ter; and they are therefore constrained to kee the appearance of their necessary and accust splendour, by a PRACTICAL LIE.

The following is another of the PRACTICAL in common use.

The medical man, who desires his servant to him out of church, or from a party, in order to *him the* appearance of the great business wh *has not,* is guilty not of uttering, but of a

ood; and the author also, who makes his
her put second and third editions before a
of which, perhaps, not even the first edition
l.

, the most fatal to the interests of others,
ı perhaps the most pitiable of practical lies,
ıose acted by men who, though they know
elves to be in the gulf of bankruptcy, either
vishing to put off the evil day, or from the
ary hope that something will occur unexpect-
ı save them, launch out into increased splen-
ıf living, in order to obtain further credit, and
ı their acquaintances to intrust their money to

ere is, however, one PRACTICAL LIE more fatal
ı my opinion; because it is the practice of
ls, and consequently the sin of early life;—
od of existence in which it is desirable, both
eneral and individual good, that habits of
and integrity should be acquired, and strictly
ed to. I mean the pernicious custom which
ls amongst boys, and probably girls, of get-
ıeir school-fellows to do their exercises for
or consenting to do the same office for
.

ne will say, "but it would be so ill-natured to
to write one's school-fellows' exercises, espe-
when one is convinced that they cannot
them for themselves." But, leaving the
on of truth and falsehood *unargued* a while,
examine coolly that of the probable good or
one to the parties obliged.

at are children sent to school for?—to learn.
hen there, what are the motives which are
ke them learn? dread of punishment, and

hope of distinction and reward. There children so stupid, as not to be led on to by one or both of these motives, however they may be; but, if these motives be no their proper scope of action, the stupid never take the trouble to learn, if he find can avoid punishment, and gain reward, by ing on some more diligent boy to do his for him. Those, therefore, who thus ind school-fellows, do it at the expense of th welfare, and are in reality *foes* where the themselves *friends*. But, generally speal have not even *this* excuse for their pernici pliance, since it springs from want of suffic ness to say no,—and deny an earnest requ command of principle. But, to such I w this question:—" Which is the real friend t the person who gives the sweetmeats asks for, at the risk of making it ill, merel it were *so hard* to refuse the dear little the person who, considering only the int health of the child, resists its importunitie grieved to deny its request? No doubt would give the palm of *real* kindness, *real* ture, to the *latter*; and in like manner, the *refuses* to do his school-fellow's task is n kind, more truly good natured to him, thar

s in which school-fellows may assist each
ıout any violation of truth, and without
th them in the PRACTICAL LIE, by impo-
ɜir masters, as theirs, lessons which they
e.

mmon practice in schools is a PRACTICAL
ısiderable importance, from its frequen-
ecause, as I before observed, the result
ıt the first step which a child sets in a
ıto the midst of deceit—tolerated, che-
eit. For, if children are quick at learn-
are called upon immediately to enable
deceive; and, if dull, they are enabled to
ɔorrowed plumes themselves.

en have I heard men in mature life say,
knew such a one at school; he was a
fellow, but so dull! I have often done
es for him." Or, I have heard the con-
rted. "Such a one was a very clever
ıool indeed; he has done many an exer-
; for he was *very good natured*." And
case was the speaker conscious that he
guilty of the meanness of deception him-
ɜn accessary to it in another.

also correct their children's exercises,
ıy enable them to put a deceit on the
ɔt only by this means convincing their
ɔf their own total disregard of truth, a
doubtless most pernicious in its effects
ung minds; but as full of folly as it is of
rinciple, since the deceit cannot fail of
ɜcted, whenever the parents are not at
ɔrd *their* assistance.

t necessary that this school delinquency
t! Is it not advisable that children

should learn the rudiments of truth, falsehood, with those of their mother tor classics? Surely masters and mistre watch over the morals, while improvin of youth. Surely parents ought to be solicitous that their children should al truth, and be corrected by their precep tering falsehood. Yet, of what use c correct a child for telling a spontaneous impulse of strong temptation, if that ch daily habit of deceiving his master on of assisting others to do so? While practice with regard to exercise-mak while boys and girls go up to their prec lies in their hands, whence, sometime they are transferred to their lips; eve truth will be taught in schools, as a ne ral duty, must be totally, and for ever, a

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CHAPTER XII.

OUR OWN EXPERIENCE ON THE PAINFUL LYING.

I CANNOT point out the mischievous impolicy of lying better than by referrir ers to their own experience. Which o not know some few persons, at least, habitual disregard of truth they have ed; and with whom they find intimacy *as well* as unsafe; because confidence *and cement* of intimacy, is wholly w *intercourse*? Which of my readers

ı obliged to say, "I ought to add, that my a
ty for what I have just related, is only Mr. and
such-a-one, or a certain young lady, or a cer-
young gentleman; therefore, you know what
t is to be given to it."

has been asserted, that every town and village
its idiot; and, with equal truth, probably, it
be advanced, that every one's circle of ac-
ıtances contains one or more persons known to
ıbitual liars, and always mentioned as such. I
be asked, "if this be so, of what consequence
! And how is it mischievous? If such per-
are known and chronicled as liars, they can
ive no one, and, therefore, can do no harm."

this is not true: we are not always on our
d, either against our own weakness, or against
of others; and if the most notorious liar tells
omething which we wish to believe, our wise
ution never to credit or repeat what he has
us, fades before our desire to confide in him
ıis occasion. Thus, even in spite of caution,
ecome the agents of his falsehood; and, though
s of truth, are the assistants of lying.

or are there many of my readers, I venture to
ɔunce, who have not at some time or other
ıeir lives, had cause to lament some violation of
, of which they themselves were guilty, and
h at the time, they considered as wise, or posi-
y unavoidable.

ıt the greatest proof of the impolicy even of
sional lying is, that it exposes one to the dan-
of never being believed in future. It is difficult
ve implicit credence to those who have once
ived us; when they did so deceive, they were
ned by a motive sufficiently powerful to over-

came their regard for truth; and how can
be sure, that equal temptation is not alway
and always overcoming them?

Admitting, that perpetual distrust a
those who are known to be frequent vi
truth, it seems to me that the liar is, as
not. He is, as it were, annihilated for a
portant purposes of life. That man or
no better than a nonentity, whose simple
is not credited immediately. Those wh
no one dares to repeat, without naming
rity, lest the information conveyed by the
be too implicitly credited, such persons, I
exist, as if they existed not. They rese
diseased eye, which, though perfect in
appearance, is wholly useless, because
perform the function for which it was cr
of seeing; for, of what use to others, an
benefit to themselves, can those be who
are always suspected of uttering falsel
whose words, instead of inspiring confid
aul and cement of society, and of mutu
are received with offensive distrust, and
peated without caution and apology?

I shall now endeavour to show, that
the truth does not imply a necessity
the feelings of any one: but that, even

which may, if truly answered, wound either my sensibility or my self-love, I should be rightly served, if replied to by a *home truth;* but, taking conversation according to its general tenor—that is, under the usual restraints of decorum and propriety—truth and benevolence will, I believe, be found to go hand in hand; and not, as is commonly imagined, be opposed to each other. For instance, if a person in company be old, plain, affected, vulgar in manners, or dressed in a manner unbecoming their years, my utmost love of truth would never lead me to say, "how old you look! or how plain you are! or how improperly dressed! or how vulgar! and how affected!" But, if this person were to say to me, "do I not look old? am I not plain? am I not improperly dressed? am I vulgar in manners?" and so on, I own that, according to my principles, I must, in my reply, adhere to the strict truth, after having vainly tried to avoid answering, by a serious expostulation on the folly, impropriety, and indelicacy of putting such a question to any one. And what would the consequence be? The person so answered would, probably, never like me again. Still, by my reply, I might have been of the greatest service to the indiscreet questioner. If ugly, the inquirer being convinced that not on outward charms could he or she build their pretensions to please, might study to improve in the more permanent graces of mind and manner. If growing old, the inquirer might be led by my reply, to reflect seriously on the brevity of life, and try to grow in grace while advancing in years. If ill-dressed, or in a manner unbecoming a certain time of life, the inquirer might be led to improve in this particular, and be no longer expo

to the sneer of detraction. If vulgar, the inquiry might be induced to keep a watch in future on the admitted vulgarity; and, if affected, might endeavour at greater simplicity, and less pretension in appearance.

Thus, the temporary wound to the self-love of the inquirer might be attended with lasting benefit, and benevolence in reality be not wounded, but gratified. Besides, as I have before observed, the truly benevolent can always find a balm for the wounds which duty obliges them to inflict.

Few persons are so entirely devoid of external and internal charms, as not to be subjects for some kind of commendation; therefore, I believe, the means may always be found to smooth down the plumes of that self-love which principle has obliged us to ruffle. But, if it were to become a general principle of action in society to utter spontaneous truth, the difficult situation in which I have painted the utterers of truth to be placed, would, in time be impossible; for, if certain that the truth would be spoken, and their suspicions concerning their defects confirmed, none would dare to put such questions as I have enumerated. Those questions sprung from the hope of being contradicted and flattered, and were that hope annihilated, no one would ever so question again.

I shall observe here, that those who make mortifying observations on the personal defects of their friends, or on any infirmity either of body or mind are not actuated by the love of truth, or by any good motive whatever; but that such unpleasant *sincerity* is merely the result of coarseness of mind and a mean desire to inflict pain and mortification: therefore, if the utterer of them be noble

en royal, I should still bring a charge against em, terrible to "ears polite," that of ill-breeding ıd positive *vulgarity*.

All human beings are convinced in the closet of ıe importance of truth to the interests of society, ıd of the mischief which they experience from ing, though few comparatively think the practice f the one, and avoidance of the other. binding ither on the christian or the moralist, when they re acting in the busy scenes of the world. Nor, an I wonder at this inconsistency, when boys and irls, as I have before remarked, however they ıay be taught to speak the truth at home, are so ften tempted into the tolerated commission of ılsehood as soon as they set their foot into a pub- c school.

But we must wonder still less at the little shame hich attaches to what is called WHITE LYING, hen we see it sanctioned in the highest assem- lies in this kingdom.

It is with fear and humility that I venture to lame a custom prevalent in our legislative meet- ıgs; which, as christianity is declared to be "part nd parcel of the law of the land," ought to be hristian as well as wise; and where every mem- er, feeling it binding on him individually to act ccording to the legal oath, should speak the truth, nd nothing *but* the truth. Yet, what is the real tate of things there on some occasions?

In the heat (the pardonable heat, perhaps) of olitical debates, and from the excitement produ- ed by collision of wits, a noble lord, or an hon- urable commoner, is betrayed into severe person- comment on his antagonist. The unavoidabl ıseqeuence, as it is *thought*, is apology, or duel.

a civilized and christian land, be at once
Oh! the method is easy enough. "It
as lying," and lying is the remedy. A
or an honourable member, gets up, and
undoubtedly his noble or honourable fi
such and such words; but, no doubt
those words he did not mean what th
usually mean; but he meant so and s
one on the other side immediately rises
of the *offended*, and says, that if the *of*
say that by so and so, he did not mean
the *offended* will be perfectly satisfied.
the offender rises, declares that by *black*
mean *black*, but *white*; in short, that blac
and white black; the offended says,
am satisfied! the honourable house is sat
that life is put out of peril, and what is
nour is satisfied by the sacrifice ONLY of t

I must beg leave to state, that no on

he is told, in order to return his half-drawn sword to the scabbard, or his pistol to the holster, that black means white, and white means black.

However, he has his resource; he may ultimately tell the truth, declare himself, when out of the house, unsatisfied; and may (horrible alternative!) *peril* his life, or that of his opponent. But is there no other course which can be pursued by him who gave the offence? Must apology, to *satisfy*, be made in the language of falsehood? Could it not be made in the touching and impressive language of truth? Might not the perhaps already penitent offender say, "no: I will not be guilty of the meanness of subterfuge. By the words which I uttered, I meant at the moment what those words conveyed, and nothing else. But I then saw through the medium of passion; I spoke in the heat of resentment; and I now scruple not to say that I am sorry for what I said, and entreat the pardon of him whom I offended. If he be not satisfied, I know the consequences, and must take the responsibility."

Surely an apology like this would satisfy any one, however offended; and if the adversary were not contented, the noble or honourable house would undoubtedly deem his resentment brutal, and he would be constrained to pardon the offender, in order to avoid disgrace.

But I am not contented with the conclusion of the apology which I have put into the mouth of the offending party; for I have made him willing, if necessary, to comply with the requirings of *worldly honour*. Instead of ending his apology in that unholy manner, I should have wished it to end thus: "*But if this* heartfelt apology be not sufficient

spect I value, shall induce me to put in
his life or my own."

If he and his opponent be married
above all, if he be *indeed* a christian, he
"I will not, for any *personal* consider
the risk of making his wife and mine a
his children and my own fatherless. I
the risk of disappointing that confiding
which looks up to us for happiness and
by any rash and selfish action of mine.
not actuated to this refusal by this co
alone; I am withheld by one more bi
more powerful still. For I remember th
taught in the Bible, and confirmed in the
tament; and I cannot, will not, *dare* not
to single and deadly combat, in opposi
awful command, 'thou shalt not kill!'"

Would any one, however narrow and
his conceptions, venture to condemn as
meanly shrinking from the responsibility

their enemies in battle, and brought the loftiest low; still, (I must venture to assert,) he who can dare, for the sake of conscience, to speak and act counter to the prejudices and passions of the world at the risk of losing his standing in society, such a man is a hero in the best sense of the word; his is courage of the most difficult kind; that moral courage, founded indeed on *fear*, but a fear that trampies firmly on every fear of man; for it is that holy fear, the FEAR OF GOD.

CHAPTER XIII.

LYING THE MOST COMMON OF ALL VICES.

I HAVE observed in the preceding chapter, and elsewhere, that all persons, in *theory*, consider lying as the most odious, mean, and pernicious practice. It is also one which is more than almost any other reproved, if not punished, both in servants and children;—for parents, those excepted, whose moral sense has been rendered utterly callous, or who never possessed any, mourn over the slightest deviation from truth in their offspring, and visit it with instant punishment. Who has not frequently heard masters and mistresses of families declaring that some of their servants were such liars that they could keep them no longer? Yet, trying and painful as *intercourse* with liars is universally allowed to be, since confidence, that necessary guardian of domestic peace, cannot exist where they are; lying *is undoubtedly*, THE MOST COMMON OF ALL VICES A *friend of* mine was once told by a confessor, th

it was the one most *frequently confessed* tc
and I am sure that if we enter society wit
open to detect this propensity, we shall sc
convinced, that there are few, if any, of o
quaintance, however distinguished for virtue
are not, on some occasions, led by good and
cient motives, in their own opinion at least,
to violate or withhold the truth with intent
ceive. Nor do their most conscious or ev
tected deviations from veracity fill the gener
the world with shame or compunction. l
commit any other sins, they shrink from a
them ; but I have often heard persons confe
they had, on certain occasions, uttered a
falsehood, with an air which proved them
proud of the deceptive skill with which it
tered, adding, "but it was only a white li
know," with a degree of self-complacency
showed that, in their eyes, a white lie was n
all. And what is more common than to hei
the professedly pious, as well as the moral,
that a deviation from truth, or, at least, withl
the truth, so as to deceive, is sometimes abs
necessary? Yet, I would seriously ask of tho
thus argue, whether, when they repeat the
mandment, "thou shalt not steal," the
willing to admit, either in themselves or ot
mental reservation, allowing them to *pil*
any degree, or even in the slightest particular
free with the property of another? Woul
think that pilfering tea or sugar was a
fault in a servant, and excusable under
temptations? They would answer "no;"
ready to say in the words of the apostle, "
ever in this respect shall offend in one

guilty of all." Yet, I venture to assert, that *lit-lying*, alias white lying, is as much an infringe-ent of the moral law against "speaking leasing," little pilfering is of the commandment not to al; and I defy any consistent moralist to escape om the obligation of the principle which I here y down.

The economical rule, "take care of the pence, d the pounds will take care of themselves," ay, with great benefit, be applied to morals. ew persons, comparatively, are exposed to the nger of committing *great crimes*, but all are daily d hourly tempted to commit *little sins*. Be-are, therefore, of slight deviations from purity d rectitude, and great ones *will take care of emselves;* and the habit of resistance to trivial ns will make you able to resist temptation to er-rs of a more culpable nature; and as those per-ns will not be likely to exceed improperly in ounds, who are laudably saving in pence, and as ttle lies are to *great ones*, what pence are to ounds, if we acquire a habit of telling truth on ivial occasions, we shall never be induced to vio-te it on serious and important ones.

I shall now borrow the aid of others to strength-n what I have already said on this important sub-ct, or have still to say; as I am painfully con-cious of my own inability to do justice to it; nd if the good which I desire be but effected, I m willing to resign to others the merit of the suc-cess.

In a gallery of moral philosophers, of Bacon, in my opinion, resembles that in a gallery of pictures; and some of cessors not only look up to him as auth certain excellences, but, making him, i sure, their study, they endeavour to diff their own productions the beauty of his tions, and the depth and breadth of his I am, therefore, sorry that those passag Essay on Truth which bear upon the s fore me, are so unsatisfactorily brief;— as even a sketch from the hand of a mas luable, I give the following extracts from in question.

"But to pass from theological and phil truth—to truth, or rather veracity, in civil it will be acknowledged, even by those wh it not, that clear and sound dealing is the h man's nature, and that mixture of falseho

y that a man lies, is as much as to say, that he is a avado towards God, and a coward towards man. For the liar insults God, and crouches to man." *Essay on Truth.*

I hope I have derived considerable assistance from Addison; as he ranks so very high in the list of moral writers, that Dr. Watts said of his greatest work, "There is so much virtue in the eight volumes of the Spectator, such a reverence of things sacred; so many valuable remarks for our conduct in life, that they are not improper to lie in parlours, or summer-houses, to entertain one's thoughts in any moments of leisure." But, in spite of his fame as a moralist, and of this high eulogium from one of the best authorities, Addison appears to have done very little as an advocate for spontaneous truth, and an assailant of spontaneous lying; and has been much less zealous and effective than either Hawkesworth or Johnson. However, what he has said is well said; and I have pleasure in giving it.

"The great violation of the point of honour from man to man is, giving the lie. One may tell another that he drinks and blasphemes, and it may pass unnoticed; but to say he lies, though but in jest, is an affront that nothing but blood can expiate. The reason perhaps may be, because no other vice implies a want of courage so much as the making of a lie; and, therefore, telling a man he lies, is touching him in the most sensible part of honour, and indirectly calling him a coward. I cannot omit, under this head, what Herodotus tells us of the ancient Persians; that, from the age of five years to twenty, they instruct their sons only in three things; —*to manage* the horse, to make use of the bow *and to speak the truth.*"—SPECTATOR, Letter 99.

I know not whence Addison took the extr from which I give the following quotation, but I fer my readers to No. 352 of the Spectator.

"Truth is always consistent with itself, needs nothing to help it out; it is always ne hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to d out, before we are aware: whereas a LIE is troul some, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; one break wants a great many more to mak good. It is like building on a false foundati which continually stands in need of props to k it up, and proves at last more chargeable than have raised a substantial building at first upon a t and solid foundation: for sincerity is firm and s stantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsoun it; and, because it is plain and open, fears no covery, of which the crafty man is always in d ger. All his pretences are so transparent, that that runs may read them; he is the last man t finds himself to be found out; and while he tal it for granted that he makes fools of others, he r ders himself ridiculous. Add to all this, that cerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an cellent instrument for the speedy despatch of siness. It creates confidence in those we h to deal with, saves the labour of many inquir and brings things to an issue in a few words. I like travelling in a plain beaten road, which co monly brings a man sooner to his journey than ways, in which men often lose themselves. I word, whatsoever convenience may be though be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon ov but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, becau *brings a man* under an everlasting jealousy and *picion, so* that he is not believed when he

ith, nor trusted, perhaps, when he means honestly. hen a man has once forfeited the reputation of his :egrity, he is set fast, and nothing will serve his rn; neither truth nor falsehood."

Dr. Hawkesworth, in the "Adventurer," makes ing the subject of a whole number; and begins us:—"When Aristotle was once asked what a an could gain by uttering falsehoods, he replied, ıot to be credited when he shall speak the truth.' he character of a liar is at once so hateful and ntemptible, that even of those who have lost their rtue, it might be expected that, from the violation truth, they should be restrained by their pride;" ıd again, "almost every other vice that disgraces ıman nature may be kept in countenance by apause and association . . . . . The liar, and ıly the liar, is invariably and universally despised, ıandoned, and disowned. It is natural to expect at a crime thus generally detested should be gerally avoided, &c. Yet, so it is, that, in defiance censure and contempt, truth is frequently vioted; and scarcely the most vigilant and unremitd circumspection will secure him, that mixes with ankind, from being hourly deceived by men of hom it can scarcely be imagined that they mean ıy injury to him, or profit to themselves." He ıen enters into a copious discussion of the lie of ınity, which he calls the most common of lies, and ot the least mischievous; but I shall content myılf with only one extract from the conclusion of ıis paper. "There is, I think, an ancient law in cotland, by which LEASING MAKING was capitally ınished. I am, indeed, far from desiring to inease in this country the number of executions t, I cannot but think that they who destroy

confidence of society, weaken the credit (gence, and interrupt the security of life, n properly be awakened to a sense of their (denunciations of a whipping-post or pillo many are so insensible of right and wrong, have no standard of action *but the law*, nor but as they dread *punishment*."

In No. 54 of the same work, Dr. Haw says, "that these men, who consider the tion of some vices as a compliment, woul that of a lie as an insult, for which *life* o atone. Lying, however," he adds, "doe cur more infamy than it deserves, thou vices incur less. But," continues he, " equal *turpitude* and yet greater *meanness*, forms of speech which deceive without dir hood. The crime is committed with gr liberation, as it requires more contrivance the offenders the use of language is to verted. They conceal a meaning opposit which they express; their speech is a kind propounded for an evil purpose."

"Indirect lies, more effectually than o stroy that mutual confidence which is said band of society. They are more frequ peated, because they are not prevente dread of detection. Is it not astonishin practice so universally infamous, should no generally avoided? To think, is to ren and, that I may fix the attention of my little longer upon the subject, I shall rela which, perhaps, by those who have much s *will not soon be* forgotten."

He then proceeds to relate a story, *think*, more full of moral teaching the

ever read on the subject; and so superior to the preceding ones written by myself, that I am glad there is no necessity for me to bring them in immediate competition with it; and that all I need do, is to give the moral of that story. Dr. Hawkesworth calls the tale "the Fatal Effects of False Apologies and Pretences;" but "the fatal effects of *white lying*," would have been a juster title: and perhaps my readers will be of the same opinion, when I have given an extract from it. I shall preface the extract by saying, that by a series of white lies, well-intentioned, but, like all lies, mischievous in their result, either to the purity of the moral feeling, or to the interests of those who utter them, jealousy was aroused in the husband of one of the heroines, and duel and death were the consequences. The following letter, written by the too successful combatant to his wife, will sufficiently explain all that is necessary for my purpose.

"My dear Charlotte, I am the most wretched of all men; but I do not upbraid you as the cause. Would that I were not more guilty than you! We are the martyrs of dissimulation. But your dissimulation and falsehood were the effects of mine. By the success of *a lie, put into the mouth of a chairman*, I was prevented reading a letter which would at last have undeceived me; and, by persisting in dissimulation, the Captain has made his friend a fugitive, and his wife a widow. Thus does insincerity terminate in misery and confusion, whether in its immediate purpose it succeeds, or is disappointed. If we ever meet again, (to meet again *in peace is impossible*, but, if we ever meet again,) *let us resolve* to be sincere; to be sincere is to *wise, innocent*, and *safe*. We venture to cor

faults which shame or fear would prevent
not hope to conceal them by a lie. But
byrinth of falsehood, men meet those e
they seek to avoid; and, as in the strai
truth alone they can see before them, in t
path of truth alone they can pursue felicit
cess. Adieu! I am . . . . dreadful! . .
subscribe nothing that does not reproa
ment me."

Within a few weeks after the receipt of
the unhappy lady heard that her husban
away, in his passage to France.

I shall next bring forward a greater c
truth than the author of the Adventurer
her cause into the hands of the mighty au
Rambler. Boswell, in his Life of Dr
says thus:—

"He would not allow his servant to s
not at home when he really was." "A
strict regard for truth," said he, "must b
ed by the practice. A *philosopher* may
it is merely a *form of denial*: but few s
such *nice distinguishers*. If I accustom a
tell a lie for *me*, have I not reason to appr
he will tell many lies for *himself?*" *

* Boswell adds, in his own person, "I am however
every servant, of any degree of intelligence, unders
his master is not at home, not at all as the affirmation
as customary words, intimating that his master wis
seen; so that there can be no bad effect from it." So
of the world; and so say almost *all* the men of the w
men too. But, even they will admit that the opinion
of more weight, on a question of morals, than that of
I beg leave to add that of another powerful-minded
Scott, the editor of the Bible, says, in a note to the f
Judges, "A very criminal deviation from simplici

"The importance of strict and scrupulous veracity," says Boswell, *vol.* ii. *pp.* 454-55, "cannot be so often inculcated. Johnson was known to be so rigidly attentive to it, that, even in his common conversation, the slightest circumstance was mentioned with exact precision. The knowledge of his having such a principle and habit made his friends have a perfect reliance on the truth of EVERY THING THAT HE TOLD, however it might have been DOUBTED, if told by OTHERS.

"What a bribe and a reward does this anecdote hold out to us to be accurate in relation! for, of all *privileges*, that of being considered as a person on whose veracity and accuracy every one can implicitly rely, is perhaps the most valuable to a social being." *Vol.* iii. *p.* 450.

"Next morning, while we were at breakfast," observes the amusing biographer, "Johnson gave a very earnest recommendation of what he himself

is become customary amongst professed Christians. I mean the instructing and requiring servants to *prevaricate* (to word it no more harshly) in order that their masters may be preserved from the inconvenience of unwelcome visitants. And it should be considered whether they who require their servants to disregard the truth, for their pleasure, will not teach them an evil lesson, and habituate them to use falsehood for their own pleasure also" When I first wrote on this subject, I was not aware that writers of such eminence as those from whom I *now* quote had written respecting this *Lie of Convenience;* but it is most gratifying to me to find the truth of my humble opinion confirmed by such men as Johnson, Scott, and Chalmers.

I know not who wrote a very amusing and humorous book, called "Thinks I to Myself;" but this subject is admirably treated there, and with effective ridicule, as, indeed, is worldly insincerity in general.

practised with the utmost conscientiousness; mean, a strict regard to truth, even in the mo minute particulars. 'Accustom your childre said he, 'constantly to this. If a thing happen at one window, and they, when relating it, say th it happened at another, do not let it pass; but i stantly check them; *you don't know where deviati from truth will end.*' Our lively hostess, whose fa cy was impatient of the rein, fidgetted at this, an ventured to say, 'this is too much. If Mr. Joh son should forbid me to drink tea, I would comp as I should feel the restraint only twice a day; b little variations in narrative must happen a thousa times a-day, if one is not perpetually watching Johnson. 'Well, madam; and you *ought* to be pe *petually watching*. It is more from *carelessness abo truth*, than from *intentional lying*, that there is s much falsehood in the world.'"

"Johnson inculcated upon all his friends the im portance of perpetual vigilance against the slighte degree of falsehood; the effect of which, as Sir Jo shua Reynolds observed to me, has been, that a who were of his *school* are distinguished for a love truth and accuracy, which they would not have po sessed in the same degree, if they had not been a quainted with Johnson."*

"We talked of the casuistical question," sa Boswell, *vol.* iv. 334, "whether it was allowable any time to depart from truth." Johnson. "Th general rule is, that truth should never be violate because it is of the utmost importance to the co

* *However* Boswell's self-flattery might blind him, what ha *relative to the* harmlessness of servants denying their masters, m *him an exception* to this general rule.

of life that we should have a full security by
ual faith; and occasional inconveniences should
villingly suffered, that we may preserve it. I
y," he observed further on, "the lawfulness of
ng a lie to a sick man, for fear of alarming him.
*have no business with consequences; you are to
the truth.*'"

eaving what the great moralist himself added
his subject, because it is not necessary for my
ose, I shall do Boswell the justice to insert the
wing testimony, which he himself bears to the
ortance of truth.

I cannot help thinking that there is much
ght in the opinion of those who have held that
h, as an eternal and immutable principle, is ne-
to be violated for supposed, previous, or superior
gations, of which every man being led to judge
himself, there is great danger that we too often,
n partial motives, persuade ourselves that they
it; and, probably, whatever extraordinary in-
ices may sometimes occur, where some evil may
prevented by violating this noble principle, it
ld be found that human happiness would, *upon
whole*, be more perfect, were truth universally
served."

But, however just are the above observations,
y are inferior in pithinesss, and practical power,
he following few words, extracted from another
Johnson's sentences. "All truth is not of
al importance; but, if *little violations be allowed,
ry violation will, in time, be thought little.*"

The following quotation is from the 96th number
he Rambler. It is the introduction to an Alle-
, *called* Truth, Falsehood, and Fiction; bu

as I think his didactic is here superior to his na tive, I shall content myself with giving the first.

"It is reported of the Persians, by an anci writer, that the sum of their education consisted teaching youth to ride, to shoot with the bow, to speak truth. The bow and the horse were e ly mastered; but it would have been happy if had been informed by what arts veracity was cu vated, and by what preservations a Persian m was secured against the temptations of falsehood

"There are, indeed, in the present corrupti of mankind, many incitements to forsake truth; need of palliating our own faults, and the con nience of imposing on the ignorance or credulit others, so frequently occur; so many immed evils are to be avoided, and so many present gr fications obtained by craft and delusion; that few of those who are much entangled in life, h spirit and constancy sufficient to support then the steady practice of open veracity. In order all men may be taught to speak truth, it is neces ry that all likewise should learn to hear it; fo species of falsehood is more frequent than flatt to which the coward is betrayed by fear, the pendant by interest, and the friend by tendern Those who are neither servile nor timorous, yet desirous to bestow pleasure; and, while un demands of praise continue to be made, there always be some whom hope, fear, or kindness, dispose to pay them."

There cannot be a stronger picture given of difficulties attendant on speaking the strict tr *and I own* I feel it to be a difficulty which i *quires the* highest of motives to enable us to

ne. Still, as the old proverb says, "where re is a will, there is a way;" and if that will be rived from the only right source, the only effec- n motive, I am well convinced, that all obstacles the utterance of spontaneous truth would at gth vanish, and that falsehood would become as re as it is contemptible and pernicious.

The contemporary of Johnson and Hawkesworth, nd Kames, comes next on my list of moral wri- s, who have treated on the subject of truth: but I not able to give more than a short extract from Sketches of the History of Man; a work which d no small reputation in its day, and was in every e's hand, till eclipsed by the depth and brilliancy more modern Scotch philosophers.

He says, p. 169, in his 7th section, with respect veracity in particular, "man is so constituted, at he must be indebted to information for the owledge of most things that benefit or hurt him; d if he could not depend on information, society uld be very little benefited. Further, it is wise- ordered, that we should be bound by the moral nse to speak truth, even where we perceive no rm in transgressing that duty, *because it is suffi- nt that harm may come, though not foreseen; at e same time, falsehood always does mischief.* It ay happen not to injure us externally in our repu- tion, or our goods; but it never fails to injure us ternally; the sweetest and most refined pleasure f society is a candid intercourse of sentiments, of inion, of desires, and wishes; and it would be isonous to indulge any falsehood in such an in- rcourse."

My next extracts are from two celebrated di- es *of the Church of* England, Bishop Beveridge.

and Archdeacon Paley. The Bishop, in his "
vate Thoughts," thus heads one of his secti
(which he denominates resolutions :)

RES LUTION III.—*I am resolved, by the grac
God, always to make my tongue and heart go toget
so as never to speak with the one, what I do not t
in the other.*

"As my happiness consisteth in nearness and
cinity, so doth my holiness in likeness and com
mity to the chieftest good. I am so much the l
ter, as I am the liker the best; and so much
holier, as I am more conformable to the holiest
rather to him who is holiness itself. Now,
great title which the Most High is pleased to g
himself, and by which he is pleased to reveal h
self to us, is the God of truth: so that I shall be
much the liker to the God of Truth, by how m
I am the more constant to the truth of God. A
the farther I deviate from this, the nearer I
proach to the nature of the devil, who is the
ther of lies, and liars too; John viii. 44. And th
fore to avoid the scandal and reproach, as well
the dangerous malignity of this damnable sin, I
resolved, by the blessing of God, always to tune
tongue in unison to my heart, so as never to sp
any thing, but what I think really to be true.
that, if ever I speak what is not true, it shall no
the error of my will, but of my understanding.

"I know, lies are commonly distinguished
officious, pernicious, and jocose: and some
fancy some of them *more tolerable than ot*
But, for my own part, I think they are *all p*
cious; and therefore, not to be jested withal, no
dulged, upon any pretence or colour whatsoever.
as if it was a sin, not to speak exactly as

in itself, or as it seems to me in its literal meaning, without some liberty granted to rhetorical tropes and figures; [for so, the Scripture itself would be chargeable with lies; many things being contained in it which are not true in a literal sense.] but, I must so use *rhetorical*, as not to abuse my *Christian* liberty; and therefore, never to make use of hyperboles, ironies, or other tropes and figures, to deceive or impose upon my auditors, but only for the better adorning, illustrating, or confirming the matter.

"I am resolved never to promise any thing with my mouth, but what I intend to perform in my heart; and never to intend to perform any thing, but what I am sure I can perform. For, though I may intend to do as I say now, yet there are a thousand weighty things that intervene, which may turn the balance of my intentions, or otherwise hinder the performance of my promise."

I come now to an extract from Dr. Paley, the justly celebrated author of the work entitled "Moral Philosophy."

"A lie is a breach of promise: for whosoever seriously addresses his discourse to another, tacitly promises to speak the truth, because he knows that the truth is expected. Or the obligation of veracity may be made out from the direct ill consequences of lying to social happiness; which consequences consist, either in some specific injury to particular individuals, or in the destruction of that confidence which is essential to the intercourse of human life; for which latter reason, a lie may be pernicious *in its* general tendency; and, therefore, *criminal, though* it produce no particular or visible

ed design of the speaker is, not to inic
divert; *compliments in the subscription o*
a servant's denying his master; a prisoner
not guilty; an advocate asserting the jus
belief in the justice, of his client's cause.
stances, no confidence is destroyed, becaus
reposed; no promise to speak the truth is vi
cause none was given, or understood to be

"In the first place, it is almost im
pronounce beforehand with certainty, c
any lie, that it is inoffensive, *volat irrevoc*
collects oft-times reactions in its flight,
tirely change its nature. It may owe, p
mischief to the officiousness or misrepr
of those who circulate it; but the mischief
theless, in some degree chargeable upon
nal editor. In the next place, this libe
versation defeats its own end. Much o
sure, and all the benefit, of conversatio
upon our opinion of the speaker's ve

ım known any one who deserted *truth in trifles* at could *be trusted in matters of importance.**

" Nice distinctions are out of the question upon ccasions which, like those of speech, return every our. The habit, therefore, when once formed, is ıily extended to serve the designs of malice or terest; like all habits, it spreads indeed of itself.

" As there may be falsehoods which are not lies,) there are many lies without literal or direct lsehood. An opening is always left for this spe-ies of prevarication, when the literal and gram-ıatical signification of a sentence is different from ıe popular and customary meaning. It is the ilful deceit that makes the lie; and we wilfully eceive when our expressions are not true in the ense in which we believe the hearer apprehends ıem. Besides, it is absurd to contend for any ense of words, in opposition to usage, and upon no-ıing else;—or a man may *act* a lie,—as by point-ıg his finger in a wrong direction, when a traveller ıquires of him his road;—or when a tradesman huts up his windows, to induce his creditors to be-ieve that he is abroad: for, to all moral purpo-es, and therefore as to veracity, speech and action re the same—speech being only a mode of ac-ion.—Or, lastly, there may be lies of omission. A riter on English history, who, in his account of he reign of Charles the first should wilfully sup-ress any evidence of that Prince's despotic mea-ures and designs, might be said to lie; for, by en-itling his book a History of England, he engages

* *How contrary is the spirit of this wise observation, and the following ones, to that which Paley manifests in his toleration of sects being taught to deny their masters!*

Chalmers and Scott have given a complet
tion to his opinion on the innocence of a
denying his master, in the extracts given i
ceding chapter; and it will be as ably re
some succeeding extracts. But, eloquent
vincing as Paley generally is, it is not from
ral Philosophy that he derives his purest re
He has long been considered as lax, negli
inconclusive, on may points, as a moral
pher.

It was when he came forward as a
warrior against infidelity, that he brought
powers into the field; and his name wil
ever as the author of Evidences of Christi
the Horæ Paulinæ.* I shall now avail r
the assistance of a powerful and eloque
of a more modern date, William Godw
whom I have entire correspondence of op
the subject of spontaneous truth, though,
other subjects I decidedly differ from hi

der which form it is known by the denomination of sincerity.

"The powerful recommendations attendant on sincerity are obvious. It is intimately connected with the general dissemination of *innocence*, energy, intellectual improvement, and philanthropy. Did every man impose this law upon himself; did he regard himself as not authorized to conceal any part of his character and conduct; this circumstance alone would prevent millions of actions from being perpetrated, in which we are now induced to engage, by the prospect of success and impunity." "There is a further benefit that would result to me from the habit of telling every man the truth, regardless of the dictates of worldly prudence and custom;—I should acquire a clear, ingenuous, and unembarrassed air. According to the established modes of society, whenever I have a circumstance to state which would require some effort of mind and discrimination to enable me to do it justice, and state it with proper effect, I fly from the task, and take refuge in silence and equivocation."

"But the principle which forbade me concealment, would keep my mind for ever awake, and for ever warm. I should always be obliged to exert my attention, lest, in pretending to tell the truth, I should tell it in so imperfect and mangled a way as to produce the effect of falsehood. If I spoke to a man of my own faults, or those of his neighbour, I should be anxious not to suffer them to come distorted or exaggerated to his mind, or permit what at first was fact, to degenerate into satire. If I spoke to him of the errors he had himself committed, I should carefully avoid those inconsiderate expressions which might convert what was in

beneficent, into offence, and my thoughts would be full of that kindness and generous concern for his welfare which such a task necessarily brings with it. The effects of sincerity upon others would be similar to its effects on him that practised it. Plain dealing, truth spoken with kindness, but spoken with sincerity, is the most wholesome of all disciplines. . . . . ." "The only species of sincerity which can, in any degree, prove satisfactory to the enlightened moralist and politician, is that where frankness is perfect, and every degree of reserve is discarded."

"Nor is there any danger that such a character should degenerate into ruggedness and brutality.

"Sincerity, upon the principles on which it is here recommended, is practised from a consciousness *of its utility*, and from sentiments of philanthropy.

"It will communicate frankness to the voice, fervour to the gesture, and kindness to the heart.

"The duty of sincerity is one of those general principles which reflection and experience have enjoined upon us as conducive to the happiness of mankind."

"Sincerity and plain dealing are eminently conducive to the interests of mankind at large, because they afford that ground of confidence and reasonable expectation which are essential to wisdom and virtue."

I feel it difficult to forbear giving further extracts from this very interesting and well-argued part of the work from which I quote; but the limits necessary for my own book forbid me to indulge myself in copious quotations from this. I must, however, give two further extracts from the conclusion of the

er. "No man can be eminently either re-
able. or amiable, or useful, who is not distin-
ed for the frankness and candour of his man-
. . . . . He that is not conspicuously sin-
either very little partakes of the passion of
; good, or is pitiably ignorant of the means by
1 the objects of true benevolence are to be ef-
l." The writer proceeds to discuss the mode
cluding visiters, and it is done in so powerful a
ıer, that I must avail myself of the aid which it
ls me.

Let us, then, according to the well-known axi-
f MORALITY, put ourselves in the place of that
upon whom is imposed this ungracious task.
ere any of us that would be contented to per-
it in person, and to say that our father and
er was not at home, when they were really in
ouse? Should we not feel ourselves contami-
l by the PLEBEIAN LIE? Can we thus be justified
quiring that from another which we should
k from as an act of dishonour in ourselves?"
ıst here beg leave to state that, generally
king, masters and mistresses only command
servants to tell a lie which they would be very
ıg *to tell themselves*. I have heard wives deny
husbands, husbands their wives, children their
ıts, and parents their children, with as much
ıshing effrontery as if there were no such thing
ıth, or its obligations; but I respect his question
ıis subject, envy him his ignorance, and admire
pithet PLEBEIAN LIE.

ıt then, I think that *all* lies are plebeian. Was
t a king of France, a captive in this kingdom
aid, (with an honourable consciousness, th
reign is entitled to set a high example to

people,) "if honour be driven from every other spot, it should always inhabit the breast of kings!" and if truth be banished from every other description of persons, it ought more especially to be found on the lips of those whom rank and fortune have placed above the reach of strong temptation to falsehood.

But, while I think that, however exalted be the rank of the person who utters a lie, that person suffers by his deceit a worse than plebeian degradation; I also assert, that the humblest plebeian, who is known to be incapable of falsehood, and to utter, on all occasions, spontaneous truth, is raised far above the mendacious patrician in the scale of real respectability; and in comparison, the plebeian becomes patrician, and the patrician plebeian.

I shall conclude my references, with extracts from two modern Scotch philosophers of considerable and deserved reputation, Dr. Reid, and Dr. Thomas Browne.*

"Without fidelity and trust, there can be no human society. There never was a society even of savages, nay, even of robbers and pirates, in which there was not a great degree of veracity and fidelity amongst themselves. Every man thinks himself injured and ill-used when he is imposed upon. Every man takes it as a reproach when falsehood is imputed to him There are the clearest evidences that all men disapprove of falsehood, when their judgment is not biassed."—*Reid's Essays on*

* *This* latter gentleman, with whom I had the pleasure of being *personally* acquainted, has, by his early death, left a chasm in the *world of* literature, and in the domestic circle in which he moved *which cannot* easily be filled up.

the Power of the Human Mind, chap. vi. "On the Nature of a Contract."

"The next duty of which we have to treat, is that of veracity, which relates to the knowledge or belief of others, as capable of being affected by the meanings, true or false, which our words or our conduct may convey; and consists in the faithful conformity of our language, or of our conduct, when it is intended tacitly to supply the place of language to the truth which we profess to deliver; or, at least, to that which is at the time believed by us to be true. So much of the happiness of social life is derived from the use of language, and so profitless would the mere power of language be, but for the truth which dictates it, that the abuse of the confidence which is placed in our declarations may not merely be in the highest degree injurious to the individual deceived, but would tend, if general, to throw back the whole race of mankind into that barbarism from which they have emerged, and ascended through still purer air, and still brighter sunshine, to that noble height, which they have reached. It is not wonderful, therefore, that veracity, so important to the happiness of all, and yet subject to so many temptations of personal interest in the violation of it, should, in all nations, have had a high place assigned to it among the virtues." *Dr. Thomas Browne's Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, *vol.* iv. *p.* 225.

It may be asked why I have taken the trouble to quote from so many authors, in order to prove what no one ever doubted; namely, the importance and necessity of speaking the truth, and the meanness and mischief of uttering falsehood. I have added authority to authority, in order

newedly to force on the attention of my
that not one of these writers mentions any
exception to the general rule, that truth is
to be spoken; no *mental reservation* is poin
as permitted on *special occasions;* no indivi
authorized to be the judge of right or wron
own case, and to set his own opinion of t
priety and necessity of lying, in particular
ces, against the positive precept to abstain f
ing; an injunction which is so commonly e
in the page of the moralist, that it becomes
of imperative command. Still, in spite of
versally acknowledged conviction of manki
truth is virtue, and falsehood vice, I scarcel
an individual who does not occasionally
from acting up to his conviction on this po
is not, at times, irresistibly impelled to qual
conviction, by saying, that on "ALMOST al
sions the truth is to be spoken, and never to
held." Or they may, perhaps, quote the well
proverb, that "truth is not to be spoke
times." But the *real* meaning of that prov
pears to me to be simply this: that we ar
officiously or *gratuitously* to utter offensive
not that truth, when required, is ever to be
The principle of truth is an immutable prin
it is of no use as a guard, nor safe as the
tion of morals. A moral law on which it
gerous to act to the uttermost, is, howeve
rable, no better than Harlequin's horse, wh
the very best and finest of all horses, and
of the admiration of the whole world, but
tunately the horse was DEAD; and if the la
the truth inviolably, is not to be strictly ad
without any regard to consequences, it is

admirable, as useless as the merits of Harlequin's lead horse. King Theodoric, when advised by his courtiers to debase the coin, declared, "that nothing which bore his image should ever lie." Happy would it be for the interests of society, if, having as much proper self-respect as this good monarch had, we could resolve never to allow our books or words to bear any impress, but that of the strict truth; and were as reluctant to give a false impression of ourselves, in any way, as to circulate light sovereigns and forged bank-notes. Oh! that the day may come when it shall be thought as dishonourable to commit the slightest breach of veracity, as to pass counterfeit shillings; and when both shall be deemed equally detrimental to the safety and prosperity of the community.

I intend in a future work to make some observations on several *collateral descendants* from the large family of lies. Such as INACCURACY IN RELATION; PROMISE-BREAKING; ENGAGEMENT-BREAKING, and WANT OF PUNCTUALITY. Perhaps PROCRASTINATION comes in a degree under the head of lying; at least procastinators lie to themselves; they, say, "I will do so and so to-morrow," and as they believe their own assertions, they are guilty of self-deception, the most dangerous of all deceptions. But those who are enabled by constant watchfulness never to deceive others, will at last learn never to deceive *themselves;* for truth being their constant aim in all their dealings, they will not shrink from that most effective of all means to acquire it, SELF-EXAMINATION.

In the preceding chapter, I have give
extracts from authors who have written on
ject of truth, and borne their testimony t
cessity of a strict adherence to it on all
if individuals wish not only to be safe and
ble themselves, but to establish the intere
ciety on a sure foundation; but, before
to other comments on this important subje
make observations on some of the above-
extracts.

Dr. Hawkesworth says, "that the liar,
the liar, is universally despised, abandc
disowned." But is this the fact? Inc
dangerous, and disagreeable, though it be
ciate with those on whose veracity we c
pend; yet which of us has ever known h
others, refuse intercourse with persons w
ally violate the truth? We dismiss the

feeling in society, or we, of these latter days, have fearfully degenerated from our ancestors.

He also says, "that the imputation of a lie, is an insult for which life only can atone." And amongst men of worldly honour, duel is undoubtedly the result of the lie given, and received. Consequently, the interests of truth are placed under the secure guardianship of fear on great occasions. But, it is not so on daily, and more common ones; and the man who would thus fatally resent the imputation of falsehood, does not even reprove the lie of convenience in his wife and children, nor refrain from being guilty of it himself; he will often, perhaps, be the bearer of a lie to excuse them from keeping a disagreeable engagement; and will not scruple to make lying apologies for some negligence of his own. But, is Dr. Hawkesworth right in saying that offenders like *these* are shunned and despised? Certainly not; nor are they even *self-reprobated*, nor would they be censured by others, if their falsehood were detected. Yet are they not liars? and is the lie imputed to them, (in resentment of which imputation they were willing to risk their life, and the life of another,) a greater breach of the *moral law*, than the little lies which they are so willing to tell? and who, that is known to tell lies on trivial occasions, has a right to resent the imputation of lying on great ones? Whatever flattering unction we may lay to our souls, there is only one wrong and one right; and I repeat, that, as those servants who pilfer groceries only are with justice called thieves, because they have thereby shown that the principle of honesty is not in them,—*so may the utterers* of little lies be with justice *called liars, be*cause they equally shew that they

are strangers to the restraining and
principle of truth.

Hawkesworth says, "that indirect lie
fectually destroy mutual confidence, th
society, than any others;" and I fully
him in his idea of the "great turpitude
er meanness of those forms of speech,
ceive without direct falsehood;" but
agree with him, that these deviations
are "*universally infamous*:" on the cor
are even scarcely reckoned a fault a
very frequency prevents them from be
red, and they are often considered both
and justifiable.

In that touching and useful tale
Hawkesworth illustrates the pernicio
indirect, as well as direct, lies, "a lie
mouth of a chairman, and another lie
nied by WITHHOLDING OF THE WHOLE
the occasion of duel and of death."

And what were these lies, direct a
active and passive? Simply these. T
a note is desired to *say* that he comes
liner, when, in reality, he comes from a
neighbourhood; and one of the princip
the story leaves word that he is gone t
house, when, in point of fact, he is
friend's house. That friend, on being
by him, *withholds*, or conceals part of
meaning to *deceive;* the wife of the
does the same; and thus, though both a
even in thought, of any thing offen
strictest propriety, they become involved
tal consequences of imputed guilt, fro

disclosure of the whole truth would at once have preserved them.

Now, I would ask if there be any thing *more common* in the daily affairs of life, than those *very lies* and dissimulations which I have selected?

Who has not given, or heard given, this order, "do not say where you come from;" and often accompanied by "if you are asked, say you do not know, or you come from *such* a place." Who does not frequently conceal where they have been; and while they own to the questioner that they have been to such a place, and seen such a person, *keep back* the information that they *have been* to *another* place, and seen *another person*, though they are very conscious that the two latter were the *real* objects of the *inquiry* made?

Some may reply, "yes; I do these things every day perhaps, and so does every one; and where is the harm of it? You cannot be so absurd as to believe that such innocent lies, and a concealment such as I have a *right* to indulge in, will certainly be visited by consequences like those imagined by a writer of fiction?"

I answer, no; but though I cannot be *sure* that *fatal* consequences will be the result of that IMPOSSIBLE thing, an INNOCENT LIE, some consequences attend on *all* deviations from truth, which it were better to avoid. In the first place, the lying order given to a servant, or *inferior*, not only lowers the standard of truth in the mind of the person so commanded, but it *lowers* the person who GIVES it; it weakens that *salutary respect* with which the lower orders regard the higher; servants and inferiors are *shrewd observers*; and those domestics who detect *a laxity* of morals in their employers, and fin

that they do not hold truth sacred, but are ready to teach others to lie for their service, deprive themselves of their best claims to respect and obedience from them, that of a deep conviction of their MORAL SUPERIORITY. And they who discover in their intimate friends and associates a systematic habit, an assumed and exercised right of telling only as *much of the truth as suits their inclinations and purposes*, must feel their confidence in them most painfully destroyed; and listen, in future, to their disclosures and communications with unavoidable suspicion, and degrading distrust.

The account given by Boswell, of the regard paid by Dr. Johnson to truth on all occasions, furnishes us with a still better shield against deviations from it, than can be afforded even by the best and most *moral fiction*. For, as Longinus was said "to be himself the great sublime he draws," so Johnson was himself the great example of the benefit of those precepts which he lays down for the edification of others; and what is still more useful and valuable to us, he proves that however difficult it may be to speak the truth, and to be accurate on all occasions, it is certainly *possible*; for, as Johnson could do it, why cannot others? It requires not his force of intellect to enable us to follow his example; all that is necessary is a knowledge of right and wrong, a reverence for truth, and an abhorrence of deceit.

Such was Johnson's *known* habit of telling the truth, that even improbable things were believed, *if he* narrated them! Such was the respect for *truth which* his practice of it excited, and such the *beneficial* influence of his example, that all his intimate companions "were distinguished for a love

.ı and accuracy," *derived* from association
.m.

n never read this account of our great mo-
without feeling my heart glow with EMULA-
and TRIUMPH! With emulation, because I
that it must be my own fault, if I become
ıs habitually the votary of truth as he himself
and with triumph, because it is a complete
ation of the common-place arguments against
rcing the necessity of spontaneous truth, that
absolutely impossible; and that, if *possible*, what
ıld be gained by it?

What would be gained by it? Society at large
uld, in the end, gain a degree of safety and pu-
r far beyond what it has hitherto known; and,
the meanwhile, the individuals who speak truth
ould obtain a prize worthy the highest aspirings
' earthly ambition,—the constant and involuntary
nfidence and reverence of their fellow-creatures.

The consciousness of truth and ingenuousness
ves a radiance to the countenance, a freedom to
e play of the lips, a persuasion to the voice, and
graceful dignity to the person, which no other
nlity of mind can equally bestow. And who is
ot able to recollect the direct contrast to this pic
re exhibited by the conscious utterer of falsehoo
ıd disingenuousness? Who has not observed th
owncast eye, the snapping restless eyelid, th
anging colour, and the hoarse, impeded voic
hich sometimes contradict what the hesitating
ters, and stamp, on the positive assertion, the
oubted evidence of deceit and insincerity?

Those who make up the usual mass of soci
te, *when tempted* to its common dissimulat

like little boats on the ocean, which are cc
forced to shift sail, and row away from dar
if obliged to await it, are necessitated, fi
of power, to get on one side of the billow
of directly meeting it. While the firm v
truth, when exposed to the temptations
hood, proceed undaunted along the direct
like the majestic vessel, coming boldly an
on, breasting the waves in conscious sec
inspiring confidence in all whose well
intrusted to them. Is it not a delight
sation to feel and to inspire confidence?
delightful to know, when we lie down at ni
however darkness may envelope us, the
undoubtedly rise again, and chase away th
True, he may rise in clouds, and his us
dour may not shine out upon us during t
diurnal revolution; still, we know that
there be not sunshine, there will be ligh
betake ourselves to our couch, confiding
surances of past experience, that day will
to night, and light to darkness. But, is it n
ly delightful to feel this cheering confiden
moral system of the circle in which we mo
can any thing inspire it so much as the
habit of truth in those with whom we liv
know that we have friends on whom we ca
rely for honest counsel, ingenuous reproof,
cere sympathy,—to whom we can look w
doubting confidence in the night of our s
spondency, knowing that they will rise o
the cheering never-failing light of day,
unwelcome truths perhaps, but speaking
tenderness and discretion,—is, surely,
dearest comforts which this world can

ıost precious of the earthly staffs, permitted to ɔrt us as we go, trembling, short-sighted, and ɾ pilgrims, along the chequered path of human ɔnce.

ıd is it not an ambition worthy of thinking and nsible beings to endeavour to qualify ourselves, those whom we love, to *be* such friends as ? And if habits of unblemished truth will w this qualification, were it not wise to labour in order to attain them, undaunted by diffi-, undeterred by the sneers of worldlings, who ɔt believe in the possibility of that moral ex-ıce which they feel themselves unable to ob-

ı you, O ye parents and preceptors! I parti-ly address myself. Guard your own lips from aking leasing," that the quickly discerning or servant may not, in self-defence, set the of your example against that of your pre-. If each individual family would seriously re to avoid every species of falsehood them-s, whether authorized by custom or not, and l visit every deviation from truth, in those ac-l, with punishment and disgrace, the example l unceasingly spread; for, even now, where-he beauty of truth is seen, its influence is im-ıtely felt, and its value acknowledged. Indi-f efforts, however humble, if firm and repeat-nust be ultimately successful, as the feeble e in the fable was, at last, enabled by its verance to gnaw the cords asunder which held highty lion. Difficult, I own, would such ge-purification be; but what is impossible to zeal *nterprise?*

Hercules, as fabulous but instructive s
us, when he was required to perform the
ly impossible task of cleansing the Augea
exerted all his strength, and turned the co
river through them to effect his purpose
by his success, that nothing is impossible
verance and exertion; and, however lon
ration, and wide-spreading the pollutions
hood and dissimulation in the world, th
river, which, if suffered to flow over the
ties, is powerful enough to wash away ev
since it flows from the "FOUNTAIN OF EV
WATERS."

CHAPTER XVI.

RELIGION THE ONLY BASIS OF TRUT

ALL the moralists from whom I have
and those on whom I have commented in
ceding chapters, have treated the subject
as moralists only. They do not lay it do
indisputable fact, that truth, as a princip
tion, is obligatory on us all, in enjoined
to the clear dictates of revealed religion.
fore. they have kept out of sight the stron
tive to abhor lying, and cleave unto tru
ENCE TO THE DIVINE WILL; yet, as nec
were the shield and the buckler to th
warriors, is the "breast-plate of faith" to
of spontaneous truth. It has been asse
morality might exist in all its power
were there no such thing as religion,

onducive to the earthly interests and happiness of man. But, are moral motives sufficient to protect us in times of particular temptations? There appears to me the same difference between morality, unprotected by religious motives, and morality derived from them, as between the palace of ice, famous in Russian story, and a castle built of everduring stone; perfect to the eye, and. as if formed to last for ever, was the building of frost-work, ornamented and lighted up for the pleasure of the sovereign; but, it melted away before the power of natural and artificial warmth, and was quickly resolved to the element from which it sprung. But the castle formed of stones joined together by a strong and enduring cement, is proof against all assailment; and. even though it may be occasionally shattered by the enemies, it still towers in its grandeur, indestructible, though impaired. In like manner, unassailable and perfect, in appearance, may be the virtue of the mere moralist; but when assailed by the warmth of the passions on one side, and by different enemies on the other, his virtue, like the palace of ice, is likely to melt away, and be as though it had not been. But, the virtue of the truly religious man, even though it may on occasion be slightly shaken, is yet proof against any important injury; and remains, spite of temptation and danger, in its original purity and power. The moral man *may*, therefore, utter spontaneous truth; but the *religious* man *must;* for he remembers the following precepts which, amongst others, he has learned from the scriptures, and knows that to speak lies is displeasing to the GOD OF TRUTH.

In the 6th chapter of Leviticus, the Lord threatens *the man* "Who lies to his neighbour, and wh

deceives his neighbour." Again, he says, shall not deal falsely, neither lie to one ano We read in the Psalms that "the Lord wi stroy those who speak leasing." He is said angry with the wicked every day, who have ceived mischief, and brought forth falsehood. that worketh deceit," says the Psalmist, "sh dwell within my house—he that telleth lies sh tarry in my sight." The Saviour, in the 8th ter of John, calls the devil "a liar, and the of lies." Paul, in the 3d chapter of Colo says, "Lie not one to another!" Prov. "The Lord hates a false witness that speaketh Prov. ix. "And he that speaketh lies shall p Prov. xix. 22. "A poor man is better than a James iii. 14. "Lie not against the truth." xvii. "The Lord shall sweep away the ref lies." Prov. xviii. "Let the lying lips be put lence." Psalm cxix. 29. "Remove from me t of lying." Psalm lxiii. 11. "The mouth that eth lies shall be stopped" The fate of Gehazi, 5th chapter of the second book of Kings, w to the prophet Elisha, and went out of his pr "a leper whiter than snow;" and the judgm Ananias and Sapphira in the 5th chapter of on the former for WITHHOLDING THE TRUTH IN ING TO DECEIVE, and on the latter for telling RECT LIE, are awful proofs how hateful fals is in the sight of the Almighty; and, that t the seasons of his immediate judgments n past, his vengeance against every species of hood is tremendously certain.

But though, as I have stated more than onc *persons*, even those who are most neglig *truth*, exclaim continually against lying;

nnot forgive the slightest imputation against
eir veracity, still, few are willing to admit that
lling lies of courtesy, or convenience, is lying; or
at the occasional violator of truth, for what are
lled innocent purposes, ought to be considered
a liar; and *thence* the universal falsehood which
evails. And, surely, that moral precept which
ery one claims a right to violate, according to
s wants and wishes, loses its restraining power,
d is, as I have before observed, for all its original
rposes, wholly annihilated.

But, as that person has no right to resent being
lled a sloven who goes about in a stained gar-
ent, though that stain be a single one; so that
ing who allows himself to indulge in any one
ecies of lie, cannot declare with justice that he
serves not the name of a liar. The general voice
d tenor of Scripture say "lie not at all."

This may appear a command very difficult to
ey, but he who gave it, has given us a still more
palling one; "be ye perfect, as your Father in
aven is perfect." Yet, surely, he would never
ve given a command impossible for us to fulfil.
owever, be that as it may, we are to try to fulfil

The drawing-master who would form a pupil
excellence, does not set incorrect copies before
m, but the most perfect models of immortal art;
d that tyro who is awed into doing nothing by
e perfection of his model, is not more weak than
ose who persevere in the practice of lying by the
eming *impossibility* of constantly telling the truth.
he pupil may never be able to copy the model set
fore him, because his aids are only human and
rthly ones. But,

He who hath said that "as our day our strengt

ll be;" He whose ear is open to the softest cry; whom the royal psalmist called upon to deliver n from those "whose mouth speaketh vanity, l whose right hand is a right hand of falsehood;" This pure, this powerful, this perfect Being, still es to listen to the supplications of all who trust *him*: and will, in the hour of temptation to ui- falsehood and deceit, strengthen them out of on.

n all other times of danger, the believer suppli- es the Lord to grant him force to resist tempta- ; but, whoever thinks of supplicating him to be bled to resist daily temptation to what is called , or *white lying*? Yet, has the Lord revealed what species of lying he tolerates, and what proves? Does he tell us that we may tell the f courtesy and convenience, but avoid all ? The lying of Ananias was only the passive concealing that he had kept back part of his *roperty*, yet he was punished with instant The only safety is in believing, or remem- that all lying and insincerity whatever is re- against the revealed will of the great God h; and they who so believe, or remember, ared for the strongest attacks of the soul's y, "that devil, who is the father of lies;" weapons are derived from the armoury of their steps are guided by light from the , and the cleansing river by which they led to drive away all the pollutions of and deceit, is that pure river of "the fe, flowing from the throne of God, and nb."

hat I have not in any of the preceding rrated the difficulty of always speaking

the truth;—I have only *denied* that it was *impossible* to do so, and I have pointed out the only means by which the possibility of resisting the temptation to utter falsehood might be secured to us on all occasions; namely, religious motives derived from obedience to the will of God.

Still, in order to prove how well aware I am of the difficulty in question, I shall venture to bring forward some distinguished instances on record of holy men, who were led by the fear of death and other motives to lie against their consciences; thereby exhibiting, beyond a doubt, the difficulty of a constant adherence to the practice of sincerity. But they also prove that the real Christian must be miserable under a consciousness of having violated the truth, and that to escape from the most poignant of all pangs, the pang of self-reproach, the delinquents in question sought for refuge from their remorse, by courting that very death which they had endeavoured to escape from by being guilty of falsehood. They at the same time furnish convincing proofs that it is in the power of the sincere penitent to retrace his steps, and be reinstated in the height of virtue whence he has fallen, if he will humble himself before the great Being whom he has offended, and call upon Him who can alone save to the uttermost.

My first three examples are taken from the martyred reformers, who were guilty of the most awful species of lying, in signing recantations of their opinions, even when their belief in them remained unchanged; but who, as I have before observed, were compelled by the power of that word of God written on the depth of the secret heart, spent with agonizing bitterness of their apost

from truth, and to make a public reparation for their short-lived error, by a death of patient suffering, and even of rejoicing.

Jerome of Prague comes first upon the list. He was born at the close of the thirteenth century; and in the year 1415, after having spent his youth in the pursuit of knowledge at the greatest Universities in Europe,—namely, those of Prague, Paris, Heidelberg, and Cologne,—we find him visiting Oxford, at which place he became acquainted with the works of Wickliffe; and, at his return to Prague, he not only professed himself an open favourer of the doctrines of that celebrated reformer; but, finding that John Huss was at the head of Wickliffe's party in Bohemia, he attached himself immediately to that powerful leader. It were unnecessary for me to follow him through the whole of his polemical career, as it is the close of it only which is fitted for my purpose; suffice, that having been brought before the Council of Constance, in the year 1415, to answer for what they deemed his heresies, a thousand voices called out, even after his first examination, "away with him! burn him! burn him! burn him!" On which, little doubting that his power and virtuous resistance could ever fail him in time of need, Jerome replied, looking round on the assembly with dignity and confidence, "Since nothing can satisfy you but my blood, God's will be done!"

Severities of a most uncommon nature were now inflicted on him, in order to constrain him to recant, a point of which the council were excessively desirous. So rigorous was his confinement, that at length it brought upon him a dan-

rous illness, in the course of which he entreated have a confessor sent to him; but he was given understand, that only on certain terms would is indulgence be granted; notwithstanding, he mained immoveable. The next attempt on his thfulness was after the martyrdom of Huss; ıen all its affecting and appalling details were ade known to him, he listened, however, with-ıt emotion, and answered in language so reso-te and determined, that they had certainly ne ıpe of his *sudden* conversion. But, whether too ınfident in his own strength, he neglected to ek, as he had hitherto done, that only strength which cometh from above," it is certain that his ınstancy at length gave way. "He withstood," ys Gilpin, in his Lives of the Reformers, "the mple fear of death; but imprisonment, chains, ınger, sickness, and torture, through a succes-on of months, was more than human nature could ıar; and though he still made a noble stand for e truth, when brought three times before the in-ıriated council, he began at last to waver, and to lk obscurely of his having misunderstood the ten-ency of some of the writings of Huss. Promises ıd threats were now redoubled upon him, till, at st, he read aloud an ample recantation of all the ıinions that he had recently entertained, and de-ared himself in every article a firm believer with ıe church of Rome."

But with a heavy heart he retired from the ouncil; chains were removed from his body, ut his mind was corroded by chains of his con-*ience, and his* soul was burthened with a load. *then unknown* to it. Hitherto, the light of *roving* conscience had cheered the gloom

his dungeon, but now all was dark to him both without and within.

But in this night of his moral despair, the day-spring from on high was again permitted to visit him, and the penitent was once more enabled to seek assistance from his God. Jerome had long been apprized that he was to be brought to a second trial, upon some new evidence which had appeared; and this was his only consolation in the midst of his painful penitence. At length, the moment so ardently desired by him arrived; and, rejoicing at an opportunity of publicly retracting his errors, and deploring his unworthy falsehood, he eagerly obeyed the summons to appear before the council in the year 1416. There, after delivering an oration, which was, it is said, a model of pathetic eloquence, he ended by declaring before the whole assembly, "that though the fear of death, and the prevalence of human infirmity, had induced him to retract those opinions with his lips which had drawn on him the anger and vengeance of the council, yet they were *then* and *still* the opinions near and dear to his heart, and that he solemnly declared they were opinions in which he alone believed, and for which he was ready, and even glad to die." "It was expected," says Pogge the Florentine, who was present at his examination, "that he would have retracted his errors; or, at least, have apologized for them; but he plainly declared that he had nothing to retract." After launching forth into the most eloquent encomiums on Huss, *declaring* him to be a wise and holy man, and *lamenting* his unjust and cruel death, he avowed that *he had* armed himself with a firm resolution to follow *the* steps of that blessed martyr, and suffer

ncy whatever the malice of his enemies should
; and he was mercifully enabled to keep his
tion.

en brought to the stake, and when the wood
ginning to blaze, he sang a hymn, which he
ued with great fervency, till the fury of the
urching him, he was heard to cry out, "O
God! have mercy on me!" and a little af-
ds, "thou knowest," he cried, "how I
oved thy truth;" and he continued to exhibit
tacle of intense suffering, made bearable by
nse devotion, till the vital spark was in mercy
ted to expire; and the contrite, but then tri-
int, spirit was allowed to return unto the God
ave it.

OMAS BILNEY, the next on my list, "was
it up from a child (says Fox, in his Acts and
ments) in the University of Cambridge, profit-
all kind of liberal sciences, even unto the
sion of both laws. But, at the last, having
a better school-master, even the Holy Spirit
ist enduing his heart by privie inspiration with
nowledge of better and more wholesome
, he came unto this point, that forsaking the
edge of man's lawes, he converted his studie
e things which tended more unto godlinesse
ainfulnesse. At the last, Bilney, forsaking
iversitie, went into many places teaching and
ing, being associate with Thomas Arthur,
accompanied him from the universitie. The
itie of Thomas Wolsey, Cardinall of York,
time was greate in England, but his temper
ide much greater, which did evidently de-
to all wise men the manifest vanitie, no
his life, but also of all the Bishops and cle

gie; whereupon, Bilney, with other good men, marvelling at the incredible insolence of the clergy, which they could no longer suffer or abide, began to shake and reprove this excessive pompe, and also to pluck at the authority of the Bishop of Rome."

It therefore became necessary that the Cardinal should rouse himself and look about him. A chapter being held at Westminster for the occasion, Thomas Bilney, with his friends, Thomas Arthur and Hugh Latimer, were brought before them. Gilpin says, "That, as Bilney was considered as the Heresiarch, the rigour of the court was chiefly levelled against him. The principal persons at this time concerned in ecclesiastical affairs, besides Cardinal Wolsey, were Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Tunstall, Bishop of London." The latter was, of all the prelates of these times, the most deservedly esteemed, "as he was not influenced by the spirit of popery, and had just notions of the mild genius of christianity;" but, every deposition against Bilney was enlarged upon with such unrelenting bitterness, that Tunstall, though the president of the court, despaired of being able to soften, by his influence, the enraged proceedings of his colleagues. And, when the process came to an end, "Bilney, declaring himself what they called an obstinate heretic, was found guilty." Tunstall now proved the kindness of his heart. He could not come forward in Bilney's favour by a judicial interference, but he laboured to save him by all means in his power. "He first set his friends upon him to persuade him to recant; and when that would not do, he joined his entreaties to theirs had patience with him day after day, and bey

would not oblige him, contrary to his inclinations, to treat him with severity."

The man whom fear was not able to move, was not proof against the language of affectionate persuasion. "Bilney could not withstand the winning rhetoric of Tunstall, though he withstood the menaces of Warham." He therefore recanted, bore a faggot on his shoulders in the Cathedral Church of Paul, bare-headed, according to the custom of the times, and was dismissed with Latimer and the others, who had met with milder treatment and easier terms."

The liberated heretics, as they were called, returned directly to Cambridge, where they were received with open arms by their friends; but in the midst of this joy, Bilney kept aloof, bearing on his countenance the marks of internal suffering and incessant gloom. "He received the congratulations of his officious friends with confusion and blushes;" he had sinned against his God, therefore he could neither be gratified nor cheered by the affection of any earthly being. In short, his mind at length preying on itself, nearly disturbed his reason, and his friends dared not allow him to be left alone, either by night or day. They tried to comfort him; but they tried in vain; and when they endeavoured to sooth him by certain texts in Scripture, "it was as though a man would run him through with a sword." In the agonies of his despair he uttered pathetic and eager accusations of his friends, of Tunstall, and, above all, of himself. At length, his violence having had its course, it subsided, by degrees, into a state of profound melancholy. In this state he continued from the year 1529 to 1631, "reading much, avoiding compar

and, in all respects, preserving the severity of an ascetic."

It is interesting to observe in how many different ways our soul's adversary deals with us, in order to allure us to perdition; and he is never so successful as when he can make the proffered sin assume the appearance of what is amiable. This seems to have been the case with the self-judging Bilney. To the fear of death, and the menaces of Warham, we are told that he opposed a resolution and an integrity which could not be overcome; but the gentle entreaties of affection, and the tender persuasive eloquence of Tunstall, had power to conquer his love of truth, and make the pleadings of conscience vain; while he probably looked upon his yielding as a proof of affectionate gratitude; and that, not to consider the feelings of those who loved him, would have been offensive, and ungrateful hardness of heart.

But, whatever were his motives to sin, that sin was indeed visited with remorse as unquestionable as it was efficacious; and it is pleasant to turn from the contemplation of Bilney's frailty, to that of its exemplary and courted expiation.

The consequences of this salutary period of sorrow and seclusion was, that after having, for some time, thrown out hints that he was meditating an extraordinary design; after saying that he was almost prepared, that he would shortly go up to Jerusalem, and that God must be glorified in him; and keeping his friends in painful suspense by this mysterious language,—he told them at last that he was fully determined to expiate his late shameful abjuration, that wicked lie against his conscience by death.

re can be no doubt but that his friends interposed to shake his resolutions; but that who had lent a gracious ear to the cry of nitence and his agony, "girded up his loins fight," and enabled him to sacrifice every affection at the foot of the cross, and thened him to take up that cross, and bear ainting, to the end. He therefore broke from Cambridge ties, and set out for Norfolk, the of his nativity, and which, for that reason, he to make the place of his death.

en he arrived there, he preached openly in confessing his fault, and preaching publicly octrine which he had before abjured, to be RY TRUTH, and willed all men to beware by nd never to trust to their *fleshy friends in of religion;* and so setting forward in his y towards the celestial Jerusalem, he departn thence to the Anchresse in Norwich, (whom l converted to Christ,) and there gave her a Testament of Tindal's translation, and "the nce of a christian man;" whereupon he was ended, and carried to prison.

e, (the blind Bishop Nixe, as Fox calls him,) n Bishop of Norwich, was a man of a fierce torial spirit, and he lost no time in sending a writ to burn him.

the meanwhile, great pains were taken by religious persons to re-convert him to what sailants believed to be the truth; but he "planted himselfe upon the firm rocke of word, was at a point, and so continued to d."

ile Bilney lay in the county gaol, waiting the *of the* writ for his execution, he entirely re-

covered from that melancholy which had so oppressed him; and "like an honest man had long lived under a difficult debt, he begi resume his spirits when he thought himself in uation to discharge it."—*Gilpin's Lives of th formers*, p. 358.

"Some of his friends found him taking a l supper the night before his execution, and exp ing their surprise, he told them he was but what they had daily examples of in commo he was only keeping his cottage in repair wh continued to inhabit it." The same comp ran through his whole behaviour, and his con tion was more agreeable that evening than the ever remembered it to be.

Some of his friends put him in mind though the fire which he should suffer the ne should be of great heat unto his body, yet the fort of God's Spirit should coole it to his ev ing refreshing." At this word the said T Bilney putting his hand towards the flame candle burning before them, (as he also did times besides,) and feeling the heat thereof, " said he, "I feel by experience, and have k it long by philosophie, that fire by God's ordi is naturally hot, but yet I am persuaded, by holy word, and by the experience of some s of in the same, that in the flame they felt no and in the fire they felt no consumption: constantly believe that, howsoever the stubl this my bodie shall be wasted by it, yet my and spirit shall be purged thereby; a paine f time, whereon, notwithstanding, followeth jo speakable." He then dwelt much upon a p in Isaiah. "Fear not, for I have redeem

illed thee by thy name. Thou art mine own; thou passest through the waters, I will be ıee; when thou walkest in the fire, it shall rn thee, and the flame shall not kindle upon for I am the lord thy God, the Holy One of ."

[e was led to the place of execution* without ie gate, called Bishop's gate, in a low valley,

ı the Lollard's pit, I find that many persons of a sect, known ıame of Lollards, in the city of Norwich, were thrown, af- g burnt, in the year 1424, and for many years afterwards; nce it was called the *Lollard's pit:* and the following ac- the meaning of the term Lollard may not be unacceptable. ter the commencement of the 14th century, the famous sect Cellite brethren and sisters arose at Antwerp: they were al- d the Alexian brethren and sisters, because St. Alexius was tron; and they were named Cellites, from the cells in which re accustomed to live. As the clergy of this age took little the sick and the dying, and deserted such as were infected ose pestilential disorders which were then very frequent, mpassionate and pious persons at Antwerp formed them- nto a society for the performance of those religious offices he sacerdotal orders so shamefully neglected. In the pro- ı of this agreement, they visited and comforted the sick, as- ıe dying with their prayers and exhortations, took care of the at of those who were cut off by the plague, and on that ac- ırsaken by the terrified clergy, and committed them to the rith *a solemn funeral dirge.* It was with reference to this ce that the common people gave them the name of *Lollards.* m Lollhard, or Lullhard, or as the ancient Germans wrote ert, Lullert, is compounded of the old German word lullen, lallen, and the well known termination of hard, with which f the old High Dutch words end. Lollen, or Lullen, signi- ing with a low voice. It is yet used in the same sense among glish, who say *lulla sleep,* which signifies to sing any one into a r with a sweet indistinct voice.

lhard, therefore, is a singer, or one who frequently sings. the word beggen, which universally signifies to request any

commonly called the Lollard's pit, under Leonard's hill." At the coming forth of the Thomas Bilney out of the prison doore, one o friends came to him, and with few words a durst, spake to him, and prayed him, in God' half, to be constant, and to take his death a tiently as he could. Whereunto the said Bilne swered with a quiet and mild countenance, see when the mariner is entered his ship to sai the troublous sea, how he is for a while toss the billows of the same, but yet in hope th shall come to the quiet haven, he beareth in l comfort the perils which he feeleth; so am I toward this sayling; and whatsoever stormes I feele, yet shortly after shall my ship be in th

thing fervently, is applied to devotional requests, or prayers, word lollen or lallen is transferred from a common to a sacre and signifies, in its most limited sense, to sing a hymn. Lo therefore, in the vulgar tongue of the ancient Germans, de person who is continually praising God with a song, or s hymns to his honour.

"And as prayers and hymns are regarded as an external piety towards God, those who were more frequently empl singing hymns of praise to God than others, were, in the c popular language, called Lollhards.

"But the priests and monks, being inveterately exas against these good men, endeavoured to persuade the peop innocent and beneficent as the Lollards appeared to be, the tainted with the most pernicious sentiments of a religious kin secretly addicted to all sorts of vices; hence the name of l at length became infamous. Thus, by degrees, it came t that any person who covered heresies, or crimes, under the a ance of piety, was called a Lollard, so that this was not a n denote any one particular sect, but was formerly common to s sons and all sects, who were supposed to be guilty of impi wards God, and the church, under an external profession of ordinary piety."—*Maclane's Eccles. History*, p. 355—56.

ten, as I doubt not thereof, by the grace of God, desiring you to helpe me with your prayers to the same effect."

While he kneeled upon a little ledge coming out of the stake, upon which he was afterwards to stand, that he might be better seen, he made his private prayers with such earnest elevation of his eyes and hands to heaven, "and in so good quiet behaviour, that he seemed not much to consider the terror of his death," ending his prayer with the 43d Psalm, in which he repeated this verse thrice, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord! for in thy sight shall no man living be justified;" and so finishing the psalm, he concluded. "Nor did that God in whom he trusted forsake him in the hour of his need; while the flames raged around him, he held up his hands and knocked upon his breast, crying, 'Jesus,' and sometimes 'Credo,' till he gave up the ghost, and his body being withered, bowed downward, upon the chaine, while, triumphing over death, (to use the words of the poet laureate,) he rendered up his soul in the fulness of faith, and entered into his reward."

"So exemplary," says Bloomfield, in his History of Norwich, "was Bilney's life and conversation, that when Nixe, his persecutor, was constantly told how holy and upright he was, he said he feared that he had burnt *Abel*."

I have recently visited the Lollard's pit: that spot where my interesting martyred countryman met his dreadful death. The top of the hill retains, probably, much the same appearance as it had when he perished at its foot; and, without any great exertion of fancy, it would have been easy for me to figure to myself the rest of the scene

could I have derived sufficient comfort from th remembrance of the fortitude with which he bor his sufferings, to reconcile me to the contemplatio of them. Still, it is, I believe, salutary to visit th places hallowed in the memory, as marked by an exhibition of virtuous acts and sufferings endure for the sake of conscience. To the scaffold, an to the stake, on account of their religious opinion it is humbly to be hoped that christians will neve again be brought. But all persecution, on th score of religion is, in a degree, an infliction o martyrdom on the mind and on the heart. It ma ters not that we forbear to kill the body of th christian, if we afflict the soul by aught of a pers cuting spirit.

Yet does not our daily experience testify, th there is nothing which calls forth petty persecutio and the mean warfare of a detracting spirit, so mu as any marked religious profession?

And while such a profession is assailed, by ri cule on the one hand, by distrust of its motives the other; while it exposes the serious christia converted from the errors of former days, to t stigma of wild enthusiasm, or of religious hypoc sy; who shall say that the persecuting spirit of t Lauds and the Bonners is not still the spirit of t world? Who shall say to the tried and shrinki souls of those who, on account of their havi made a religious profession, are thus calumniat and thus judged, the time of martyrdom is ov and we live in mild, and liberal, and truly Chr tian days?

Such were the thoughts uppermost in my mi *while I* stood, perhaps on the very spot wh *Bilney* suffered, and where Bilney died;

;h I rejoiced to see that the harmless employ- of the lime-burner had succeeded to the ful burning of the human form, I could not igh as I turned away, while I remembered o much of an intolerant, uncandid spirit still iled amongst professed Christians, and that ractice of persecution still existed, though ap- in a very different manner. I could not but , that many of the present generation might ell to visit scenes thus fraught with the recol- n of martyrdom. If it be true that "our love eedom would burn brighter on the plains of thon," and that our devotion "must glow warmly amidst the ruins of Iona," sure am I the places where the martyrs for conscience's have passed through the portals of fire and to their God, must assist in bestowing on us r to endure with fortitude the mental mar- m which may, unexpectedly, become our por- in life; and by recalling the sufferings of s, we may, meekly bowing to the hand that s us for good, be in time enabled to bear, and to love, our own.

e last, and third on my list, is THOMAS MER, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was oted to that See by the favour of Henry the th, and degraded from it in consequence of eretical opinions, by virtue of an order from sovereign pontiff, in the reign of Queen . "The ceremony of his degradation," says n, which took place at Oxford, "was per- ed by Thirlby, Bishop of Ely, a man recent- *nverted, it should* seem, to catholicism; who, *ranmer's* better days, had been honoured

with his particular friendship, and owed l
obligations.

"As this man, therefore, had long been
attached to the Archbishop, it was thou
per by his new friends that he should giv
traordinary test of his zeal: for this reason
remony of his degradation was committed
He had undertaken, however, too hard
The mild benevolence of the primate,
shone forth with great dignity, though he s
the mock grandeur of canvas robes, struc
old apostate to the heart. All the past
throbbing to his breast, and a few repentant
began to trickle down the furrows of his
cheek. The Archbishop gently exhorted his
to suffer his private to overpower his public
fections. At length, one by one, the canvas t
pings were taken off, amidst the taunts and exu
tions of Bonner, Bishop of London, who was
sent at the ceremony.

"Thus degraded, he was attired in a p
frieze gown, the common habit of a yeoman
that period, and had what was then calle
townsman's cap put upon his head. In this g
he was carried back to prison, Bonner crying
ter him, 'He is now no longer my lord! he
now no longer my lord!'"—*Gilpin's Lives of
Reformers.*

I know not what were Cranmer's feelings
these expressions of mean exultation from the e
emptible Bonner; but, I trust that he treated th
nd the ceremony of degradation, at the time, w
e indifference which they merited. Perha
, he might utter within himself this serious
ortant truth, that none of us can ever be

aded, but by *ourselves alone;* and this mo-
it of his external humiliation was, in the eyes of
whose esteem was worth having, one of triumph
honour to the bereaved ecclesiastic. But
t, alas! were those which succeeded to it?
t period, and that alone, was the period of his
degradation, when, overcome by the flatteries
the kindness of his real and seeming friends,
subdued by the entertainments given him, the
sements offered him, and allowed to indulge
e "lust of the eye, and the pride of life," he
induced to lend a willing ear to the proposal
ing reinstated in his former dignity, on condi-
that he would conform to the present change
ligion, and "gratify the queen by being wholly
holic!"
he adversary of man lured Cranmer, as well as
y, by the unsuspected influence of mild and
ble feelings, rather than the instigations of fear;
e who was armed to resist, to the utmost, the
and malice of his enemies, was drawn aside
truth and duty by the suggestions of false
ds.
ter the confinement of a full year in the
ny walls of a prison, his sudden return into
l intercourse dissipated his firm resolves.
love of life returned, which he had hitherto
uered; and when a paper was offered to him,
rting his assent to the tenets of popery, his
r resolutions gave way, and in an evil hour he
d the fatal scroll!
anmer's recantation was received by the po-
party with joy beyond expression: but, as all
anted was to blast the reputation of a man
talents, learning, and virtue, were of su

great importance to the cause which he espoused, they had no sooner gained what they desired, than their thirst for his blood returned, and though he was kept in ignorance of the fate which awaited him, a warrant was ordered for his execution with all possible expedition.

But long before the certainty of his approaching fate was made known to him, the self-convicted culprit sighed for the joy and the serenity which usually attend the last days of a martyr for the truth which he loves.

Vainly did his friends throw over his faults the balm afforded by those healing words, "the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak." In his own clear judgment he was fully convicted, while his days were passed in horror and remorse, and his nights in sleepless anguish.

To persevere in his recantation was an insupportable thought; but, to retract it was scarcely within the verge of possibility; but he was allowed an opportunity of doing so which he did not expect, and though death was the means of it, he felt thankful that it was afforded him, and deemed his life a sacrifice not to be regarded for the attainment of such an object.

When Dr. Cole, one of the heads of the popish party, came to him on the twentieth of March, the evening preceding his intended execution, and insinuated to him his approaching fate, he spent the remaining part of the evening in drawing up a full confession of his apostacy, and of his bitter repentance, wishing to take the best opportunity to speak or publish it, which he supposed would be afforded him when he was carried to the stake; but beyond his expectation, a better was provided for him.

s intended that he should be conveyed immedi-
ly from his prison to the place of his execution,
ere a sermon was to be preached; but, as the
rning of the appointed day was wet and stormy,
ceremony was performed under cover.

About nine o'clock, the Lord Williams of Thame,
nded by the magistrates of Oxford, received
n at the prison gate, and conveyed him to St.
ary's church, where he found a crowded audience
aiting him, and was conducted to an elevated
ce, in public view, opposite to the pulpit. If ever
re was a broken and a contrite heart before God
l man—if ever there was a person humbled
the very depths of his soul, from the conscious-
s of having committed sin, and of having de-
ved the extreme of earthly shame and earthly
fering—that man was Cranmer!

He is represented as standing against a pillar,
e as the stone against which he leaned. "It is
eful," says a popish but impartial spectator,
e describe his behaviour during the sermon, part
which was addressed to him; his sorrowful
ntenance; his heavy cheer; his face bedewed
h tears; sometimes lifting up his eyes to heaven
hope, sometimes casting them down to the
th for shame. To be brief, he was an image of
rrow. The dolour of his heart burst out continu-
y from his eyes in gushes of tears: yet he retain-
ever a quiet and grave behaviour, which in-
ased pity in men's hearts, who unfeignedly loved
n, *hoping that it had been his repentance for his
nsgressions.*" And so it was; though not for
at many *considered* his transgressions; but it
s *the deep* contrition of a converted heart, and
subdued and penitent soul, prepared by the

depth of human degradation and humility, to
on the wings of angels, and meet in another w
its beloved and blessed Redeemer.

The preacher having concluded his sern
turned round to the audience, and desired all
were present to join with him in silent prayer
the unhappy man before them. A solemn still
ensued; every eye and heart were instantly l
up to heaven. Some minutes having been pa
in this affecting manner, the degraded primate,
had also fallen on his knees, arose in all the di
of sorrow, accompanied by conscious penit
and Christian reliance, and thus addressed his
dience. "I had myself intended to desire
prayers. My desires have been anticipated, a
return you all that a dying man can give, my
cerest thanks. To your prayers for me, let me
my own! Good Christian people!" continued
"my dearly beloved brethren and sisters in Cl
I beseech you most heartily to pray for me to
mighty God, that he will forgive me all my
and offences, which are many, without number
great beyond measure. But one thing grievet
conscience more than all the rest; whereof,
willing, I mean to speak hereafter. But, how
and how many soever my sinnes be, I beseech
to pray God, of his mercy, to pardon and fo
them all." He then knelt down and offered
prayer as full of pathos as of eloquence; and
took a paper from his bosom, and read it a
which was to the following effect:

"It is now, my brethren, no time to disse
—*I stand* upon the verge of life—a vast eternit
fore me; what my fears are, or what my h
it matters not here to unfold. For one as

my life, at least, I am accountable to the world. My *late shameful subscription to opinions which are wholly opposite to my real sentiments.* Before this congregation I solemnly declare, that the fear of death alone induced me to this ignominious action —that it has cost me many bitter tears—that, in my heart, I totally reject the Pope, and doctrines of the church of Rome, and that"—

As he was continuing his speech, the whole assembly was in an uproar. "Stop the audacious heretic," cried Lord Williams of Thame. On which several priests and friars, rushing from different parts of the church, seized, or pulled him from his seat, dragged him into the street, and, with indecent precipitation, hurried him to the stake, which was already prepared.

As he stood with all the horrid apparatus of death around him, amidst taunts, revilings, and execrations, he alone maintained a dispassionate behaviour. Having discharged his conscience, he seemed to feel, even in his awful circumstances, an inward satisfaction, to which he had long been a stranger. His countenance was not fixed, as before, in sorrow on the ground; but he looked round him with eyes full of sweetness and benignity, as if at peace with all the world."

Who can contemplate the conduct of Cranmer, in the effecting scene that followed, without feeling a deep conviction of the intensity of his penitence for the degrading lie of which he had been guilty! and who can fail to think that Cranmer, in his proudest days, when the favourite, the friend, the counsellor of a king, and bearing the highest ecclesiastical rank in the country, was far inferior in real dignity and real consequence to Cranmer, who

prostrate in soul before his offended, yet pa
God, but erect and fearless before his vi
enemies, he thrust the hand, with which
signed the lying scroll of his recantations, i
fast-rising flames, crying out as he did so,
hand hath offended! this hand hath offended

It is soothing to reflect, that his suffering
quickly over; for, as the fire rose fiercely
him, he was involved in a thick smoke, and
supposed that he died very soon.

"Surely," says the writer before quoted
death grieved every one: his friends sorrow
love; his enemies for pity; and strangers t
humanity."

To us of these latter days, his crime and hi
tence afford an awful warning, and an inst
example.

The former proves how vain are talents
ing, and even exalted virtues, to preserve us
path of rectitude, unless we are watchfu
prayer, and unless, wisely distrustful of ou
strength, we wholly and confidently lean
"that rock, which is higher than we are." A
manner in which he was enabled to deck
penitence and contrition for his falsehood an
tacy, and to bear the tortures which atten
his dying hours, is a soothing and comforti
dence, that sinners, who prostrate themselv
contrite hearts before the throne of their G
their Redeemer, "he will in no wise cas
but will know his Almighty arm to be round
them, "till death is swallowed up in victory."

It is with a degree of fearfulness and awe,
take my fourth example from one who, rely
much on his own human strength, in his

trial, was permitted to fall into the commis-
human frailty, and to utter the most decided
ngrateful of falsehoods; since he that thus
was no less a person than the apostle Peter
f, who, by a thrice-told lie, denied his Lord
aster; but who, by his bitter tearful repen-
and by his subsequent faithfulness unto
redeemed, in the eyes both of his Saviour
men, his short-lived frailty, and proved him-
orthy of that marked confidence in his active
which was manifested by our great Redeemer,
parting words.

character of Peter affords us a warning, as
an example, while the affectionate reproofs
Saviour, together with the tender encourage-
and generous praise, which he bestowed up-
, prove to us, in a manner the most cheering
disputable, how merciful are the dealings of
mighty with his sinful creatures: how ready
to overlook our offences, and to dwell with
icency on our virtues; and that "he willeth
e death of a sinner, but had rather that he
turn from his wickedness and live."

-confidence, and self-righteousness, proceed-
rhaps from his belief in the superior depth
trength of his faith in Christ, seem to have
ne besetting sins of Peter; and that his faith
ely and sincere, is sufficiently evidenced by
esitating reply to the questions of his Lord;
u art the Christ, the Son of the living God!"
y so satisfactory to the great Being whom he
sed, that he answered him, saying, "Blessed
ou, Simon Barjona; for flesh and blood have
vealed it unto thee, but my Father which is
ven; and I say unto thee, that thou art Pe

ter; and upon this rock will I build my church, the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

It seems as if Peter became, from this assura so confident in his own strength, that he negle to follow his master's injunction, "Watch pray, lest ye enter into temptation;" and there became an easy victim to the first tempta which beset him; for soon after, with surpri confidence in his own wisdom, we find him rel ing his Lord, and asserting, that the things w he prophesied concerning himself should not l pen unto him. On which occasion the Sav says, addressing the adversary of Peter's soul, 1 powerful within him, "Get thee behind me, Sa thou art an offence to me!" His want of imp faith on this occasion was the more remarka because he had *just before* uttered that st avowal of his confidence in Christ, to which I l already alluded.

In an early part of the history of the Gospel, read that Peter, beholding the miraculous dra of fishes, fell on his knees, and exclaimed, in fulness of surprise and admiration, and in depth of conscious sinfulness and humility, "De from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!"

On a subsequent occasion, ever eager as he to give assurances of what he believed to be undoubting faith, we find him saying to the Savi when he had removed the terror of his disciple seeing him walking on the sea, by those chee words, "It is I, be not afraid!"—"Lord! if i thou, bid me come to thee on the water!"— he walked on the water to come to Je *but, when* he saw the wind boisterous, he *again afraid*, and beginning to sink, he cried

ing, "Lord save me!" Immediately, Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him, saying unto him, "O thou of *little faith*, wherefore didst thou *doubt?*" The first of these facts shows the great sensibility of his nature, and his exemplary aptitude to acknowledge and admire every proof of the power and goodness of his Redeemer: and the second is a further corroborating instance of his eager confidence in his own courage and belief, followed by its accustomed falling off in the hour of trial.

His unsubmitted and self-confident spirit shows itself again in his declaration, that Christ should not wash his feet; as if he still set his human wisdom against that of the Redeemer, till, subdued by the Saviour's reply, he exclaims, "not my feet only, but also my hands and my head."

The next instance of the mixed character of Peter, and of the solicitude which it excited in our Saviour, is exhibited by the following address to him: "And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold! Satan hath desired to have thee, that he may sift thee as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, (added the gracious Jesus,) that thy faith fail not; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." Peter replied, in the fulness of self-confidence, "Lord, I am ready to go with thee into prison, and unto death!" And he said, "I tell thee, Peter, that before the cock crows, thou shalt deny me thrice." It does not appear what visible effect this humiliating prophecy had on him to whom it was addressed, though Matthew says that he replied, "though I should die with thee, still will not deny thee;" but it is probable, that

they came out "with swords and with staves to tal him," he hoped to convince his Lord of his fid lity. But this action was little better than o of mere physical courage, the result of sudden e citement at the time; and was consistent with th want of moral courage, that most difficult coura of *all*, which led him, when the feelings of the m ment had subsided, to deny his master, and to u ter the degrading *lie of fear*. After he had th sinned, the Lord turned and looked upon Pete and Peter remembered the words of the Lord, h he had said unto him, 'Before the cock crow, th shalt deny me thrice.' And Peter went out a wept bitterly."

It seems as if that self-confidence, that bli trusting in one's own strength, that tendency whi we all have to believe, like Hazael, that we c never fall into certain sins, and yield to cert temptations, was conquered, for a while, in t humble, self-judged, and penitent apostle. P haps the look of mild reproach which the S viour gave him was long present to his view, a that, in moments of subsequent danger to l truth, those eyes seemed again to admonish hi and those holy lips to utter the salutary and savi precept, "watch and pray, lest ye enter into temp tion."

Nevertheless, rendered too confident, probab in his own unassisted strength, we find him sinni once more in the same way; namely, from *fear man*; for, being convinced that the Mosaic law w no longer binding on the conscience, he ate a *drank* freely at Antioch with the Gentiles; b *when* certain Jewish converts were sent to *from the* apostle James, he separated from the

iles, lest he should incur the censure of the Jews; eing thus guilty of a sort of *practical lie*, and seting those Jews, as it proved, a most pernicious exmple of dissimulation; for which disingenuous onduct the apostle Paul publicly and justly reproed him before the whole Church. But, as there is o record of any reply given by Peter, it is probale that he bore the rebuke meekly; humbled, no loubt, in spirit, before the great Being whom he ad again offended; and not only does it seem ikely that he met this public humiliation with silent nd Christian forbearance, but, in his last Epistle, e speaks of Paul, "as his beloved brother," gerously bearing his powerful testimony to the wisom contained in his Epistles, and warning the earers of Paul against rejecting aught in them hich, from want of learning, they may not undertand, and "therefore wrest them, as the unlearnd and unstable do also the other Scriptures, to their wn destruction."

The closing scene of this most interesting apose's life, we have had no means of contemplating, hough the Saviour's last affecting and pathetic ddress to him, in which he prophecies that he will ie a martyr in his cause, makes one particularly esirous to procure details of it.

"So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, 'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more han these?' He saith unto him,, 'Yea, Lord, hou knowest that I love thee.' He saith unto him, Feed my lambs!' He saith unto him again the econd time, 'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?' He *saith unto* him, 'Yea, Lord! thou *nowest that I love* thee.' He saith unto him *eed my sheep!*' He saith unto him the thir

time, 'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou m
Peter was grieved because he said unto him
third time, Lovest thou me? and he said unto h
'Lord, thou knowest that I love thee.' Jesus s
unto him, 'feed my sheep. Verily, verily, I
unto thee, when thou wast young, thou girde
thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldst;
when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth
hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry t
whither thou wouldst not.' This spake he, sig
fying by what death he should glorify God;
when he had spoken this, he saith unto him, fol
me!"

"The case of Peter," says the pious and lea
ed Scott, in his Notes to the Gospel of John, "
quired a more particular address than that of
other apostles, in order that both he and oth
might derive the greater benefit from his fall
his recovery. Our Lord, therefore, asked him
his original name, as if he had forfeited that
PETER by his instability, whether he loved him m
than these. The latter clause might be interp
ed of his employment and gains as a fisherm
and be considered as a demand whether he lo
Jesus above his secular interests; but Peter's
swer determines us to another interpretation.
had, before his fall, in effect, said that he loved
Lord more than the other disciples did; for he
boasted that though all men should forsake h
yet would not he. Jesus now asked whethe
would stand to this, and aver that he loved
more than the others did. To this he answ
modestly by saying, "thou knowest that I l
thee," without professing to love him more
others. Our lord, therefore, renewed his ap

ment to the ministerial and apostolical office; at the same time commanding him to feed his lambs, or his *little lambs*, even the least of them; for the word is diminutive: this intimated to him that his late experience of his own weakness ought to render him peculiarly condescending, complaisant, tender, and attentive to the meanest and feeblest believers. As Peter had *thrice* denied Christ, so he was pleased to repeat the same question a third time: this grieved Peter, as it reminded him that he had given sufficient cause for being thus repeatedly questioned concerning the sincerity of his love to his Lord. Conscious, however, of his integrity, he more solemnly appealed to Christ, as knowing all things, even the secrets of his heart, that he knew he loved him with cordial affection, notwithstanding the inconsistency of his late behaviour. Our Lord thus tacitly allowed the truth of his profession, and renewed his charge to him to feed his sheep."

"Peter," continues the commentator, "had earnestly professed his readiness to die with Christ, yet had shamefully failed when put to the trial; but our Lord next assured him that he would at length be called on to perform that engagement, and signified the death by which he would, as a martyr for his truth, glorify God." No doubt that this information, however awful, was gratefully received by the devoted, ardent, though, at times, the unstable, follower of his beloved Master; as it proved the Saviour's confidence in him, notwithstanding all his errors.

There was, indeed, an energy of character in Peter, which fitted him to be an apostle and martyr. He was the questioning, the observi

the conversing disciple. The others were probably withheld by timidity from talking with their Lord, and putting frequent questions to him; but Peter was the willing spokesman on all occasions; and to him we owe that impressive lesson afforded us by the Saviour's reply, when asked by him how often he was to forgive an offending brother, "I say not unto thee until seven times, but unto seventy times seven."

But whether we contemplate Peter as an example, or as a warning, in the early part of his religious career, it is cheering and instructive, indeed, to acquaint ourselves with him in his writings, when he approached the painful and awful close of it. When, having been enabled to fight a good fight, in fulfilment of his blessed Lord's prayer, that "his faith might not fail;" and having been "converted himself," and having strengthened his brethren, he addressed his last awfully impressive Epistle to his Christian brethren, before he himself was summoned to that awful trial, after which he was to receive the end of "his faith," even "the salvation of his soul!" Who can read, without trembling awe, his eloquent description of the day of judgment; "that day," which, as he says, "will come like a thief in the night, in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; and the works that are therein shall be burned up;" while he adds this impressive lesson, "seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" And who can contemplate, without affectionate admiration, the undoubting, but unfearing, certainty with which he speaks of his approaching

death, as foretold by our Lord; "knowing," said he, "that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ has showed us."

Soon after he had thus written, it is probable that he repaired to the expected scene of his suffering, and met his doom—met it undoubtedly, as became one taught by experience, to know his own recurring weakness, admonished often by the remembrance of that eye which had once beamed in mild reproof upon him; but which, I doubt not, he beheld in the hour of his last trial and dying agonies, fixed upon him with tender encouragement and approving love; while, in his closing ear, seemed once again to sound the welcome promised to the devoted follower of the cross, "well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We, of these latter days, can see the founder of our religion only in the record of his word, and hear him only in his ever-enduring precepts; but, though we hear him not externally with our ears, he still speaks in the heart of us all, if we will but listen to his purifying voice; and though the look of his reproachful eye can be beheld by us only with our mental vision, still, that eye is continually over us; and when, like the apostle, we are tempted to feel too great security in our own strength, and to neglect to implore the assistance which cometh from above, let us recal the look which Jesus gave to the offending Peter, and remember that the same eye, although unseen, is watching and regarding us still.

Oh! could we ever lie, even upon what are called *trifling* occasions, if we once believed the certain, however disregarded, truth, that the Lo

takes cognizance of every species of falsehood, and that the eye, which looked the apostle into shame and agonizing contrition, beholds our lying lips with the same indignation with which it reproved him, reminding us that "all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone," and that *without* the city of life is "whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

I SHALL not give many individual instances of those whom even the fear of death has not been able to terrify into falsehood, because they were supported in their integrity by the fear of God; but such facts are on record. The history of the primitive christians contains many examples both of men and women, whom neither threats nor bribes could induce for a moment to withhold or falsify the truth, or to conceal their newly-embraced opinions, though certain that torture and death would be the consequence; *fearless* and *determined* beings, who, though their rulers, averse to punish them, would gladly have allowed their change to pass unnoticed, persisted, like the prophet Daniel, openly to display the faith that was in them, exclaiming at every interrogatory, and in the midst of tortures and of death, "we are christians; we are *christians*!" Some martyrs of more modern days, *Catholics*, as well as Protestants, have borne the *same unshaken* testimony to what they believed t

be religious truth; but Latimer, more especially, was so famous amongst the latter, not only for the pureness of his life, but for the *sincerity* and goodness of his *evangelical doctrine*, (which, since the beginning of his preaching, had, in all points been conformable to the teaching of Christ and of his apostles,) that the very adversaries of God's truth, with all their menacing words and cruel imprisonment, could not withdraw him from it. But, whatsoever he had *once preached, he valiantly defended* the same before the world *without fear of any mortal creature*, although of never so great power and high authority; wishing and minding rather to suffer not only loss of worldly possessions, but of life, than that the glory of God and the truth of Christ's Gospel, should in any point be obscured or defaced through him. Thus this eminent person exhibited a striking contrast to that fear of man, which is the root of all lying, and all *dissimulation;* that mean, grovelling, and pernicious fear, which every day is leading us either to disguise or withhold our real opinion, if not to be absolutely guilty of uttering falsehood, and which induces us but too often to remain silent, and ineffective, even when the oppressed and the insulted require us to speak in their defence, and when the cause of truth and of righteousness is injured by our silence. The early FRIENDS were exemplary instances of the power of faith to lift the Christian above all fear of man; and not only George Fox himself, but many of his humblest followers, were known to be persons "*who would rather have died than spoken a lie.*"

There was one female Friend, amongst others. *of the name of* Mary Dyar, who, after undergoin

some persecution for the sake of her religious tenets at Boston, in America, was led to the gallows between two young men condemned, like herself, to suffer for conscience' sake; but having seen them executed, she was reprieved, carried back to prison, and then, being discharged, was permitted to go to another part of the country; but, apprehending it to be her duty to return to "the bloody town of Boston," she was summoned before the general court. On her appearance there, the governor, John Endicott, said, "Are you the same Mary Dyar that was here before?" And it seems he *was preparing an evasion for her;* there having been another of that name returned from Old England. But she was so far from disguising the truth, that she answered undauntedly, "I am the *same Mary Dyar that was here the last general court.*" The consequence was immediate imprisonment; and, soon after, death.

But the following narrative, which, like the preceding one, is recorded in Sewell's History of the people called Quakers, bears so directly on the point in question, that I am tempted to give it to my readers in all its details.

"About the fore part of this year, if I mistake not, there happened a case at Edmond's-Bury, which I cannot well pass by in silence; viz. a certain young woman was committed to prison for child-murder. Whilst she was in jail, it is said, William Bennet, a prisoner for conscience' sake, came to her, and in discourse asked her whether, during the course of her life, she had not many times transgressed against her conscience? and whether she had *not often* thereupon felt secret checks and inward *reproofs*, and been troubled in her mind because of

he evil committed; and this he did in such a con-
incing way, that she not only assented to what he
aid before her, but his discourse so reached her
eart, that she came clearly to see, that if she had
ot been so stubborn and disobedient to those in-
ward reproofs, in all probability she would not have
ome to such a miserable fall as she now had; for
nan, not desiring the knowledge of God's ways,
nd departing from him, is left helpless, and cannot
eep himself from evil, though it may be such as
ormerly he would have abhorred in the highest de-
gree, and have said with Hazael, "what! is thy
ervant a dog, that he should do this great thing?"
W. Bennet thus opening matters to her, did, by his
holesome admonition, so work upon her mind,
hat she, who never had conversed with the Qua-
kers, and was altogether ignorant of their doctrine,
ow came to apprehend that it was the grace of
od that brings salvation, which she so often had
ithstood, and that this grace had not yet quite for-
aken her, but now made her sensible of the great-
ess of her transgression. This consideration
rought so powerfully, that, from a most grievous
inner, she became a true penitent; and with hearty
orrow she cried unto the Lord, 'that it might
lease him not to hide his countenance.' And
ontinuing in this state of humiliation and sincere
epentance, and persevering in supplication, she
alt, in time, ease; and, giving heed to the exhor-
tions of the said Bennet, she obtained, at length,
a sure hope of forgiveness by the precious blood
f the immaculate Lamb, who died for the sins of
he world. Of this she gave manifest proofs at her
rial before Judge Matthew Hale, who, having heard
ow penitent she was, would fain have spared her:

she being asked, according to the form '*guilty or not guilty?*' readily answered, 'guilty.' This astonished the judge, and therefore he told her that she seemed not duly to consider what she said, since it could not well be believed that such a one as she, who, it may be, inconsiderately, had roughly handled her child, should have killed it wilfully and designedly.' Here the judge opened a back door for her to avoid the punishment of death. But now the fear of God had got so much room in her heart, that no tampering would do; no fig-leaves could serve her for a cover; for she knew now that this would have been adding sin to sin, and to cover herself with a covering, but not of God's spirit; and therefore she plainly signified to the court that indeed she had committed the mischievous act intendedly, thereby to hide her shame; and that having sinned thus grievously, and being affected now with true repentance, she could by no means excuse herself, but was willing to undergo the punishment the law required; and, therefore, she could but acknowledge herself guilty, since otherwise how could she expect forgiveness from the Lord? This undisguised and free confession being spoken with a serious countenance, did so affect the judge, that, tears trickling down his cheeks, he sorrowfully said, 'Woman! such a case as this I never met with before. Perhaps you, who are but young, and speak so piously, as being struck to the heart with repentance, might yet do much good in the world; but now you force me so that, *ex officio*, I must pronounce sentence of death against you, since you will admit of no excuse.' Standing to what she had said, the judge pronounced the sentence of death; and when, afterward, she came to

the place of execution, she made a pathetical speech to the people, exhorting the spectators, especially those of the young, 'to have the fear of God before their eyes; to give heed to his secret reproofs for evil, and so not to grieve and resist the good of the Lord, which she herself not having timely minded, it had made her run on in evil, and thus proceeding from wickedness to wickedness, it had brought her to this dismal exit. But, since she firmly trusted to God's infinite mercy, nay, surely believed her sins, though of a bloody dye, to be washed off by the pure blood of Christ, she could contentedly depart this life.' Thus she preached at the gallows the doctrine of the Quakers, and gave heart-melting proofs that her immortal soul was to enter into Paradise, as well as anciently that of the thief on the cross."

The preceding chapter contains three instances of martyrdom, undergone for the sake of religious truth, and attended with that animating publicity which is usual on such occasions, particularly when the sufferers are persons of a certain rank and eminence in society.

But she who died, as narrated in the story given above, for the cause of *spontaneous* truth, and *willingly* resigned her life, rather than be guilty of a *lie* to save it, though that lie was considered by the law of the country, and by the world at large, to be no lie at all; this bright example of what a true and lively faith can do for us in an hour of strong temptation, was not only an humble, guilty woman, but a *nameless* one also. She was an obscure, friendless individual, whose name on earth seems to be nowhere recorded; and, probably, strong interest was felt for her disastrous death

cept by the preacher who converted her, the judge who condemned her. This afflic son was also well aware that the coura which she met her fate, and died rather th a falsehood, would not be cheered and h by an anxious populace, or by the tearful f of mourning but admiring friends; she als that her honest avowal would brand her odious guilt of murdering her child, and persevered in her adherence to the truth! fore, I humbly trust that, however inferior appear, in the eyes of her fellow-mortals, to of a loftier and more important descripti willing victim of what she thought her duty as acceptable a sacrifice as theirs, in the eye Judge and her Redeemer.

No doubt, as I before observed, the h both public and private life may afford mar examples of equal reverence for truth, deri religious motives; but, as the foregoing was more immediately before me, I was to give it as an apt illustration of the prece I wish to enforce.

The few, and not the many, are called earn the honours of public martyrdom, and like stars in the firmament of distant days; like manner, few of us are exposed to the d *telling* great and *wicked* falsehoods. But, more difficult, perhaps, to bear with forti little *daily* trials of life, than great calami cause we summon up all our spiritual an strength to resist the latter, but often do n *to be* a necessary duty to bear the for *meekness* and resignation; so is it more *overcome* and resist temptations to ever

deceit, than to falsehoods of a worse descrip-
; since, while these little lies often steal on us
ares, and take us unprepared, we know them
so trivial, that they escape notice, and to be so
ated, that even if detected, they will not incur
oof. Still, I must again and again repeat the
en of my song, that *moral result*, which how-
weakly I may have performed my task, I have
ired incessantly, through the whole of my
, to draw and to illustrate; namely, that this
and tolerated lying, as well as great and rep-
ted falsehood, is wholly inconsistent with the
acter of a serious christian, and sinful in the
of the God of Truth; that, in the daily recur-
temptation to deceive, our only security is to
ip our soul in secret supplication, to be pre-
ed faithful in the hour of danger, and always
member, without any *qualification* of the mo-
y words, that "lying lips are abomination to
Lord."

CONCLUSION.

SHALL now give a summary of the didactic
of these observations on lying, and the princi-
which, with much fearfulness and humility, I
ventured to lay down.
have stated, that if there be no other true de-
on of lying than an intention to deceive, with-
ng the truth, with such an intention, partakes
uch of the nature of falsehood as direct lies;
that, therefore, lies are of two natures, activ

and passive; or, in other words, direct a direct.

That a PASSIVE LIE is equally as irreco to moral principles as an active one.

That the LIES OF VANITY are of an acti passive nature; and that, though we are t to be guilty of the former, our temptations latter are stronger still.

That many, who would shrink with mo gust from committing the latter species o hood are apt to remain silent when their v gratified, without any overt act of deceit o part; and are contented to let the flattering sentation remain uncontradicted.

That this disingenuous passiveness belo that common species of falsehood, *withhold truth.*

That lying is a common vice, and the h it so insensibly acquired, that many person late the truth, without being conscious th a sin to do so, and even look on dexte *white lying*, as it is called, as a thing to be of; but, that it were well to consider w if we allow ourselves liberty to lie on triv casions, we do not weaken our power to temptation to utter falsehoods, which may b gerous in their results, to our own well bei that of others.

That, if we allow ourselves to violate the that is, deceive for any purpose whatever, w say where this self-indulgence will submit bounded?

That those who learn to resist the daily t tion to tell what are deemed trivial and in

lies, will be better able to withstand allurements to serious and important deviations from truth.

That the LIES OF FLATTERY are, generally speaking, not only unprincipled, but offensive.

That there are few persons with whom it is so difficult to keep up the relations of peace and amity as flatterers by system and habit.

That the view taken by the flatterer of the penetration of the flattered is often erroneous. That the really intelligent are usually aware to how much praise and admiration they are entitled, be it encomium on their personal or mental qualifications.

That the LIE OF FEAR springs from the want of moral courage; and that, as this defect is by no means confined to any class or age, the result of it, that fear of man, which prompts to the lie of fear, must be universal.

That some lies, which are thought to be LIES OF BENEVOLENCE, are not so in reality, but may be resolved into lies of fear, being occasioned by a dread of losing favour by speaking the truth, and not by real kindness of heart.

That the daily lying and deceit tolerated in society, and which are generally declared necessary to preserve good-will, and avoid offence to the self-love of others, are the result of false, not real, benevolence, for that those who practise it the most to their acquaintances when present, are only too apt to make detracting observations on them when they are out of sight.

That true benevolence would ensure, not destroy, the existence of sincerity, as those who cultivate the benevolent affections always see the good qualities of their acquaintance in the stronger

light, and throw their defects into shade; that, consequently, they need not shrink from speaking truth on all occasions. That the kindness which prompts to erroneous conduct cannot long continue to bear even a remote connexion with real benevolence; that *unprincipled benevolence* soon degenerates into *malevolence*.

That, if those who possess good sense would use it as zealously to remove obstacles in the way of spontaneous truth, as they do to justify themselves in the practice of falsehood, the difficulty of always speaking the truth would in time vanish.

That the LIE OF CONVENIENCE—namely, the order to servants to say, "not at home," that is, teaching them to lie for our convenience, is, at the same time, teaching them to lie for their own, whenever the temptation offers.

That those masters and mistresses who show their domestics, that they do not themselves value truth, and thus render the consciences of the latter callous to its requirings, forfeit their right, and lose their chance, of having servants worthy of confidence, degrade their own characters also in their opinions, and incur an awful guilt by endangering their servants' well-being here, and hereafter.

That husbands who employ their wives, and wives their husbands, and that parents who employ their children to utter for them the lies of convenience, have no right to be angry, or surprised, if their wedded or parental confidence be afterwards painfully abused, since they have taught their families the habit of deceit, by encouraging them in the practice of what they call innocent white lying.

That LIES OF INTEREST are sometimes more excusable, and less offensive than others, but w

sgusting when told by those whom conscious *in-pendence* preserves from any strong temptation to olate truth.

That LIES OF FIRST-RATE MALIGNITY, namely, s intended wilfully to destroy the reputation of en and women, are less frequent than falsehoods any other description, because the arm of the w defends reputations.

That, notwithstanding, there are many persons, orn both in body and mind by the consciousness being the object of calumnies and suspicions hich they have not the power to combat, who eal broken-hearted into their graves, thankful for e summons of death, and hoping to find refuge om the injustice of their fellow-creatures in the bosom of their Saviour.

That against LIES OF SECOND-RATE MALIGNITY e law holds out no protection.

That they spring from the spirit of detraction, and nnot be exceeded in base and petty treachery.

That LIES OF REAL BENEVOLENCE, though the ost amiable and respectable of all lies, are, notithstanding, objectionable, and ought not to be ld.

That, to deceive the sick and the dying, is a deliction of principle which not even benevolence an excuse; since, who shall venture to assert that deliberate and wilful falsehood is justifiable?

That, withholding the truth with regard to the haracter of a servant, *alias*, the passive lie of bevolence, is a pernicious and reprehensible cusm; that, if benevolent to the hired, it is malevo*nt to the person* hiring, and may be fatal to the *rson so favoured.*

That the masters and mistresses wh
form what they call a benevolent actio
pense of sincerity, often, no doubt, fi
visited on their own heads; because,
know that, owing to the lax morality
ployers, their faults will not receive
punishment, that is, disclosure, when th
ed away,—one of the most powerful m
have well is removed, since those are
abstain from sin, who are sure that th
with impunity.

That it would be REAL BENEVOLENCE
not to withhold, the whole truth on such
because those who hire servants so erro
friended, may, from ignorance of the
sins, put temptations in their way to
fault; and may thereby expose them to
day or other, the severest penalty of the

That it is wrong, however benevole
to conceal the whole extent of a calam
afflicted person, not only because it s
trust of the wisdom of the Deity, and
he is not a fit judge of the proper degre
be inflicted on his creatures, but, beca
withholding of the truth with an intention
and that such a practice is not only wr
expedient; as we may thereby stand b
sufferer and the consolation which might
afforded in some cases by the very nat
tensity of the blow inflicted; and last
such concealment is seldom ultimately
since the truth comes out usually in th
when the sufferer is not so well able to b

That LIES OF WANTONNESS, are lies

en told for no other motive than to show the utterer's total contempt for truth; and that there is no hope for the amendment of such persons, since they thus sin from a depraved fondness for speaking, and inventing falsehood.

That dress affords good illustrations of PRACTICAL LIES.

That if false hair, false bloom, false eyebrows, and other artificial aids to the appearance, are so well contrived, that they seem probably intended to pass for natural beauties, then do these aids of dress partake of the vicious nature of other lying.

That the medical man who desires his servant to call him out of church, or from a party, when he is not wanted, in order to give him the appearance of the great business which he has *not;* and the author who makes his publisher put second and third edition before a work of which, perhaps, even the *first* is not wholly sold, are also guilty of PRACTICAL LIES.

That the practical lies most fatal to others, are those acted by men who, when in the gulf of bankruptcy, launch out into increased splendour of living, in order to obtain further credit, by inducing an opinion that they are rich.

That another pernicious *practical* lie is acted by boys and girls at school, who employ their schoolfellows to do exercises for them; or who themselves do them for others; that, by this means, children become acquainted with the practice of deceit as soon as they enter a public school; and thus is counteracted the effect of those principles of spontaneous truth which they may have learnt at home.

That lying is mischievous and impolitic, b
it destroys confidence, that best charm an
cement of society; and that it is almost imp
to believe our acquaintances, or expect to
lieved ourselves, when we or they have once
detected in falsehood.

That speaking the truth does not imply a n
sity to wound the feelings of any one. That
sive, or home truths, should never be *volunta*
though one lays it down as a principle, that t
must be spoken *when called for.*

That often the temporary wound given by us,
principle, to the self-love of others, may be atte
ed with lasting benefit to them, and benevolen
in reality be not wounded, but gratified; since t
truly benevolent can always find a balm for t
wounds which duty obliges them to inflict.

That, were the utterance of spontaneous tr
to become a general principle of action in socie
no one would dare to put such questions concer
ing their defects as I have enumerated; therefo
the difficulty of always speaking truth would be
most annihilated.

That those who, in the presence of their a
quaintance, make mortifying observations on th
personal defects, or wound their self-love in a
other way, are not actuated by the love of tru
but that their sincerity is the result of *coarseness*
mind, and of the *mean wish* to *inflict pain.*

That all human beings are, in their closets, co
nced of the importance of truth to the interes
society, though few, comparatively, think t
actice binding on them, when acting in the bu
ne of the world.

That we must wonder still less at the little shame attached to white lying, when we see it sanctioned in the highest assemblies in the kingdom.

That, in the heat of political debate, in either house of parliament, offence is given and received, and the unavoidable consequence is thought to be apology, or duel; that the necessity of either is obviated only by LYING, the offender being at length induced to declare that by black he did not mean black, but white, and the offended say, "enough—I am satisfied."

That the supposed necessity of thus making apologies, in the language of falsehood, is much to be deplored; and that the language of truth might be used with equal effect.

That, if the offender and offended were married men, the former might declare, that he would not, for any worldly consideration run the risk of making his own wife a widow, and his own children fatherless, nor those of any other man; and that he was also withheld by obedience to the divine command, "Thou shalt not kill."

That, though there might be many heroes present on such an occasion, whose heads were bowed down with the weight of their laurels, the man who could thus speak and act against the bloody custom of the world would be a greater hero, in the best sense of the word, as he would be made superior to the fear of man, by *fear of God*.

That some persons say, that they have lied so as to deceive, with an air of complacency, as if vain of their deceptive art, adding "but it was only a *white lie, you know*;" as if, therefore, it was no *at all*.

That it is common to hear even the pious the moral assert that a deviation from truth, withholding of the truth, is *sometimes* absolutely cessary.

That persons who thus reason, if asked whet while repeating the commandment, "thou s not steal," they may, nevertheless, pilfer in s small degree, would undoubtedly answer in negative; yet, that white lying is as much an fringement of the moral law as pilfering is of commandment not to steal.

That I have thought it right to give ext from many powerful writers, in corroboratio my own opinion on the subject of lying.

That, if asked why I have taken so much t ble to prove what no one ever doubted, I that I have done so in order to force on the a tion of my readers that not one of these w mentions any allowed exception to the general of truth; and it seems to be their opinion th *mental reservation* is to be permitted on *specia casions.*

That the principle of truth is an *immutable ciple*, or it is of no use as a guard to morals.

That it is earnestly to be hoped and desired the day may come, when it shall be as dishon ble to commit the slightest breach of veracit to pass counterfeit shillings.

That Dr. Hawkesworth is wrong in saying the liar is universally abandoned and despised although we dismiss the servant whose habit ing offends us, we never refuse to associate the liar of rank and opulence.

That though, as he says, the imputation is an insult for which life only can atone

who would thus fatally resent it does not even reprove the *lie of convenience* in his wife or child, and is often guilty of it himself.

That the lying order given to a servant entails consequences of a mischievous nature; that it lowers the standard of truth in the person who receives it, lowers the persons who give it, and deprives the latter of their best claim to their servants' respect; namely, a conviction of their MORAL SUPERIORITY.

That the account given by Boswell, of Johnson's regard to truth, furnishes us with a better argument for it than is afforded by the best moral fictions.

That, if Johnson could always speak the truth, others can do the same; as it does not require his force of intellect to enable us to be sincere.

That, if it be asked what would be gained by always speaking the truth; I answer, that the individuals so speaking would acquire the involuntary confidence and reverence of their fellow-creatures.

That the consciousness of truth and ingenuousness gives a radiance to the countenance, and a charm to the manner, which no other quality of mind can equally bestow.

That the contrast to this picture must be familiar to the memory of every one.

That it is a delightful sensation to feel and inspire confidence.

That it is delightful to know that we have friends on whom we can always rely for honest counsel and ingenuous reproof.

That it is an ambition worthy of thinking beings, to endeavour to quality ourselves, and those whom we love, to be such friends as these.

That if each individual family would resolve to *avoid every species* of falsehood, whether auth

rized by custom or not, the example would soon spread.

That nothing is impossible to zeal and enterprize.

That there is a river which, if suffered to flow over the impurities of falsehood and dissimulation in the world, is powerful enough to wash them all away; since it flows from the FOUNTAIN OF EVER-LIVING WATERS.

That the powerful writers, from whom I have given extracts, have treated the subject of truth as *moralists only;* and have, therefore, kept out of sight the only *sure* motive to resist the temptation to lie; namely, OBEDIENCE TO THE DIVINE WILL.

That the moral man *may* utter spontaneous truth on all occasions; but, the religious man, if he acts consistently, *must* do so.

That both the Old and New Testament abound in facts and texts to prove how odious the sin of lying is in the sight of the Almighty; as I have shown in several quotations from Scripture to that effect.

That, as no person has a right to resent being called a sloven who goes about in a stained garment, though that stain be a single one; so that person who indulges in any one species of lie cannot declare, with justice, that he deserves not the name of liar.

That the all-powerful Being who has said "as is our day, out strength shall be," still lives to hear the prayer of all who call on Him, and in the hour of temptation will "strengthen them out of Zion."

That, in all other times of danger, the believer supplicates for help, but few persons think of praying to be preserved from little lying, though the

Lord has not revealed to us what species of lying he *tolerates*, and what he *reproves*.

That, though I am sure it is not impossible to speak the truth always, when persons are powerfully influenced by religious motives, I admit the extreme difficulty of it, and have given the conduct of some distinguished religious characters as illustrations of the difficulty.

That other instances have been stated, in order to exemplify the power of religious motives on some minds to induce undaunted utterance of the truth, even when death was the sure consequence.

That temptations to little lying are far more common than temptations to *great* and *important* lies; that they are far more difficult to resist, because they come upon us daily and unawares, and because we know that we may utter white lies without fear of detection; and, if detected, without any risk of being disgraced by them in the eyes of others.

That, notwithstanding, they are equally, with great lies, contrary to the will of God, and that it is necessary to be "watchful unto prayer," when we are tempted to commit them.

I conclude this summary by again conjuring my readers to reflect, that there is no moral difficulty, however great, which COURAGE, ZEAL, and PERSEVERANCE, will not enable them to overcome; and never, probably, was there a period in the history of man, when those qualities seemed more successfully called into action than at the present moment.

Never was there a better opportunity of establishing general society on the principles of truth

educating the INFANT POPULATION of th
Kingdoms.

There is one common ground on
most sceptical philosopher and the m
Christian meet, and cordially agree; r
the doctrine of the *omnipotence of moti*
differ only on the *nature* of the motives
plied to human actions; the one approv
ral motives alone, the other advocating
ety of giving religious ones.

But, those motives only can be m
upon the *infant* mind which it is able
stand; and they are, chiefly, the hope
for obedience, and the dread of puni
disobedience. But, these motives ar
cient; therefore, even at the earliest
life, a love of truth, and an abhorrenc
may be inculcated with the greates
Moreover, HABIT, that best of friends,
foes, according to the direction given t
er, may form an impregnable barrier to
pupils thus trained, against the alluremen
hood.

Children taught to tell the truth from
of fear and of hope, and from the forc
will be so well prepared to admit and p
highest motives to do so, as soon as t
unfolded to their minds, that, when they
ved to other schools, as they advance i
will be found to abhor every descriptio
and deceit; and thus the cause of *sponta*
and general education will go forward,
and prospering together.

Nor can the mere moralist, or the n
world, be blind to the benefits which w

to them, were society to be built on the foundation of truth and of sincerity. If our servants, a race of persons on whom much of our daily comfort depends, are trained up in habits of truth, domestic confidence and security will be the happy result; and we shall no longer hear the common complaint of their lies and dishonesty; and the parents who feel the value of truth in their domestics, will, doubtless, take care to teach their children those habits which have had power to raise even their inferiors in the scale of utility and of moral excellence. Where are the worldlings who, in such a state of society, would venture to persevere in what they now deem *necessary white lying*, when the lady may be shamed into truth by the refusal of her *waiting-maid* to utter the lie required; and the gentleman may learn to feel the meanness of falsehood, alias, of the LIE OF CONVENIENCE, by the respectful, but firm, resistance to utter it of his *valet-de-chambre?* But, if the minds of the poor and the laborious, who must always form the most extensive part of the community, are formed in infancy to the practice of moral virtue, the happiness, safety, and improvement of the higher classes will, I doubt not, be thereby secured. As the lofty heads of the pyramids of Egypt were rendered able to resist the power of the storm and the whirlwind, through successive ages, by the extent of their bases, and by the soundness and strength of the materials of which they were constructed; so, the continued security, and the very existence, perhaps, of the higher orders in society, may depend on the extended moral teaching and sound principles *of the lowest* orders; for treachery and con-

2